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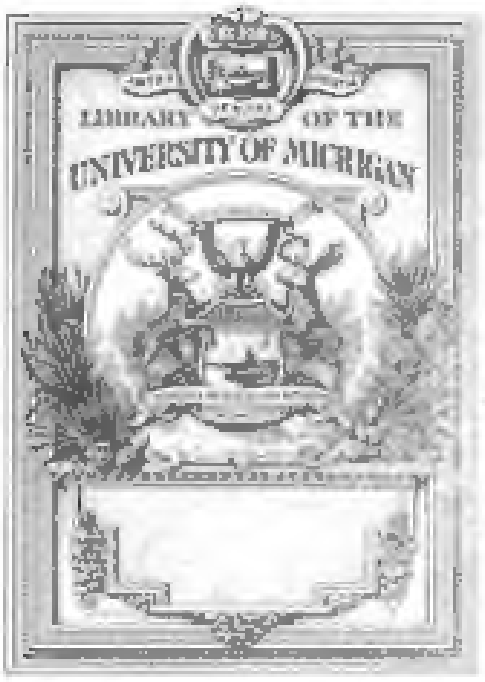

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. IV.

JULY—SEPTEMBER 1901

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EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

JULY 1901

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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THE BOER AT HOME

DURING the past month the public has had the opportunity of listening to or reading a number of speeches by distinguished Liberals, in all of which the war in South Africa occupied a prominent place. The first of those to which our attention is now directed was that of Sir Edward Grey, delivered at Berwick on May 30, and it laid down, by way of preface to a very courageous and statesmanlike deliverance, the principle that it is now with the future and not with the past that we should be occupying ourselves. "I am not going back upon the merits of the war, for I think the time has come when the question should be left alone." Such words, if they fell from a member of the Government, would be open to an obvious retort, but from the mouth of one of the chiefs of the Opposition we welcome them as an evidence that the country has still Liberal leaders who are capable of the wider view; who can see even contemporary events as parts of a whole, and treat them as steps in the progress of history. Mr. Morley, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are not in agreement with Sir Edward Grey on this point: they still think it worth while to embitter the future by discussing the blunders and the "might-have-beens" of the past; and to prove their opponents' want of foresight two years ago they are willing to sacrifice the present influence and reputation of a great party. Into such discussions as whether South Africa was worth two hundred millions to us, or whether

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peace might have been secured by calling upon Mr. Kruger to disarm in July 1899, we do not propose to follow them; but when the argument passes to a consideration of the settlement which is to follow the war, we are glad to hear what they have to say. We find, however, on a careful scrutiny, that they have been contented for the most part with firing at long range, and that, as is usual in such tactics, a long and continuous fusillade includes very few aimed shots. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman advocates "conciliation" in such vague terms as to hit no one—a prudent course, no doubt, since half his own side are in front of him, but not one that leads to an advance. Mr. Courtney shows a characteristic independence of both his old and his new friends; he thinks that annexation is "a wrong and a blunder," and declares that "the Liberal policy will some day be to temper annexation, if not to abrogate it." Mr. Morley, towards the end of his third long speech, succeeds in touching a really vital question. On June 7 he asks:

> What are you going to do with the territory thus gained? I do not believe that British settlers are going there; I have not the slightest expectation that they will find suitable homes on the South African veldt. We have a great deal of difficulty in this island in keeping people on the land and in preventing them flocking into the towns. I wonder how long British settlers on the difficult and unattractive veldt will remain when they have the attractions of the large towns like Johannesburg to call them away. It is only a people like the Boers who have ever tried to make a living out of the land there, and I doubt whether any serious statesman will try to find a solution in a large immigration of British settlers; and if you have a small immigration another difficulty will arise, because it is not in human nature to expect that Boers and Britons will settle down not far off from one another and become good neighbours after what has happened.

The problems thus raised are the vital ones, and we venture to think that Mr. Morley will be doing more justice to his own patriotism if he will continue to treat of them, and cease to wrangle about the water that has already flowed under the bridge.

As a contribution to such discussion we offer a paper

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which, in our opinion, deserves the attention of the public. The writer is an Englishman, settled for some years before the war in Cape Colony, and living among his Dutch fellow-subjects on friendly terms. His determination to remain after the war, and to continue as far as possible upon the old lines with his neighbours, makes it undesirable that he should appear by name in a political controversy, even as an unprejudiced witness; but his views may be taken to represent those of the best English element in South Africa, and the one upon whose increase and stability the future of the country most depends. Upon questions such as those raised by Mr. Morley it is extremely difficult—and correspondingly dangerous—for stay-at-home politicians to guide the public; the evidence of our correspondent is not directed by party bias, nor to party ends; it is the outcome of a considerable first-hand experience, and it deals directly and suggestively with all the points raised by the speakers we have named.—EDITOR.

IN order to forecast the future relations of the Briton and the Boer, it is necessary to look closely at the different character of the two races and try to ascertain in what degree of harmony they will live together. Weight must be given, also, to the part which politics and sentiment are going to play.

Among the Dutch there is no caste which holds a position of influence through the power of a family name or the possession of hereditary wealth and lands. There are of course rich men, but these are not known for their influence outside their own district, being generally men who have lately amassed money and who have scores of poor relations, including possibly poor parents, living near them.

The most powerful class (the national leaders one may say) is the set of professional men who have settled down in the large towns—men who have graduated at either the Cape University or at one in Europe, and become lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. Mixed up with this set is a percentage of

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"Hollanders" and Germans, who frequently entertain somewhat socialistic notions. These latter do not parade a deep love of their fatherland; after passing through a cosmopolitan period, during which they thoroughly learn the Dutch language, they declare themselves Africanders, and are admitted by the Dutch as such. It is a curious fact that after a few years all Continentals who wish it become Africanders, whereas a Briton may have spent all his manhood and grown old in the country, and may speak Dutch as easily as his own language, and yet to the end of his days he will remain "De Engelsman." This shows the unconscious strife for paramountcy ever working, and the power of picking up colonists which the Dutch possess as well as ourselves, and also the pride of race which divides us. It is fair to say that these Continental Africanders never obtain sufficient influence to work directly in politics with the bulk of the Dutch; they prefer to act in the rural districts through their Boer friends.

The true Cape-Dutch members of this clique are worth understanding, as they set the political tone to the remainder of their compatriots, and it is they, in Cape Colony at least, who have carried out the Africander policy. No social advantages are necessary for admission into this clique; the able inevitably drift into it for the following reasons: The Dutch are essentially a rural people, the majority of them being Boeren or farmers; so large a proportion of them are Boeren that the Briton has made a short story of it and christened all the Cape Dutch, Boers. The Boeren are a community who start for themselves early in life and marry young. The girls are nowadays better educated than the generality of the boys; nearly all farmers who can afford it send their children, of both sexes, away to school. The girls not being so necessary for the working of the farms, remain at school until their educational course is complete; the boys seldom can be spared after they have attained the age of sixteen. They then come home and the younger children go to school in their stead. The result is that the boys usually complete their education when

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still in what is known throughout South Africa as the Matriculation Class. The few who remain at school or college continue there because they are particularly fitted for study, and have, besides, ambition—not, as in England, because a degree is the usual end of a young man's education. It follows that a Dutchman who has found the means to go on with his studies until he has taken his degree is, in the opinion of his friends, his masters, his parents, and himself, an unusually promising young man. The consequence is that the leading set among the Dutch are a body of somewhat successful, self-confident, professional men, who, after making their incomes assured, yield to the earnest desires of their ladies, and turn their attention towards politics, and the seat in Parliament that lies behind their politics. Socially they are in a somewhat ambiguous position, and have to make their friends among themselves. The associates that their instincts tell them they should mix with are the cultivated Europeans who have made their homes in South Africa, and the transitory clergy, and military and naval men. Yet what stabs the sensitive natures of these pushing men receive from the unconscious remarks of those with whom they try to be on friendly terms, in spite of warnings from their wounded friends! After learning that the highest praise they can win is: "One would never think that *you* were a Dutchman!" they gradually relinquish the pleasure of intimacy with the well-meaning Briton of their own status, and, being dropped themselves in turn, they begin to nourish feelings of unspoken enmity. To seek companionship among compatriots outside their own immediate clique is again to court disappointment—such is the gulf that lies between themselves and the brothers and the friends who, on quitting school, have returned to the quiet of their farms, married, and sunk down into old-fashioned mediocrity. It follows that, having no real sympathy with any one, and fearing to be disdained by the British, they are gradually driven to affect the company of the rural Dutch for their own purposes rather than from inclination. Their ambition sees no more satisfactory outlet than politics

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(of which they are naturally individually fond), hence it comes that rural relations are early looked upon as the tools of their more educated relatives.

In their opinion South African politics have scarcely been those of an ordinary colony, and some day one of them, the most fit, should become a Washington. This pleasing prospect is now doubtless somewhat blocked, nevertheless they are correct in thinking a good deal of state-making is yet to fall to their own politicians. Hitherto Downing Street has taken infinite pains to foster in their minds the idea that some day Britain will leave them to rule independently the country which they understand, and in which, among the whites, they form so vast and so well organised a majority. A complete argument, to their mind, is thus apparent, favouring the view that Britain's stay in South Africa is not to be permanent. Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt, they say, are always pointing out that for a country with so small an army, we are mad to attempt to hold so large a portion of the world. Some of it must be given up—let them strive that it be South Africa. Therefore they reason, if they only bother enough, and are prepared to use enough force to crush the small expeditions England has hitherto sent to fight in Egypt and South Africa, England will give back, under compulsion, the country, as she did the Transvaal in 1881. In all likelihood, they think, if the British public are in the mood, there will be no need to come to blows, as England has a habit of giving way without them. In 1896 Lord Rosmead peacefully sacrificed the reformers he had taken under his wing; in 1894 the loyal Swazis were delivered over to the Transvaal (rightly, under the circumstances) and, to them most significant of all, in 1881 the Dutch in the Transvaal who remained loyal were left to their fate on the retirement of our troops. Hence a young Dutchman entering politics, and turning these things over in his mind coolly, sees many reasons against sacrificing his popularity with his people for the sake of Britain, and sees no reason for so doing.

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The country Dutchmen, the farmers or Boers, are a compact class. Riches or poverty do not divide them in a country where the native is the servant, and where the natural vicissitudes of country life are continually interfering. The wealthy field cornet may have a brother who last year lost all his sheep in a drought, and now supports himself and his family on the remnant of his flock, with the aid of a helping hand from sympathisers. The link between these sturdy farmers, accustomed to winter treks and hardships, and the professionals in the towns, is formed by the country law agents and storekeepers, the latter the parasites of the former.

The farmers make friends fairly well with the British when they know an individual thoroughly; this liking often heals the various blows they get from the frank expressions of contempt concerning them uttered by British merchants and others in the Colonial Parliament. But few English try to farm, and fewer still succeed. The successful British trader when blaming Dutch agriculture generally, bases his arguments on the small production of wheat in South Africa, and the protective duty on imported wheat. He reasons that the land is large beyond belief, and almost all fertile. He never considers the small amount of land which enjoys, for wheat growing, the necessary winter rains, and the limited number of farms within even three days by waggon of a railway, the necessity for northern development having caused all railway extension to be carried northwards; the result has checked the Transvaal but has done little to bring the isolated farmer in the colony nearer a branch line. The British merchant misses the fact that if wheat is to be grown it must be made to pay. If this duty made wheat-growing an unfairly privileged undertaking, the merchant would make his son a farmer; knowing, however, something of the difficulties, he abstains from so doing.

This failure of the Briton, even after long residence, to grasp the views of the majority of the white Dutch population, and to sympathise with their efforts to cultivate their difficult

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country, is the seed of much race hatred. The Bond has thriven on it, and its efficient organisers have been able to impress most astounding arguments on the understandings of the Boers, owing to there being no other side to state the case in many districts. In the Western Province and the Karroo whole field cornetcies contain no British homesteads, the Britisher who thinks the lands so badly worked having apparently little anxiety to tackle for himself the droughts and plagues which fight it out with the protected Boer. Conceive the difference if only one British farmer could be found to every twenty Dutch, how even such a single one could spoil the facts of many a Bond orator in his out-of-the way district. It might even be hoped that in every ten years one Dutchman would be converted; also intermarriage among the children who have been brought up together, and possibly have been at the same schools, would undoubtedly lead to better things. So far, however, nothing of the sort has been going on: Britons have not settled on the land; it remains town against country, or British interests against Boer interests. When the time comes that requests for State assistance originate from mixed communities, whether the request be for the advantage of a town or a district, then it may be concluded that consolidation has begun.

It cannot be supposed, as some papers are now supposing, that the flourishing trade which is to follow the war will tend much to remove race hatred. It may make the country prosperous, but will it do anything to quench the smouldering flame of racial animosity? No! If the Dutch are to be happy under the rule of the British, they must live their daily life among the Britons, and see them worthy of being the paramount race. So long as the Boer considers his race the most manly one, and the British race the shopkeeping one, he will submit with a bad grace to their government. The Dutch professsional politicians are not going to lose their power among their farmers without a fierce struggle; and so long as they are free to twist their arguments before purely Dutch

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audiences, so long will there be danger—particularly when it is remembered that at present they can hold as many secret meetings as they will, and nobody be the wiser.

Were the British sympathisers as well organised as the Dutch, and known to be so—were they as easily mobilised as a Dutch burgher commando; then, with the known sympathy of the native and coloured people behind them, and a sprinkling of English farmers to check the secret arming of the Dutch, the British would be masters of the situation. The Dutch would then be protected from the temptation of thinking themselves all-powerful as soon as the regular army of the empire is involved in operations which threaten to last long.

The future is hopeful when the present circumstances are changed; which every man supposes they will be. Organisation is certain to be well looked after; a body known as the "League" has been some years in existence, and will now gain greatly in numbers. The war has furnished a precedent where young colonists of British sympathies, under their own commandant, have taken the field; the march of General Brabant and his men through the north-east of the colony (to say nothing of the doings of Cape Colonists at Mafeking, Wepener, &c., and in repelling the later invaders of the colony) showing with what brilliant success. These men will now be veterans, and will form an unofficial nucleus for recruiting. This new power of the British colonist—this showing that there is more to tackle than the European trained soldier 6000 miles off—will not be an offence to the security of the Dutch; it will only command a new respect for British capability—a respect which has long been wanting. Settlement, apart from the efforts of government on behalf of the military, will spontaneously follow on the footsteps of the wide publicity which has been brought by the war; and many from failing to obtain employment in the towns, and from other causes, will be forced into the country. Arrived there, they may or may not be individually prosperous, but as a class they will be the beginners of an entirely new and better state of things, and

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it lies with them to work out the salvation of South Africa. Mr. Kruger was correct in considering that a large immigration of more or less educated people in South Africa would dash away Dutch hopes of paramountcy. This tide will now flow in unrestrainedly, with the result which he foresaw.

In conclusion a word of explanation is necessary to justify the manner in which, throughout this paper, the Cape Colony has been spoken of, as though what is good for her is good for the whole of South Africa. The reply is, Cape Colony is the key of the situation. When the colony is loyal, throughout, to the King, then there will be no possibility of war between the Dutch and the English anywhere in South Africa. When the crisis known as the "Closing of the Drifts" was on, the colony was temporarily bitter against the Transvaal, owing to the heavy duties the latter had placed on the importation of her produce. When Great Britain adopted a decided course, the Transvaal climbed down. When the 1899 crisis occurred Mr. Kruger was so far satisfied with the outlook that the "Federal" army entered the colony, and was joined by numbers of rebels. To-day the policy of returning their independence to the Republics is disposed of; and yet, in the many articles and speeches made on the subject the question of the effect annexation will have on the Dutch in the colony is little considered, whereas it may be gravely debated whether this be not its most important issue. Had any degree of independence been allowed to remain to the late Republics, the Dutch in the colony would have realised that they were the only state which had not rebelled, as a whole, against Britain, and were now the only Dutch in South Africa without some form of nationality. They would think that neither successful nor unsuccessful strife with England brought terrible consequences after the cessation of hostilities. How rash would it then be to have allowed anywhere in South Africa any independence to keep in mind the dream of the Dutch, and enable them to tantalise faithful subjects in the Cape Colony with "what might have been."

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ON THE LINE

"IS there anny one there for here?" shouted the porter, hastily opening the door: but the train went on before the astonished passengers could find their voices. As for the scene of **Penelope's Irish Experiences**—(Gay and Bird. 6*s.*)—we are certainly "for there" as often and as long as Mrs. Wiggin will take us, even when the journey is "a pursuit of the picturesque under umbrellas." A land where the servant leaves because the fairies pull her great toe at night; where "one man being dismissed with a small fine under condition that he would sign the pledge, consented willingly, but on being asked for how long he would take it, replied, 'I mostly take it for life, your worship'"; where golfers try "to go round in as few as possible, ma'am, but they mostly takes more"; a land of which good British old "Veritas" wrote to the *Times:*

> That the scenery was magnificent, but that there was an entirely insufficient supply of hot water; that the waiters had the appearance of being low comedians, and their service was of the character one might expect from that description; that . . . he had seen coming out of an Irish hut three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs, two cows, two bare-footed girls, the master of the house leading a horse, three small children carrying bags filled with school-books, and finally a strapping mother with a donkey loaded with peat-baskets.

But "Veritas" forgot the opal mist and the old beauty and romance; he knew nothing of "the Fate of the Sons of Usnach" or of "Tir-nan-Og, the Land of Youth, where the great Oisin married the king's daughter, "Niam of the Golden

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Hair." Nor did he share the delightful adventures of Penelope, Salemina, and Francesca, or learn the virtues of Benella the Derelict.

"Scene, Italy." Was there ever a story of which this could be written that failed to charm? The time is immaterial —Italian time. Generations divide the first of **Crucial Instances**—(Edith Wharton. Murray. *5s.* net)—from the last, but the characters conduct themselves like brothers and sisters. Italy is the same always, and her children are, as Charles Lamb would have said, "not matter-of-fact, but matter-of-fiction." The story-teller is twice a story-teller upon Italian soil.

> Noon lay heavier on the gardens; not our live humming warmth but the stale exhalation of dead summers. The very statues seemed to drowse like watches by a dead-bed. Lizards shot out of the cracked soil like flames, and the bench in the laurestinus niche was strewn with the blue varnished bodies of dead flies. Before us lay the fish pond, a yellow marble slab above rotting secrets. The villa looked across it, composed as a dead face, with the cypresses flanking it for candles.

Mrs. Wharton is not always quite so happy, though she is almost always as vivid. It is well if the reader, before he comes to that fine sphinx-like villa, be not put off by the description of houses that are "the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface"—an observation which is clever enough itself, but not worth making at the price. The subject of "The Duchess at Prayer" is the same as that of Balzac in his "Autre Etude de Femme," and the behaviour of the two heroines, while the hero is being walled up by the husband, offers delicate points of similarity and contrast. The subject of "The Confessional" is magnificent, and cries out for the stage. The five stories which remain are unequal alike in merit and in style, but the title of the book is always justified, and we are kept excitedly see-sawing between "Ought he?" and "Ought he not?" "The Moving Finger" recalls Hawthorne, and the uncanny powers of fascination

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displayed in it quite outweigh the dull objection that no artist ever could have done what Clayton did. What does it matter? Why insist that a story must be possible when we never dream of insisting that it must be true? The writer is less unkind to her brethren of the brush than to those of the pen. The hideously self-conscious pair of authors, male and female, depicted in "Copy," drive the exasperated critic to wish that novelists and minor poets could be put down by law. Happily they are not all like that. A wrong end seems to have tacked itself on to the carefully studied beginning of "The Angel at the Grave." No, no; something else happened—not this. "The Rembrandt" and "The Recovery" are alike charming.

Men and Women of the French Renaissance. By Edith Sichel. (Constable. 16*s*.)—To all of us the time comes sooner or later in our literary wanderings when "the wind is fair for France," and we need wish for no better guide than Miss Sichel, especially if it is to the France of the sixteenth century that we are voyaging, for she herself has not been wearied by the immense extent of the country, or confused by the crowd of brilliant and fantastic beings that hover about it like a flight of dragon-flies in early summer. On the one hand we have the women of the Renaissance—"a bewildering psychological problem."

> The confusion of contrasts presented by them becomes overpowering and so does their manifold energy. In the same person, often almost at the same moment, we find the noblest conduct and the lowest morals, the Stoic and the Epicurean, the Bacchante and the Student, learning and puerility, side by side. The king's sister, Margaret, scholar, poet, and sage . . . promulgates an advanced naturalism and discusses metaphysics with the Reformers. Yet when her maid-in-waiting lies dying she stands at the bedside in a mood more inquiring than sorrowful, and watches for the passing of the soul. It comes up (she has heard) by the throat, and so out at the lips.
>
> Like children, too, the ladies loved adventure. They indulged in all manner of delicious escapades—graceful, fantastic, reckless, such as turn the world into a Shakespeare comedy.

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As for the men—the best of them—they make an excellent foil to these brilliant creatures, for while they shared with them that vitality which seems to have come straight from some lost fountain-head of youth, the current of their life widened and deepened into a great navigable stream on whose banks men have built cities and buried many iniquities.

There is something pathetic in the idea of these men (the Scholars), all of them mature and some of them old; grave and stately in their furred robes, yet as little children where knowledge was concerned; humble, reverent, aglow with curiosity. All were alike banded together in opposition to ignorance and the schoolmen.

Their work was the breaking up of mediævalism, that crust of superstition and inorganic system which was strangling thought and faith, and, being Frenchmen, they found ridicule to be among their most effective tools. "If the Reformation sprang from a conviction of sin, the Renaissance resulted from a conviction of folly; and satire offered a field in which both movements could be blended." The greatest figure among them all, and to our thinking the most ably here presented, is that of François Rabelais. How largely and sympathetically Miss Sichel has drawn him, how subtly she has modelled his very difficult features, the reader will discover for himself, and this opening passage may here indicate:

It is impossible to approach the figure of Rabelais without a thrill of awe and excitement: the sense that we are in the presence of a primeval force: a Titan whose mirth shook the old world and gave birth to the new. He is the Michael Angelo of laughter—sinewy, purposeful, Olympian; huge always, chaotic often; one in whom dignity of outline served instead of grace. His laugh has a nobleness, even a solemnity, of its own; for laughter partakes of the nature of what is laughed at. . . .

Rabelais may be said to be the apostle of modern humour; the humour which means deep insight into the incongruities of life and a compassionate knowledge of human foibles. He who has it has found the key to "le profond cabinet de nos cœurs." . . . This kind of fun cannot belong to primitive times; it is not possible till society has grown complicated enough to deal in contrasts—contrasts of something subtler than those of mere sensation. . . . There is plenty of this archaic mirth, besides the newer sort, in Rabelais; he is Jan Steen

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as well as Michael Angelo; but his antics were for the crowd—his laughing philosophy for all time.

Men and Letters. By Herbert Paul. (John Lane. 5*s.* net.)—This is the real thing—a book written by a born man of letters—a book which is no mere passenger, but a friend to live with and consult, one, too, that has all the traditions of good company. For Mr. Paul's volume brings with it a whiff of Holland House atmosphere; it gives us a sense of the brilliance and penetration, the acumen and cordiality, the knowledge of books and personages, that made Lord Holland's table famous.

Mr. Paul has given us thirteen essays, and we wish there were more. They are all of them literary appreciations, and, for ourselves, we prefer those (the larger half) that deal with a single figure. But we except "The Art of Classical Quotation," which contains some of the author's most suggestive pages. He is, at his best, a master of the art of allusion, and the subject of quotation gives scope for the richness of his reading and the delicacy of his scholarship. This essay, together with those on Sterne and Gibbon, Lord Halifax, "the great Tractarian" and Cicero, "the father of letters," are our personal favourites. They provide us with that rare literary sensation, that Epicurean ease at our inn, which we never expect and seldom receive. Mr. Paul possesses what, for want of a better term, we must call the gift of intellectual topography, and he takes us by short cuts into the middle of a man's mind. Take, for instance, this passage about Cicero and his letters.

He could play tricks because he knew when to stop. Just as the charm of Shakespeare's heroines, Portia, or Beatrice, or Rosalind, lies in the delicate freedom which is always sure of itself, so Cicero's art, which was a second nature, is most conspicuous when he is apparently letting himself go. . . . And, indeed, there is in these letters a charm far deeper and higher than any grace of manner. Cicero had one of the warmest hearts that ever beat in a human bosom. There never was a better friend. The more his friends were out of his sight, the less they were out of his mind. Vain he was and egotistical

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in the measure of his vanity. But of all the Romans we know he was the least selfish.

Or this on Sterne:

No man could be more nobly serious upon themes that moved his admiration, his reverence, or his pity. But he saw many things in odd lights, and his sense of humour never slumbered, not even when it would have been better asleep.

Mr. Paul's sparkle is that of old wine, and he decants it into bottles of alluring shapes. His sense of form finds a vent in epigrams, some of which are far-reaching. "The doors of Cranford," he says in "the Victorian novel," "open on the street. The windows open on the infinite." Or, again, in the same essay: "To dwell upon snobbishness is to run the risk of promoting it, because it consists in a morbid consciousness of things which have only an imaginative existence."

Epigrams, however, may be misleading. We have a bone to pick with one of Mr. Paul's, although it is the merest little wishing-bone. "After all," he writes, "what is originality? It is merely undetected plagiarism." Surely it is a good deal more than this—a new way of looking at old things, and much besides. But we do not take his aphorism as a final pronouncement, and, indeed, it sounds like a contradiction of himself. For it cannot be better disproved than by turning to his own pages.

Etudes sur la Littérature Française. (4 ième série.) Par René Doumic. (Librairie Académique. Perrin et Cie. 3*fr.* 50*c.*)—M. Doumic is very pleasant as a literary critic, but he is more interesting as a literary moralist. "Le Bilan d'une génération" (one of the studies in this volume) is a sermon to his contemporaries. He is not impeccable. His dread of cosmopolitanism and of Renan—his dislike for M. Amiel—impair his judgment, and he kills too many fatted calves for the return of MM. Bourget and Barrés to the fold of orthodoxy. But, whatever the remedies he may propose, he has the gift of diagnosis; he can state the case of his patient. His

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"Bilan," which is ostensibly a review of Bourget's "Essais," proceeds to analyse the ills of his generation. Dilettantism is, according to M. Doumic, the root of all evil. It leads to undiscriminating laxity.

Il fallait [so he writes], tout comprendre, partant, tout admettre. C'a été l'universel écoulement de la pensée . . . Cette sorte de scepticisme est . . . en désaccord avec les lois de l'esprit humain qui aspire à la certitude et vit de l'affirmation.

The result is a false irony, a false sensibility, a false pessimism.

Il est regrettable que le littérateur eût commencé par s'isoler de ses semblables. . . . Le moyen d'aimer ceux qu'on méprise! . . . La bonté ne va pas sans une certaine dose d'énergie.

As for our pessimism, it is feebler than our sentiment. The despair of René and Byron had "une espèce de grandeur"; it was the awakening from

de trop beaux rêves. . . . Nos pessimistes n'ont pas rêvé, ils ne sont pas tombés de haut, ils sont entrés de plain-pied dans cette tristesse morne, sans poésie, sans éclat. . . . On accepte de mourir à condition de mourir en paix.

M. Doumic's remarks are applicable outside France, and even the youngest of our humorists might learn something from his paper on "Nos humoristes." He has discovered that humour should be a comment on life, and that "humour for humour's sake" is the order of the day. "Quand l'humour est à lui-même son objet, il est sans portée"—this is the conclusion of the whole matter. We should like, also, to cite passages from his interesting sketch of the Symbolists, the school that tried to make their words the symbols of their thoughts; or from "Le Journal de Saint Hélène," or "George Sand avant 1840." But M. Doumic's book is easily accessible and is better read than quoted.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Allen. 5*s.* net.)—Like a greater poet, M. Maeterlinck has chosen to work with infinitely slender threads, but it is no slender glory that he has gained, for Apollo and all other favouring

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gods have certainly heard his invocation. His epic has the beauty of shot silk: one way of the light it is ablaze with the green gold of outdoor life and the flash of wings; the other it is richly sombre with the purple reflection of human thought and the mysterious shadow of fate. There is hardly one reader among a thousand who would not be caught by the mere beauty of the observed facts, the marvel of the Swarm, the Foundation of the City, the Birth of the Young Queens, the wild romance and tragedy of the Nuptial Flight and the Massacre of the Males. This is the history of the summer, for the bees are even to the least thoughtful "the soul of the summer, and their flight is the token, the sure and melodious note, of all the myriad fragile joys that are born in heat and dwell in the sunshine."

But to the epic and the idyll M. Maeterlinck has added a vista of dim analogies, a poetical philosophy, vague it is true, and perhaps unduly diffident, but always fascinating and suggestive. He begins from this point:

> The discovery of a sign of true intellect outside ourselves procures us something of the emotion Robinson Crusoe felt when he saw the imprint of a human foot on the sandy beach of his island. We seem less solitary than we had believed. And, indeed, in our endeavour to understand the intellect of the bees, we are studying in them that which is most precious in our own substance: an atom of the extraordinary matter which possesses, wherever it attach itself, the magnificent power of transfiguring blind necessity, of organising, embellishing, and multiplying life; and, most striking of all, of holding in suspense the obstinate force of death, and the mighty irresponsible wave that wraps almost all that exists in an eternal unconsciousness.

He concludes that there is a true evolution, and one significant for us, in

> the almost perfect but pitiless society of our lives, where the individual is entirely merged in the republic, and the republic in its turn invariably sacrificed to the abstract and immortal city of the future.
>
> It is significant enough that our eyes, once unsealed, should behold certain creatures rising thus, slowly and continuously; and had the bees revealed to us only this mysterious spiral of light in the overpowering darkness, that were enough to induce us not to regret the time.

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Yet man has what the bee has not, "the power of withstanding certain of nature's laws," and the power of demanding reasons before obeying "the will of nature." And here, at the end of his book, M. Maeterlinck having drawn us down to the shore, which is after all only the starting-point of our journey, launches us on the further voyage with an irresistible impulse. Whatever may be coming, he says:

> Our wisest plan still would be to devote the whole of to-day to the study of these passions, these laws, and these truths, which must blend and accord in our mind; and to remain faithful to the destiny imposed on us, which is, to subdue and to some extent raise within and around us the obscure forces of life.

But he says also, to enhance this duty,

> It may be that these things are all vain, and that our own spiral of light, no less than that of the bees, has been kindled for no other purpose than that of amusing the darkness.

It is his passionate revolt against this idea that has for ever sent man's soul on pilgrimage, and it is from this alone that he asks deliverance in his *requiem eternam dona nobis.*

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INSTRUCTIONS TO MY SON ON HIS VISITING ENGLAND

[When "The Life of Abdur Rahman by Himself" appeared last autumn it was described by more than one critic as "a political pamphlet." So far as the greater portion of the book is concerned this is a misleading description, but there is an element of truth in it when the intention—not so much of the work itself as of its publication—is considered. For the most part the story of the Amir's life, with all its vicissitudes of fortune, its Oriental setting and colouring, and its fantastic intrusion into the modern world of characters and customs that might be taken straight from the Arabian Nights, is written with a splendid egoism which seeks nothing beyond its own development; but if we may gather the intentions of so diplomatic a writer from the later chapters of his book, the main object of its appearance in England was to bring nearer the moment when the Court of Afghanistan shall be permanently represented at St. James's.

That this is one of the most cherished—perhaps the most cherished—of the Amir's hopes as a practical politician appears even more clearly from the following document, the original of which is in our possession, while the translation is from the pen of Sultan Mohammed Khan, formerly Mir Munshi to the Amir. The publication of it has been entrusted to us without any indication from the Amir himself as to the light in which it is to be regarded: but whether it be read as a curious extract from the archives of an Eastern Court closely involved with our own Imperial interests, or as a further sign of the Amir's settled determination to pursue an important line of policy, it must equally be recognised as a unique contribution to Anglo-Afghan history.—Editor.]

THIS is a book of "instructions" which my dearest son Nasrullah Khan is to act upon throughout his journey to London.

I. On your arrival in India, if you have the opportunity of seeing the Viceroy, inquire his health on behalf of our Majesty

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and your eldest brother, the light of my eyes, Sirdar Habibullah Khan, and give him the compliments of both of us. You are not to ask him for anything else except to introduce to you the official who is to accompany you to England for the arrangement of your journey. If you do not see the Viceroy, the official who is to make the arrangements for your journey to London will most likely meet you with the Viceroy's letter. You must answer the letter of the Viceroy, addressing him as our friend, &c., and should there be any need to write a letter to the Foreign Secretary of India, you must address him as follows:

"*To my dear friend* CUNNINGHAM SAHIB BAHADUR,
Foreign Secretary to Government of India."

Signed by me.

II. On your going to see her Majesty the Queen in London, you must look upon her with the same dignity and respect as you look upon our "Royal Court"; to respect her Majesty more than myself is unnecessary show of flattery, and to pay her less respect than myself is rudeness and against courtesy. I need not give you more details and full particulars in this respect, as you daily practise how to pay your respects and in what manner to appear before my Royal Court.

Signed by me.

III. On your visiting her Majesty the Queen, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, you must give them the friendly presents which you are taking with you for them.

Signed by me.

IV. If you are asked to go and inspect the army you must not offer any money to the soldiers, but only praise them for their discipline and good order, and say that you are pleased with them.

Signed by me.

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V. In any palace, house, or hotel, where you stay or take your meals, you must give something to the servants there at the time of your leaving, according to their services.

Signed by me.

VI. To the ladies serving in the household of her Majesty the Queen, and to other ladies, as relatives of some of the members of the Parliament, or other London nobility who may become acquainted with you as your hosts or friends, it is necessary that some friendly remembrances in the shape of rings, brooches, necklaces, or bracelets, should be given by you. You must not write any letters with such remembrances, but may send your visiting cards, with so much writing as "With compliments from So-and-so to So-and-so, as a token of friendly remembrance."

Signed by me.

VII. Nothing is necessary to be given in theatres, music-halls, manufactories, or schools.

Signed by me.

VIII. Give fifty thousand rupees to the new Moslem converts of Liverpool, the heads of which institution are Sheikh Ul Islam, Sheikh Quilliam Abdulla, and a few other maulvis of Lahore and India. Should any of the new converts desire to enter into the service of the God-granted Government of Afghanistan, you must accept his services, provided he be a geologist or mining engineer.

Signed by me.

IX. Doctor Leitner has built a mosque and an Oriental Institute at Woking, near London, in which Sir Lepel Griffin and some others are his supporters; if he invites you to visit the institution, give him ten thousand rupees for the expenses of the mosque.

Signed by me.

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X. Give my compliments and friendly remembrances to the following officials when you see them, and tell them that I always remember them, and look upon them as my kind friends:

LORD ROSEBERY, *the present Prime Minister of London.*
LORD SALISBURY, *the Conservative Leader of the House of Lords.*
LORD KIMBERLEY, *the Foreign Minister.*
HON. MR. FOWLER, *Secretary of State for India.*
MARQUIS OF RIPON.
LORD DUFFERIN.
HON. GEORGE CURZON.
SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.
SIR JOHN GORST.
SIR STEUART BAYLEY.
GENERALS CHAPMAN AND BIDDULPH.

Should any of the above-mentioned gentlemen, or any other of my English friends write any friendly letters to you, you may write a suitable answer to such letters. The titles and the proper mode of addressing such gentlemen are given at the end of this book for your guidance.

Signed by me.

XI. If you are asked about the construction of railways and telegraphs in Afghanistan, you must say: "I am not authorised to discuss this subject, and therefore I am not prepared to say anything about it one way or the other."

Signed by me.

XII. If you are asked about the commerce and trade in Afghanistan, or if it be mentioned that it has decreased, you must give the answer: "Before this foreigners have had the control of commerce in Afghanistan, which the Afghan merchants have taken up themselves now, and I hope it will make good progress under the merchants of the Afghan nation."

Signed by me.

XIII. If there is any mention made of Waziri, Bajori, or Chitral, you must say: "According to a treaty it has been

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decided which of these countries belongs to Afghanistan and which to India; but the marking out of the boundary line is being delayed by the unnecessary disputes of the Indian officials on the frontier, but let us hope it may be finished soon."

Signed by me.

XIV. Give five thousand rupees to Ch. Mohammed Nahi Khan, brother of Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammed Khan, for the expenses of the school of the Mohammedan orphans of Lahore, when the said Mohammed Nahi Khan comes to salaam you with other chiefs of Lahore.

Signed by me.

XV. If you are asked whether Russia is friendly towards Afghanistan, or the contrary, say in a very short, guarded answer: "If Russia should not be aggressive towards Afghanistan, we also would not be aggressive towards Russia."

Signed by me.

XVI. If you are asked whether the Afghanistan people are displeased with their government or not you must answer as follows: That you had not heard about their displeasure or discontent, "but if you people hear no more about it than we do in Afghanistan then you need not ask me."

Signed by me.

XVII. If you have opportunities of meeting the Ambassadors of any of the foreign powers, as for instance, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, China, Turkey, &c., who are at the Court of London, do not discuss politics with them; all that you have to say is to inquire after their good health and that of their sovereigns; more than that is not necessary.

Signed by me.

XVIII. If by chance you see the Czar of Russia or the Russian Ambassador, say this much to them: "We hear from

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those our frontier officers who are in the neighbourhood of your frontier and come in contact with your officials on the frontier, that they are pleased with the treatment which they receive from your officials, which makes us pleased with the government of the Russian Emperor, and we desire a long life for him."

Signed by me.

XIX. If you meet the Sultan of Turkey or his son, or the Khedive of Egypt, or the Sultans of Zanzibar or Morocco, or the King of Italy, or any other ruler, on the way there or back, no other conversation is necessary except ordinary friendly chat, and expressing feelings of friendship and affection, maintaining your own dignity, and treating them with due respect. But with the son of the Sultan of Turkey you must show special marks of friendship and affection, and must respect him as you respect your elder brother, and inquire after the health of the Sultan on my behalf repeatedly, and you must tell him that you are thankful to Almighty God that you have had the good luck to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

Signed by me.

XX. If the Duke of York or any other member of the Queen's family, or any of the members of Parliament should be desirous to pay me a visit, or to return your visit, you must accept their proposal, adding that it is necessary that we, as friends, should pay each other visits and see each other whenever we can find an opportunity to do so.

Signed by me.

XXI. If the British Government offers to bestow upon you or upon any of your followers the honour of a title or decoration, you must decline or refuse, saying, "Without permission of his Majesty the Amir we cannot accept such honour, it being against the law and etiquette of Afghanistan."

Signed by me.

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XXII. The letters which my Court doctor, Miss Hamilton, her sister, her other connections, Mr. Walter and Mr. Martin, &c., will give to you to be forwarded to me you must forward without opening and without translating, as they can be translated here in my presence. You must close and seal the package containing your letter and those of your staff with your own hands, and then send the package to the post office through your own trusted servant.

The package of the Kabul letters which will be forwarded to you from my Court you must always open yourself after carefully examining the seals.

Signed by me.

XXIII. Any advice or instructions which my servants, whose names are mentioned in para. No. 22, may choose to give you by their word of mouth you must hear with full attention and must not repeat to anybody else.

Signed by me.

XXIV. If you could manage to engage the services of a geological surveyor or mining engineer through Mr. Martin, you could make an agreement with him and bring him with yourself; but if you cannot find a competent man yourself, then you can request her Majesty's Government to engage the services of a geologist and a mining engineer for our Government, saying, "As our country is full of mines therefore my father requests this as a great help in strengthening his Government."

Signed by me.

XXV. You are to buy from two thousand to ten thousand magazine repeater rifles through Mr. Martin, together with two thousand cartridges each if possible.

Signed by me.

XXVI. Concerning the order of merits and the arrangement of chairs and seats at Court for your English and Afghan

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companions, you must leave it in the hands of your hosts to arrange it according to the custom of their own country.

Signed by me.

XXVII. When you are in the company of other gentlemen, and especially when any ladies are present, you must take care not to spit and not to put fingers into your nose, &c. You can smoke in the presence of gentlemen, but when ladies are present you must take their permission before smoking.

Signed by me.

XXVIII. You may shake hands with gentlemen at the time of first introduction, but with the ladies you must only make a bow when you are first introduced, but not shake hands till you meet them a second time.

Signed by me.

XXIX. Ladies can shake hands with their gloves on, but a gentleman ought to take off the glove of his right hand to shake hands, and for this reason generally the gentlemen wear gloves on their left hand and keep the glove of the right hand off to be able to shake hands without any delay; but they can shake hands with gloves on after it is evening.

Signed by me.

XXX. At the time of your departure from London you must address her Majesty the Queen of England as follows: "My father has requested me to put one more of his requests before your Majesty and to take the sanction of your most gracious Majesty.

"Your Majesty is aware that my father has done me a great honour in permitting me to pay my humble respects to you, and your Majesty also has honoured me by receiving me with most kindly and motherly affection.

"If a small request of my father could be accepted, I should return home with a great joy and reputation, otherwise I should have disobeyed the orders of my father. Hence, if your

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Majesty graciously promises to accept that request I am ready to submit it to your Majesty." And after taking this promise you must address her Majesty as follows:

"Thanks and praise be to God that the friendship of these nations of England and Afghanistan has advanced so much that the members of the British Parliament go to Afghanistan without any bodyguard to pay a visit to the Amir, looking upon his house as their own home, and we the sons of the King of Afghanistan and the princes thereof have commenced paying our respects to your Majesty in the same manner as we go to pay our respects to our gracious father and most affectionate mother, and we hope that these intercourses will ever continue for this reason: His Majesty the Amir has made only this one request, that always one of his trusted servants should remain in London as his agent, to communicate the happy news of your Majesty's welfare and that of your Royal Family and your Government to my father, and to submit the communications of my father personally here and take replies thereto. My father has only made this one request, for which I am sent here, and from your Majesty, who are most gracious and kind like our own mother, I have every reason to expect the acceptance of this request, so that I should return with the joy and honour of having paid my respects to your Majesty and succeeded in my mission."

Signed by me.

XXXI. (*Note: This paragraph gives only the titles and the ways of addressing the British Royal Family and members of the Government, and therefore I need not translate it. It also adds that in the case of any one whose titles were not mentioned in this paragraph Prince Nasrullah was to ask Miss Hamilton and Mr. Martin about it.*—SULTAN MOHAMMED KHAN.)

XXXI. The rifles and all the other necessary goods which you are to buy from England, you must buy through your own servants, two or three days before your leaving London, without informing the British officials, and must not request

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them to pay their prices nor to make you the present of such goods. But if having heard about the purchase of such goods they desire to make a present thereof you are to accept it.

Signed by me.

XXXIII. If the British Government gives any cash or things as a present for me or for yourself you may accept it, but you must not make any such suggestion or hint yourself.

Signed by me.

XXXIV. You must stay in London for only three weeks, but should her Majesty insist upon your staying there for more than three weeks then you must not displease her Majesty, as a guest is always in the hands of his host.

Signed by me.

XXXV. You must make a thorough inquiry whether there is any plague or epidemic disease prevailing at Mecca or Medina; if so, you must not go there on any account, as it is against the instructions of our blessed prophet to go into a town which is affected by any epidemic disease. Should there be no such illness you have my permission to go there to pray for me also and to give reasonable charity there.

Signed by me.

The above-mentioned thirty-five paragraphs (excluding titles and addresses), every paragraph of which is signed, I have received through Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammed Khan as my guidance, and God willing I will act accordingly to carry out the instructions of my father.

Signed by me,

NASRULLAH.

18th Shawal,
1312 Hijra.

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SOME FALLACIES AND THE EDUCATION BILL

THIRTEEN years have now elapsed since technical instruction was brought before Parliament as a branch of education demanding special legislative support and control, for in the year 1888 two Bills, having as their object the improvement of the existing systems of secondary and technical education, were laid upon the table of the House of Commons.

Various causes led to the inclusion of these two Bills among the slaughtered innocents of the year 1888. In 1889, however, the first step in parliamentary action was taken. In that year power was conferred upon the local authorities to raise money by a special rate for purposes of technical education within their respective areas of jurisdiction, and this power was extended by a further Act passed in 1891. The second step, of providing funds from the general revenue, was taken in the year 1890, and was the result of one of those fortuitous incidents which occasionally make our legislative procedure laughable. The House had agreed to an increase in the tax upon beer, but had unexpectedly refused to sanction the application for which this addition to the revenue was designed; and it therefore found itself with £700,000 at its disposal. Many plans were proposed for the utilisation of this windfall, and finally it was agreed to devote it to the promotion of technical education throughout the country. Thus, quite accidentally, the House of Commons endowed this branch of

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education with an annual grant from the general revenue. Since 1890 the Education Department has allotted this sum of between £750,000 and £800,000 per annum to the educational authorities throughout the country, with the understanding that it shall be devoted chiefly to the furtherance of secondary or technical education within their respective areas of activity. Considerable latitude has been allowed in the expenditure of these grants of money, and as Sir John Gorst has pointed out,[1] the term "Technical Education" has been gradually widened in its meaning, until it has been made to cover instruction in practically everything excepting the dead languages. A very diversified and irregular system of education has thus grown up under the fostering care of the technical education committees of the county, borough, and urban district councils, and the present Government pledged itself in 1900 to bring in a Bill dealing with the matter, in order that some degree of system and order might be introduced into the activities of the various bodies entrusted with the expenditure of these public moneys. The time has therefore arrived when it is necessary to inquire whether the expenditure of this money upon the present lines is producing satisfactory results, or is achieving the objects that our legislators had originally in view.

I. Technical Education—its Purpose.

Probably but few of those who take an interest in educational questions would differ in their explanation of the purpose we have in view in spending large sums of money upon schemes of secondary and technical education, or in allowing the subject to occupy the time and attention of our legislators. The supremacy that England has so long held as a manufacturing country has been seriously undermined by the growth of peoples and manufactures abroad. Germany and the United States have in recent years enormously increased their

[1] See report of speech to deputation upon Evening Continuation Schools in the *Times*, February 2, 1898.

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manufacturing resources, and their populations dependent upon manufactures for a livelihood. These two countries are compelled by forces, that act equally in our own country, to seek markets for their goods in all quarters of the world. They are competing successfully with us in the neutral markets that we had long monopolised, and are even underselling us in our own country, where the advantages of trade are certainly all in our favour. While the value of our export trade has remained practically stationary during the last quarter of the nineteenth century,[1] Germany and the United States have been steadily increasing their own trade with foreign countries, and all the indications point to an increase in the severity of the competition as the years pass on.

It is to meet this condition of affairs that we are being urged on all hands to pay greater attention to secondary and technical education. It is difficult to find a single utterance of any public man in these latter days bearing upon trade and commerce, which does not contain some reference to technical education as one remedy for the ills from which our manufacturing industries are suffering. Great differences of opinion exist as to other remedies. A few see clearly that many causes have contributed to bring about the present unsatisfactory condition of our commerce and industry. Others of more limited vision (sometimes, it is to be feared, wilfully limited, lest pet theories should have to be overthrown) can only see one. Yet all appear to be agreed upon this, that some part of our competitors' success is due to better systems of secondary and technical education.

The purpose then of the past expenditure and of the past legislation is clear: it has been intended to improve our position as an industrial nation. If it has failed to do this, the thought, time, and money expended upon the system have been utterly wasted, so far as this original purpose is concerned.

[1] See diagrams in articles upon "The Future of British Trade," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1897; and "The Trade of the Century," *Feilden's Magazine*, January 1901.

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Having thus defined the test which must be applied in order to decide upon the value of any system of technical education, it is now possible to pass on to the other divisions of the subject, and to discuss the secondary and technical education systems of this country and of Germany as they exist at the present moment.

II. The Scope and Defects of the Existing System of Secondary and Technical Education.

Before proceeding further it will be wise to define more clearly the meaning attached to the terms Secondary and Technical Education—*as used in this section of my article.* The terms are used to cover that system of education in sciences and arts, which has come into existence under the fostering care of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, assisted by the City and Guilds examination boards, and, more recently still, by the technical instruction committees of the county, borough, and urban district councils. The terms are not used to include the education in science given in the higher grade board schools, or in the middle-class grammar schools of the country, excepting in so far as this education is co-ordinated with that given under the ægis of the above authorities. The attack upon the existing system is therefore directed solely to those branches which are supported by the public moneys—raised either locally by special taxation under the Technical Instruction Act of 1890, or obtained in the form of grants from the national exchequer. These grants are derived from two sources. There are the sums which are placed at the disposal of each local committee by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and there are the sums which accrue from the division of the beer money. The expenditure of the latter for educational purposes is optional, and some local bodies prefer to expend a portion of it in relief of the rates.

The following are the details of the sums raised from these

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three sources in the financial year 1899–1900, with the total amount expended upon secondary and technical education in the same year.

(1) Science and Art Department, Total Grants	£581,793
(2) Beer-money	867,000
(3) Local Rates	82,000
	1,530,793
Proportion of (2) devoted to Relief of Local Rates	63,000
Total Expenditure upon Secondary and Technical Education	£1,467,793

It is with the expenditure of this sum that we are at present concerned. Are we getting value for this annual one and a half millions sterling?

Prior to the year 1889, when the duty of providing and organising technical education passed into the hands of the local authorities, a system of evening instruction in sciences and arts and in certain trades and handicrafts had grown up in this country, under the fostering care of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and of the City and Guilds technical colleges. The grants and prizes offered by these two central bodies for successful work as tested by the annual examinations which they arranged, led to the creation of voluntary committees in most of the leading provincial towns, and it thus became possible for the youth of both sexes to obtain evening instruction in a great number of subjects, at merely nominal fees.

The requirements of the South Kensington authorities in regard to the teaching of science and art were also fulfilled by many of the day classes in the public elementary schools, and also in many private and public schools of a higher grade. An exceedingly large number of students were thus brought into touch with the South Kensington scheme, and were receiving education in science and art largely at the public expense.

When, in 1890, the large sum of £800,000 per annum became available for purposes of technical education, the bodies

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entrusted with the expenditure of this money simply widened the area of evening instruction, and carried the system, that had been worked in the larger towns by the voluntary local committees under the Science and Art Department, into the smaller towns and the country districts of their respective areas. "Technical Education" thus came to mean a system of education which brought evening instruction in sciences, arts, and handicrafts within the reach of every man, woman, and child in the country, at fees which the majority could easily afford to pay. The instruction rarely passed beyond the elementary stage, excepting in the larger towns and cities, where more fully equipped technical institutes attracted students of a different class, prepared to undertake continuous courses of study. The aim of the student in many cases was simply to obtain as many certificates as possible in a great variety of subjects—an aim which was too often carefully fostered by the teachers, since such a course increased the grant received from the South Kensington authorities. Little effort was made to induce students to take up the higher branches of their subjects, as these involved much work and uncertain reward. A new regulation of the South Kensington Department in 1898 concerning continuous courses of study was met by an outcry from those engaged in science teaching throughout the country, and it was asserted that it was too early yet to enforce the wise regulation embodied in this new rule.[1] Sir Bernhard Samuelson, in a speech delivered in London before the Association of Technical Institutions in 1898, also deplored the fact that so few students were taking continuous courses of study.[2] There cannot be any doubt, therefore, as to the elementary character of the greater portion of the work done under the present system, and it would be no exaggeration to describe it as one that has produced a perfect army of smatterers, each of whom knows a little of many things, but not much of any one. Is this system then, one that can be held to be of any value in enabling

[1] See *Times* report, January 31, 1898. p. 7.

[2] See report of speech in the *Times*, January 29, 1898. p. 10.

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us to withstand more successfully the strain of foreign competition.

The answer is most clearly—No.

As a system for providing interesting studies and occupations during the winter months, for the youths and maidens in dull provincial towns and country districts it may certainly be entitled to approval. As a means for awakening the intellectual faculties of the average working man it may also claim support. But when it is seriously asserted by the leaders of this movement, and as seriously believed by great numbers of our population, that this elementary instruction in science is going to restore to British trade its earlier prosperity, it is certainly necessary to prepare our legislators and the general public for a rude awakening.

It must not be supposed that I am entirely out of sympathy with all attempts to give further educational advantages to those who are the chief gainers by our present system of technical education. Were the funds at our disposal sufficiently ample, the expenditure might be defended as calculated to produce social and moral results of a beneficial character. But unfortunately the funds at our disposal are insufficient to permit of any expenditure upon work of a philanthropic or social kind, and I have no hesitation in affirming that were the whole of the money now devoted to technical education in this country spent in the wisest possible manner, it would still leave us less well prepared for the industrial struggle than our continental rivals. The only portion of the annual grant which is promoting the purpose for which it was originally made, is that portion paid over to some half-dozen of the larger technical institutes in London and the northern centres of industry. In these a large proportion of the students are day-students who are following continuous courses of study.

In support of the assertion that elementary instruction, especially in science, is valueless from an industrial point of view, the following opinions of men well qualified to speak with authority upon such a point may be quoted.

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Professor Meldola, F.R.S., of the City and Guilds Technical College, in an address delivered in 1892[1] expressed himself as follows:

It is absurd to suppose that we shall recover our lost position in any branch of industry by scattering broadcast a knowledge of elementary science, and then leaving matters to stand. . . . So far as the chemical industries of this country are concerned, a few highly trained specialists are worth more than an entire army of elementary certificated teachers or prize winners. . . . We are arming our industrial fighters with weapons which are as pop-guns, compared with the heavy ordnance of our competitors.

Sir William Preece, in a presidential address delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers in November 1898, stated that he was not convinced that the enormous sums of money now being expended upon scientific education in this country were being applied in the best way.

It is well that the country has awakened from its conservatism and apathy, and that it is putting its schools in order. But is it doing so on a true issue, and are we distributing our money through the right channels? . . . Our educational methods have begun at the wrong end. We ought to teach the masters first and then the men. . . . The county councils of England are scarcely qualified as yet to discharge the very serious duty of properly dealing with a question so few of them understand.[2]

The Technical Institution Committee of the Manchester Corporation in 1900 published a report by Mr. F. Brocklehurst upon technical education. In this valuable report we find the following remarks:

It is useless for us to point to our evening classes. They are but of trifling value. In the majority of instances they involve a waste of public money. . . . If the magnificent Technical School of Manchester, second to none, I believe, in this country, is to be a vital factor in the industrial evolution of the city and neighbourhood, it is indispensable that it should receive the largest proportion of its students in the day-time, and that the students themselves should be placed in a position to undertake a from two to four years' course of study.

One more authority may be quoted. In 1896, the Technical Education Committee of the London County Council, at the

[1] The *Photographic Journal*, February 19, 1892, p. 157.

[2] *Proceedings Inst. Civil Engineers.* Vol. 135.

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instance of Professor Armstrong, appointed a sub-committee to report upon the science teaching given in the various institutions and schools receiving grants from the committee. A large number of manufacturers, Mr. David Howard among others, were examined, and this sub-committee reported as follows with regard to chemistry:

> As a branch of elementary education, chemistry, when properly taught, is a most efficient means of cultivating powers of observation and accuracy of thought, and consequently it should form a part of school work on account of its educational value, and not because the facts it deals with may be of commercial importance. . . . Passing from the teaching of chemistry simply as an element of education to the teaching of it with the special object of fitting a student for taking an important position in a chemical manufactory, we are convinced that the course of study must extend over several years, and be of University standard. . . . We desire to emphasise most strongly this need of the highest chemical instruction for the technological chemist. . . .

There is no industry in the country in which there is a closer connection between science and practical work than in the chemical industry; and if those at the head of different branches of chemical manufacture are so firmly persuaded that the elementary education in science of the rank and file of the worker will be of little or no value from the industrial point of view, my contention with regard to the futility of much of the present expenditure upon technical education is certainly well supported.

But it may be urged by some of the more clear-sighted supporters of the present system: "We entirely agree with you upon this point. We are ready to admit that this training in elementary science of great numbers of our population is, in itself, useless as an aid to our competitive power. It enables us, however, to pick out from the mass of the workers those who have unusual ability, and in this way to select a certain number for that wider and deeper training in science which we recognise is necessary to render their attainments of any real value in our industries or manufactures." The answer to such an argument is, that a system which costs over one

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million per annum is rather an expensive method of attaining the desired end. Moreover, the Science and Art Department for years has had in operation a system of scholarships and prizes, by which the more talented students could pass from the evening classes to an extended science course at the Royal School of Mines, and it is doubtful whether any considerable extension of this system is either necessary or desirable. If it had been thought necessary to increase the facilities for such transfer, the expenditure of a few hundreds per annum in each county council area, upon additional scholarships, available at South Kensington or elsewhere, would have been ample to meet the requirements of the situation.

There only remains one further argument to meet and dispose of, before bringing this portion of my article to a close.

There are many enthusiasts for technical education who see in the progress that has been made, only the promise of what is yet to come. They point to the recent efforts of the South Kensington authorities to promote continuous courses of study, and they look forward to the day when every student of science or art shall have, practically at his very door, facilities for obtaining a complete and thorough training in his particular branch of study. These enthusiasts ignore two facts that will prevent the realisation of such an ideal. No funds that we can ever hope to have at our disposal for this work will suffice to provide such educational advantages. Complete and thorough training in sciences and arts demands most expensively equipped institutes and highly trained teachers. These will never be obtained outside the larger towns. Further, to train our whole population in this manner would be about as wise as to give an army officer's training to every private who entered the ranks. In industries and manufactures, as in war, only a few can be leaders; the majority must simply obey. It is partly due to the recognition of this fact that our artisan population has not made great use of the educational advantages offered to them, and that so few of the

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younger students undertake continuous courses of study. They see clearly that it is a waste of time and energy to gain knowledge that can never be utilised, or to train for posts that they can never hope to fill.

To summarise, then, what has been said under this head, Technical education as at present carried on in this country at a cost of over £1,400,000 per annum, is chiefly instrumental in giving to great numbers of young people elementary instruction in every subject excepting the dead languages. In the opinion of practical men this smattering of science and other subjects is of no value from an industrial point of view, and in some cases may even be positively harmful. As a system for bringing the few who possess undoubted genius or ability to the front, it is both costly and unnecessary. It can never possess as a system completeness and thoroughness, because neither the funds at our disposal nor the energies of the students will permit such a development to occur. The present system can only be defended upon humanitarian and social grounds, in that it provides interesting studies and occupations for the younger members of our industrial population, and in some cases helps to lessen the monotony of labour. As a force which is to assist in maintaining the supremacy of our country in the manufacturing industries, it is practically valueless. Yet this is the system which many desire to see strengthened and made permanent by the Government Secondary Education Bill.

III. The Scope and Advantages of the German System.

The belief is rather widespread, that our present system of secondary and technical education is based upon that adopted in Germany, and that it is merely a development of the latter upon lines more suited to the idiosyncrasies of our countrymen. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The system is no carefully thought out plan of educational work, but is one,

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of which the main lines of growth have been determined by chance. The chief features of the German system are centralisation and thoroughness; of the English, expansiveness and shallowness. The German aim has been to educate all who are to occupy *posts of authority* in manufactures and industries—thoroughly; the English aim, in so far as there can be said to have been any aim, has been to educate the *rank and file* of the workers—badly. The following sketch of the German system is based partly upon personal observation made during a period of residence and study in Germany extending over a year and a half, and partly upon facts and figures from official publications.

The technical schools, or polytechnics, are much less widely scattered in Germany than is now the case in England. Those that exist are, however, much more thoroughly equipped for their special work, and have a much larger number of teachers and professors attached to them than is the case in this country. It has apparently been recognised that it is useless and absurd to give a *thorough* technical training to the whole population, and therefore there has been no attempt to erect a polytechnic in every town of the slightest manufacturing or industrial importance. Certain towns are selected after due consideration of the claims of the district, by those who have the administration of the funds devoted to technical education; and the students who desire to avail themselves of the training, if resident at any distance, come to reside in the town as students until their course of study is completed. Owing to the large grants made to these polytechnics from the Imperial Revenue, the fees are extremely low, and the cost of board and residence in German provincial towns is also so small, that a two years' polytechnic course is within the means of all except the poorest classes of the community. *To those students who can prove inability to afford such expense, pecuniary aid is granted, provided that they show the required ability.*

A definite standard of education has to be attained before the student can be enrolled at any of these polytechnics, and

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definite courses of instruction are planned and must be taken by those training for particular professions and occupations. These are rarely under two years in duration, and in many cases extend over three years. During this time the student gives his whole time and energy to his work, and at the conclusion of his course of training, he receives the certificate setting forth his attainments in the various branches of study that have occupied his attention.

The assertion has been made that these polytechnics are less widely scattered in Germany than is the case in this country, and as this is an important point, it will be well to give facts supporting it. The following is a list of the chief polytechnics and art schools in a district of Germany (Westphalia) of which I have special personal knowledge.

Art training is provided for by art schools at Düsseldorf and Frankfort, each of considerable importance. Students come to study at these schools from all the surrounding districts. Düsseldorf possesses in addition an industrial art school said to be the best in Germany. As regards general science, the polytechnics at Aachen and at Darmstadt offer the greatest advantages, the latter being noted for its equipment and extent. Engineering science in all its branches has been especially provided for at Darmstadt, while mining, metallurgy, and electro-chemistry are the branches of study for which Aachen offers special advantages.

Dyeing and the kindred arts are taught at Crefeld, this school being noted not only throughout Germany, but also in our own country, for its thorough equipment for study and research in this branch of applied science.

Agricultural science and land surveying are provided for by the "Landwirthschaftliche Hochschule" at Bonn; while at Duisburg there is a technical college where metallurgy is the chief subject of study. Cologne possesses a polytechnic where general science is taught; and at Wiesbaden there is the laboratory founded by Professor Fresenius for the training of

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chemists. This differs from all the preceding institutions, in that it is not under State control.

These are the chief technical and art schools known to the writer in a district of Germany covering over 100 square miles, and equal in area and manufacturing importance to the six northern counties of England. If provided with technical schools upon the scale now customary in this country, it would possess ten times this number, and the efficiency of each would consequently be impaired in a similar degree.

In further confirmation of this point as to the better equipment and more thorough education of the German technical institutions, I may cite the report of a sub-committee of the Manchester City Council.[1] This sub-committee had been appointed to investigate and report upon the teaching of technical science on the Continent. They visited most of the leading polytechnics in Germany and Switzerland, and in their report state that they were most impressed by two features of the system of technical instruction found in operation abroad—namely, the splendid equipment of the polytechnics, and the thoroughness of the courses of study. Practically the whole of the students were day students, devoting all their time to study.

The classes who take these continuous courses of science study at German polytechnics are principally those who intend to occupy posts in the manufacturing industries as managers, chemists, and engineers. In many instances they are the sons or relatives of the manufacturers, and will be the future heads of the business. They are not artisans or of the artisan class, save in isolated cases; and so far as the writer's observations go, the educational machinery for providing the rank and file of the workers with instruction in sciences, after they have left the elementary schools, is much less developed in Germany than in this country. The success of the German manufacturer in those industries in which he is beating his English competitors is due to many causes, *one of which* is the more thorough

[1] *Nature*, October 28, 1897, p. 627.

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scientific training of the heads of the business. If we are to recover the lost ground in these industries it will be—not by providing the rank and file of the workers with elementary instruction in science, but by providing facilities for the most thorough and complete education of those who are to occupy posts of authority, and by inducing our manufacturers to make use of such men in the threatened industries.

It is not in connection with the routine of the old-established industries that the aid rendered by science is so marked and beneficial. In the majority of these the margin for improvements is small, and the better methods of work have had time to filter down to, and become part of the practice of, even the most conservative and stupid manufacturer. It is rather in connection with new developments and new openings in manufacture that science renders its greatest aid. A thorough scientific training enables the manufacturer to decide quickly upon the merits of the new processes or inventions, and he is not daunted by the fact that in this newly-chosen path of industrial progress there is no "practical experience" to guide his steps. The German manufacturer has therefore been assisted by his own thorough technical training, and by that of his manager, engineer, or chemist, in adapting himself more quickly than his English rival to new conditions of trade, or to the exigencies of new processes and new developments of industry. In the chemical industry especially the present prosperity of Germany is largely due to this greater quickness in taking up and monopolising new branches of manufacture. The words of the celebrated German chemist, Joh. Nep. von Fuchs, may fitly be quoted in this connection: "Die Wissenschaft ist der goldene Leitstern ber Praxis; ohne sie, nur ein blindes Herumptappen in dem unbegrenzten Reiche der Möglichkeiten" (Knowledge is the golden day-star of industry; without it progress is a mere stumbling and uncertain advance into the illimitable kingdom of possibilities).

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IV. The Future—the Changes Required.

Two changes will be necessary in this country before our system of technical education can be held to be giving satisfactory aid to our manufacturing industries. There must be, first of all, concentration upon a few technical colleges of the energies and funds now spread over many; and there must be, secondly, greater appreciation on the part of our manufacturers themselves, of the part that science plays in the economical conduct of their business.

The comparison carried out in the preceding parts of this article of the system of technical education now existing in this country, with that found abroad is, in my opinion, sufficient to prove the need of the first. It may be indeed urged by some that our larger technical schools, as for example those in London and more important provincial towns, are already fully equipped, and equal in resources and teaching power to any found on the Continent. This is a delusion that would be quickly dispelled by half an hour's talk with those at their head. There is not one of our technical colleges or institutes, even of those in London, which is not handicapped in its work by want of funds. Neither the equipment nor the teaching staff is adequate for extended courses of study. *Such a comprehensive course as that planned for chemists at Zurich could not be carried out at a single technical college in this country.* The professors at the head of the respective branches of study are in many cases, especially in London, well-known and brilliant men, but their work is greatly hampered by inadequate resources, and by insufficiency of help. Their energy and time are too often frittered away in imparting elementary instruction that ought to be given by assistant professors. In the provincial towns, the instruction in several branches of science is frequently given by one man, and the teaching consequently seldom passes beyond the elementary stage. Such a state of affairs is practically unknown in the Continental polytechnics that have been named. This lack of

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funds also leads to other evils, of which one example may be given. Since the year 1890 there has been a most remarkable development in the application of electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical methods to industrial operations, due chiefly to the improvement of the dynamo, and consequent cheapening of electrical energy when generated in large amounts. The industrial utilisation of water-power on an extended scale has also aided the development of these new industries. Electro-chemistry, formerly a branch of chemistry interesting only to the pure scientist, has thus become of industrial importance, and several of the German polytechnics and universities have appointed professors in this new branch of applied science, and have fitted up electro-chemical laboratories for study and research. In this country, owing chiefly to lack of funds, little or nothing has yet been done; and if the present system continues, the appearance of a professor of electro-chemistry in any of our technical institutes may be looked for about the year 1920.

Our leading technical schools are therefore badly in need of increased funds, and the diversion of a much larger proportion of the present grant to their aid would produce results of the greatest advantage. The difficulty of course is, that vested interests have been created, which will oppose any change in the present system of diffused efforts and grants. Every small local authority entrusted with the expenditure of the money granted for purposes of technical education, has felt its self-importance greatly increased by its share in the work of providing the neighbourhood with educational advantages, and its *amour propre* will be wounded by any attempt to withdraw the present grant. A large body of teachers have also been created by the past policy, and these will naturally oppose any change that threatens to deprive them of their occupation and income. The withdrawal of the grant from the smaller districts will therefore undoubtedly create opposition. When, however, as in this case, the interests of the whole country are at stake, it will be the duty of the new authorities to ignore this selfish opposition.

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But, given the facilities for obtaining a deep and thorough training in technical science equal to those found on the Continent, could we promise to the students who devote two or three years to such a course of study, that they would, under the present conditions, easily find employment in this country? I am afraid not. Excepting in certain industries, the supply of trained men far exceeds the demand. The greater number of our manufacturers are still devoted to the "practical man" theory of works or factory management. Devoid of all scientific training themselves, they naturally undervalue it in their subordinates; and the majority of them have yet to grasp the fact, so clearly seen by our German rivals, that the best possible training for industrial posts, is one in which the practical experience is based upon a broad and thorough training in general science.

The proprietors of one of the largest works in the North of England still pay their chemist *less than* the majority of their skilled operatives, so little value do they place upon scientific knowledge as opposed to manual dexterity. The following advertisement, taken from a well-known technical journal during 1898, represents the attitude of many of our manufacturers towards science: "Wanted young man as Chemist at Tar and Vitriol Works in North of England; willing to fill up time at Book-keeping." One naturally wonders whether this enterprising firm is still in existence, or whether it has succumbed in the stress of modern competition.

It is difficult and costly to give a practical training in the polytechnic or technical institute. The thousand and one practical details of manufacture are most quickly and most easily learnt in the works or factory. But when a thorough training in the sciences underlying the particular industry or manufacture in which a man is engaged, has *preceded* this practical training in the works, a "practical man" of the highest possible value to his employer is produced; for his practice will rest upon scientific principles, and not, as is still

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too often the case in English manufacturing industries, upon ignorance and rule of thumb.

There can be no doubt that the incredulity still expressed by some of our manufacturers concerning the value of scientific training has resulted from the mistaken self-assertion and superior airs of the few college-trained men with whom they have come into contact in the past. These, at a period when they were still profoundly ignorant of the practical details of manufacturing routine, assumed a *rôle* they were incompetent to sustain. It is then necessary that those who have taken a full science course at a technical college or university should recognise that they still enter a works or factory as students, and that they have much to learn before they can be in a position to dictate to those, whose knowledge of the practical side of the manufacture is greater than their own can ever be.

When these two changes have been brought about—when our technical institutes have been reduced in number, but increased in efficiency; when our manufacturers have been convinced of the valuable aid science can render them in the conduct of their businesses—then, and not until then, will our system of technical education be assisting British industries to the greatest possible extent.

It would be a mistake to bring this article to a close without an attempt to answer the question: How far will the Government Education Bill, introduced by Sir John Gorst, facilitate the changes outlined above?

The main principle of this Bill is the widening of the area of the secondary and technical education authorities.

In place of the education committees of the small borough and urban district councils, we are to have committees elected by the county and county borough councils. Each committee, as elected, is to be increased by co-optation of educational experts from the outside. The composite committee thus formed, is to have full and complete control over the expenditure of the moneys raised or allotted for secondary and technical education, within the area of its jurisdiction.

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The scheme, taken in conjunction with the Board of Education Act of 1899, consolidating the Board of Education, and Science and Art Departments of the Government, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. It tends towards concentration of the funds in the hands of fewer authorities; and it will therefore lessen that diffusion of effort and grant which is the bane of our existing system.

The Government Bill has naturally met with a bad reception from those interested in the maintenance of things as they are. The smaller local authorities and the large army of elementary science teachers are its sworn enemies, and are organising vigorous opposition to the new measure. The school boards also feel themselves slighted by the new measure and are angrily protesting against its provisions. It is to be hoped that the Government will not be misled by the noisiness of these sections of the general public.

I firmly believe that the Bill is a wise step towards centralisation, and that the majority of thoughtful voters in the country not connected with existing institutions, if polled on this subject, would vote in its support.

Those who quarrel with the Government for not bringing in a more comprehensive measure, embracing elementary, secondary, and technical education, may console themselves with the thought that if the present Bill passes, and the new educational authorities are established, the consolidation they desire will be facilitated at some future date. A comprehensive measure at the moment is evidently impossible, and I am one of those who think that in this case the Government have acted wisely in remembering the proverb in praise of "half a loaf."

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW, F.I.C.

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A CENTURY OF SEA COMMERCE

THE first year of the twentieth century is the hundredth year of steam navigation. It was in 1801 that the first vessel propelled by steam power was built. Her designer was William Symington, her name *Charlotte Dundas*, and the place of her birth, the Forth and Clyde Canal near Glasgow. There the first steamer was employed in towing barges some years before Henry Bell built his famous *Comet*, or Robert Fulton his equally famous *Clermont*. The opening year of the twentieth century witnesses the completion of the largest vessel ever built—considerably larger than the *Great Eastern*, so long the wonder of the world. Between the *Charlotte Dundas* of 1801 and the *Celtic* of 1901 there have been one hundred years' development of shipbuilding, of marine engineering and of maritime enterprise, a fair measure of which is obtained by a comparison between these two vessels.

Symington was not, of course, the first to think of or to attempt the propulsion of a ship by steam, but he was the first to achieve it. The *Charlotte Dundas* was 50 ft. long, 18 ft. broad, and 8 ft. deep. Her engine was of 10 horse-power (nominal), and it was of the horizontal type, with a 22-in. cylinder, and a steam pressure of a few pounds per square inch. With this engine the tiny craft was able to make six miles an hour, and actually succeeded in towing a couple of barges, 70 tons each, a distance of twenty miles against a strong head wind in six

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hours. After this achievement the *Charlotte Dundas* rested from her labours and her works have followed her. There came, in 1807, Robert Fulton's *Clermont* on the Hudson River, New York, and, in 1811, Henry Bell's *Comet* on the Clyde, both vessels steaming about five knots. Thirty-seven years after the *Charlotte Dundas* paddled in the Forth and Clyde Canal, the *Great Western*, of 1840 tons and with engines of 750 horse-power, successfully steamed across the Atlantic, in spite of the prediction of Dr. Dionysius Lardner that the feat was impossible. She was quickly followed by the *Great Britain*, the first iron steamer; by the *Sirius*, *British Queen*, *President*, and other historic vessels. And in 1840 the Cunard Company was formed, and began business with the *Britannia*, a wooden paddle steamer 207 ft. in length, 34 ft. in breadth, 16 ft. 10 in. in depth, of 1056 tons, with engines of 740 horse-power, with a speed of 8½ knots an hour, and accommodation for ninety passengers. The *Britannia* was no great advance on the *Great Western*, and it was the designer of the *Great Western*, Isambard K. Brunel, who twenty-two years later brought forth that magnificent failure known as the *Great Eastern*. She was of 18,915 tons, and after her the development was in speed rather than in size until within the last few years.

Now place against the nineteenth-century *Charlotte Dundas* the twentieth-century *Celtic*, not the swiftest but the largest vessel in the world. Her displacement is 86,000 tons, or 10,800 tons more than that of the *Great Eastern*, which vessel she also excels by 1965 tons in gross measurement. She is even 3600 tons larger than the mammoth *Oceanic*, and 200 ft. longer than Lord Goschen's "mighty cruisers." She is divided horizontally into nine decks and can carry a population of 3194 souls. Her engines are of 14,000 horse-power and her speed will be about 17 knots. In swiftness, however, she will be excelled by the *Campania*, *Lucania*, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, *Oceanic*, and *Deutschland*, but she is essentially a new-century vessel, combining great carrying capacity and comfort, with

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high, though not excessive speed, so as to provide travelling facilities for the multitude of "persons of ordinary means." Like the railway companies, the steamship companies now gather their profits from the masses, not the classes. The *Celtic* marks time as an expression of the changed character of Transatlantic passenger traffic. Formerly it was confined to the very rich and the very poor; now it is composed of the rank and file of the population of both sides of the Atlantic. In very truth, though in other sense than Antony meant, we quarter the world,

> O'er green Neptune's back
> With ships made cities.

Few non-travelling Britons, perhaps, have any perception of the enormous extent of the ocean passenger traffic, and of the fleets of vessels employed in it. As an example, take one route alone, that between Europe and New York:

Total Passengers landed at New York from Transatlantic Lines.

	Ships' Passages.	Cabin.	Steerage.	Total.
1890 . .	—	144,178	371,593	515,771
1891 . .	—	150,023	445,290	595,213
1892 . .	—	120,991	388,486	509,477
1893 . .	975	121,829	364,700	486,529
1894 . .	879	92,561	188,164	280,725
1895 . .	792	96,558	258,560	355,118
1896 . .	852	99,223	252,350	351,573
1897 . .	901	90,932	192,004	282,936
1898 . .	812	80,586	219,651	300,237
1899 . .	826	107,415	303,762	411,177
1900 . .	838	137,852	403,491	541,343

In the early years of the decade there was a large emigration movement in Europe, and at that time the number of ships in use was much more numerous than now. Even in the year of the great World's Fair at Chicago the total number of cabin passengers landed at New York was 16,000 less, and the

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number of steerage passengers 51,000 less, than last year. The feature in this branch of sea traffic is the great increase in the volume of the human stream which flows in pursuit of business and pleasure.

Now let us tabulate this century growth:

Vessels.	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Depth. Feet.	Size. Tons.	Engines. Horse-power.
C. Dundas (1801) .	50	18	8	(?) 20	10
Britannia (1840) .	207	34	17	1,156	740
Great Eastern (1858) .	691	82½	48½	18,915	8,297
Celtic (1901) . .	700	75	49	20,880	14,000

The *Celtic*, then, exceeds in part the recorded dimensions of Noah's Ark, which in modern terms measured 547 ft. in length, 91 ft. in breadth, and 54½ ft. in depth. According to Mr. Hales, the Ark had a tonnage of 42,413 tons burden, so that the *Celtic* has very nearly one-half of the capacity of Noah's big house-boat, for it was hardly a ship.

Gigantic as are the sea-monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the *Mannig fual*, of Frisian legend, whose masts were so high that a boy, sent aloft to "bear a hand," came down a grey-headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders, and whose length was so great that when swinging in the Channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, whilst her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais. But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 ft. long, 57 ft. broad, and 72 ft. in depth of hold, and which carried 4000 rowers and 8000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, King of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "sixty thousand measures of corn, ten thousand jars of salt fish, twenty thousand talents weight of wool, and of other cargo twenty

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thousand talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbour in Sicily could contain her. This problem of harbour accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters, and is placing a limit on their growth.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century came into operation the new charter of the East India Company, under which provision was made, for the first time, for outside merchants to strive for a share of the Eastern trade, which had hitherto been "John's" close monopoly. Under this new charter all British subjects were allowed to export British produce to India, except military stores, ammunition, masts, spars, cordage, pitch, tar, and copper, and to import all goods from India, except calicoes and other fine piece goods. All such exports and imports, however, had to be sent by John's vessels at a freight of £5 per ton out, and £15 home. John had some 48,000 tons of shipping in the Indian and China trade, and he was then under the supervision of the Board of Control. But, although the Indian revenue had grown to £15,000,000 per annum, John's trade was not improving. The exports of the Company to India only averaged a million a year, and the monopoly of the Indian sea traffic had to be abandoned when the charter was again renewed in 1813. Then at last other British ships than John's were allowed into the trade, and soon did three times as much as he did with his lordly and expensive methods. A company that maintained armies and retailed tea, that carried a sword in one hand and a ledger in the other, could hardly expect to be a commercial success, as McCulloch said. In five years after the Indian monopoly was abolished the trade trebled. It is interesting to recall that in the first decade of the century the size of "East Indiamen" had increased to 1200 tons and averaged about 800 tons. In 1801 the largest vessel trading between Great Britain and India was a 1200-ton sailing ship, mounted with twenty or thirty guns, and carrying a crew of 120 men. In 1901 the P. and O. Company are running several steamers of 8000 to 10,000 tons. It has been stated

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that in the early years of the century there was scarcely a ship-builder in the country who properly understood even the first elements of the displacement of a ship. John Company's vessels then cost £40 per ton to build and equip, though private persons could supply themselves at £25 per ton. A P. and O. liner does not probably cost any more per ton than did one of these wooden East Indiamen; and while John's vessels were fitted up as ships of war, the modern liners are built with a view to use as armed cruisers in time of war. The first year of the century saw the despatch of some forty vessels, of about 30,000 tons measurement, from London to Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Penang, and China. The last year of the century saw the despatch of British vessels of 1,175,165 tons to India and 488,238 tons to China, Java, and Japan.

John Company was probably the most extravagant ship-owner and the most regal merchant who ever engaged in ocean commerce. The whole concern was gilt-edged and gold embroidered, but it was a profitable employment and a commander "in the Company's service" could usually make his fortune in three or four round voyages. He managed his ship on naval discipline, and whenever he landed in India he was received with the same salute as a general. The first steamer to reach India was the *Enterprise*, a paddle boat built in 1825 at Deptford, of 479 tons register, and 120 horse-power. She cost £43,000, and made the voyage to Calcutta in 118 days, her highest average speed being 9½ knots. This vessel was not built by John Company, but was acquired by him on completion of her voyage out and was afterwards employed as a mail boat between Calcutta and Rangoon and along the coast. This little *Enterprise* was the pioneer of the gigantic steam services now carried on in the East by the British India Steam Navigation and other companies.

If expensive, however, John Company's ships were certainly serviceable, stately, and even luxurious in their appointments. Moreover, they did much for the Empire as well as for the Company, in many a gallant sea fight with Dutch and French

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war-ships. One of the most brilliant feats in the annals of naval warfare was that of Commodore Dance of H.E.I.C.S. He was, in 1803, in command of the Company's homeward-bound fleet of China traders, with which a number of privately owned vessels allied themselves for protection, and he had no man-of-war convoy. The value of the fleet and cargoes was some six millions sterling and offered a tempting prize for the French. Admiral Linois waylaid this trading fleet with the *Marengo* (84 guns), *Semillante* (40 guns), *Belle Roule* (40 guns), *Comette* (28 guns) and an 18-gun brig. Commodore Dance did not wait for the French to advance but gave the signal to tack and attack, and in a short time with his little fleet of tea ships he completely routed the squadron of heavily armed war-ships. Students of naval history are familiar with the story, but not so, perhaps, students of commercial history, who are apt to comment severely on John's blunders and to ignore his services. Look what has followed him. In 1814, when the East India Company lost its monopoly of the Indian trade the exports of the United Kingdom to British India were to the value of £1,870,690. In 1820, after the "free traders" had got partly to work the value was £3,037,911. At the close of the century we find the exports of the value of £32,000,000 which, of course, does not include the value of the exports from Australia and other British possessions direct to India. Practically all the immense sea-borne traffic of the East Indies is the growth of the century we have just left behind us. But far more than that—"England, bound in with the triumphant sea," has become the common carrier of the world, and in the matter of ships and shipping the universal provider of the nations.

They were stately creatures those vessels of John's, which

> Under Southern skies exalt their sails,
> Led by new stars and borne by spicy gales.

Vaster than the "tall" ships of Elizabethan days, and not so shapely as the "Tea Clippers" which succeeded them in the

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fulness of time, the ponderous old East Indiamen had qualities of solidity, strength, and seaworthiness that commend them to the affectionate remembrance of a sea-born race.

The nineteenth century opened (after the brief peace of Amiens) with neutral traders eating into our Colonial trade, and with practically all the commerce between the Old World and the New under the American flag. England and France hurled blockading and confiscating Orders-in-Council against each other, and the Yankee ship sailed in and carried off the prize. The commerce of the world was being carried on at great peril. Professor Leone Levi extracted some notes from the proceedings of the Court of Admiralty, in illustration of these times.

An American ship with a cargo of tobacco was sent from America to Vigo, or to a market for sale. At Vigo the tobacco was sold under contract to deliver it at Seville, at the master's risk, and the vessel was going to Seville to deliver the cargo when she was captured. A British vessel was separated from her convoy during a storm, and brought out by a French lugger which came up and told the master to stay by her till the storm moderated, when they would send a boat on board. The lugger continued alongside, sometimes ahead and sometimes astern and sometimes to windward, for three or four hours. But a British frigate coming in sight, gave chase to the lugger and captured her, during which time the ship made her escape, rejoined the convoy, and came into Poole. Ships were taken because they were sailing to false destinations under false papers, false flags, false certificates of ownership, and false bills of sale. They were seized for running the blockade, and for escaping from blockaded ports. They were arrested for carrying despatches, military men, and contraband of war. In every way, at every point of the ocean, the pursuit was carried on, till the seas were cleared of merchant ships and the highway of nations, the widest and freest arena for trade, was converted into an amphitheatre for the display of the wildest and worst excesses of human cupidity and passions.

Naturally, sea commerce could not flourish in such circumstances, and the situation was made worse by the system of commercial licences which then came into vogue—"an evil which undermined the first principles of commercial morality."

Whatever may have been the cause that led to this result [writes W. S. Lindsay], it was stated publicly at the end of March 1804, that there was

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scarcely a single offer of trade for a British bottom, except such as were employed in the coasting or colonial trades, which were held secure by the strict enforcement of the Navigation Act. The shipowners pointed with dismay to the mooring-places in the river Thames, which were crowded with foreign ships in full employ, while British vessels covered the banks or filled the wet docks in a state of inactivity and decay.

The country was concentrating all its thoughts and energies on bringing Bonaparte and France to subjection, and everything else had to give way to that one engrossing object. In 1808 thirty thousand inhabitants of Bolton sent a petition to Parliament stating that they were suffering from want of bread, and the House of Commons went into Committee of the whole House to consider the state of the trade and navigation of the country. In 1809 a fleet of 600 merchant ships bound for Baltic ports was captured by the French, with the loss of several millions of pounds.

The following shows the imports and exports of the United Kingdom, and the total tonnage of shipping belonging to it in the first ten years of the century :

Foreign Trade and Shipping, 1801–1810.

Year.	Imports. £	Exports. £	Shipping. Tons.
1801 . .	31,786,000 ...	* — ...	1,786,000
1802 . .	29,826,000 ...	41,411,900 ...	1,901,000
1803 . .	26,623,000 ...	31,438,900 ...	1,985,000
1804 . .	27,819,000 ...	* — ...	2,077,000
1805 . .	28,561,000 ...	38,077,000 ...	2,092,000
1806 . .	26,899,000 ...	40,875,000 ...	2,080,000
1807 . .	26,734,000 ...	37,246,000 ..	2,097,000
1808 . .	26,795,000 ...	37,275,000 ...	2,130,000
1809 . .	31,750,000 ...	47,371,000 ...	2,167,000
1810 . .	39,302,000 ...	48,439,000 ...	2,211,000

* Unascertained.

This is a sorry record; and although the nation entered upon a new era of prosperity in 1815, the next ten years did not add more than 200,000 tons to the national shipping, thanks to the Navigation Laws.

We may (as I pointed out recently in the *Nineteenth*

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Century) take 1840 as the birth-year of the maritime supremacy of Great Britain; but even for several years after the initiation of ocean steam navigation, progress was slow, because the enterprise of our shipowners was paralysed by Protection. In 1801 the entrances of shipping at British ports were 1,800,000 tons, and the clearances 1,700,000 tons. In 1820 the total entrances and clearances were only 4,098,000 tons; by 1840 they had increased to 9,439,000 tons. And now look at the leaps and bounds of sea traffic and shipping since that year:

Year.	Entrances and Clearances at the U.K. Ports. Tons.	Shipping belonging to the U.K. Tons.
1801 . .	3,500,000 ...	1,786,000
1820 . .	4,098,000 ...	2,439,000
1840 . .	9,439,000 ...	2,584,000
1850 . .	14,504,000 ...	3,565,000
1860 . .	24,689,000 ...	4,659,000
1870 . .	36,640,000 ...	5,691,000
1880 . .	58,736,000 ...	6,574,500
1890 . .	74,283,869 ...	7,978,500
1900 . .	79,937,729 ...	14,033,000

At the beginning of the century, the shipbuilders of the Tyne and Wear, of the Humber, the Thames, and the Mersey, and of the southern ports, were turning out wooden vessels of much the same type as their predecessors had built a hundred years before them. Down even to the thirties the average size of merchant ships was not more than 500 tons—those running to 1000 tons and over in the East India Company's service being few in number. There were few more than 100 ft. in length, and there was not a single iron sea-going vessel on Lloyd's Register even as late as 1837, although some iron barges were then in existence. The use of wood for structural material necessarily limited the size of vessels, but when iron was introduced they rapidly grew in dimensions. The first Cunard steamer, *Britannia*, was of wood and was only 200 ft. long, but the first iron steamer, *Great Britain*, was 300 ft. long. It is curious now to recall that although the screw propeller was

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fitted to the *Great Britain*, it was not generally adopted for ocean steamers until after 1860, principally because the Government would not permit the mails to be carried in screw steamers. This rule held good until 1862, after which the screw was adopted for all sea-going merchant steamers, though not until several years later for warships. The largest vessel afloat in 1861 (barring the *Great Eastern*) was 360 ft. in length, and in 1870 the longest was 400 ft. Steel was introduced as a shipbuilding material in 1875, and this permitted of a further extension in the size, and also of an increase in the speed of ships. And between 1840 and 1900 the consumption of coal by steamers has been reduced from 9 lb. to 1½ lb. per horse-power per hour.

Those nervous persons who would have us all believe that Great Britain is not only losing her commercial supremacy, but is also on the down-grade in industrial proficiency, do not sufficiently consider her importance as the shipbuilder and sea-carrier of the world. By far the largest industry on earth is that of shipping, which employs directly and indirectly three-fourths of the world's population. Let us see what our share in that industry is, and how it has developed during the past century. It is computed that while the population of the world in the last hundred years has increased 150 per cent., the commerce of the world has increased by more than 1200 per cent. One of the main causes of that development has been steam, which has not only increased the producing power of man but has also accelerated and facilitated the movement of men and merchandise. By the railway the seaboard is carried into the interior, by the steamer the interior is carried across the ocean. Thus, while the value of international commercial exchanges in 1801 was not more than about £300,000,000, in 1901 it may exceed £4,500,000,000, or ten times as much as at the beginning of Transatlantic steam navigation in 1840. That year there were 868,000 tons of steam tonnage afloat out of 10,482,000 tons of vessels of all sorts, and to-day there is hardly as much tonnage afloat in

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sailers as in 1840 there was in steamers. It has been usual to reckon the effective carrying capacity of steamers as three to one of sailers; but, taking size and speed into account one may say that the steam tonnage of to-day is almost four times as effective as the sailing tonnage of the past. Upon this basis the effective carrying capacity of the world's mercantile marine may be taken at 50,000,000 tons, as compared with 4,000,000 tons in 1800.

It is interesting to note the following estimate by the Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics of the population and commerce of the world in these years. (We have cast his dollars into sterling.)

Population and Commerce of Century.

Year.	Population.	Commerce.
1810	640,000,000	£295,800,000
1820	780,000,000	331,800,000
1830	847,000,000	396,200,000
1840	950,000,000	557,800,000
1850	1,075,000,000	809,800,000
1860	1,205,000,000	1,449,200,000
1870	1,310,000,000	2,132,600,000
1880	1,439,000,000	2,952,200,000
1890	1,488,000,000	3,503,800,000
1898	1,500,000,000	3,983,000,000

In explanation of these figures it is stated that "Commerce" covers both exports and imports and includes the exchange of merchandise throughout the entire world wherever records are available.

Our maritime development has been chiefly during the second half of the century. Till the repeal of the Navigation Laws we made little progress, and the shipping of America was practically equal to ours. Mr. Ricardo marked the beginning of a new epoch when in 1847 he moved in the House of Commons for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation and policy of these Laws. They provided that no goods should be exported from the United Kingdom to any British possession in Asia, Africa, or America, or to the Channel Islands except in British ships, though vessels belonging to

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the United States might carry goods from this country to India: That no goods should be carried from one British possession to another except in British ships: That no goods should be imported into any British possession in any foreign ships except ships of the country producing the goods, and only when such country had colonial possessions in which British vessels were accorded the like privileges or the most-favoured-nation treatment. And that no goods should be imported into, nor should any goods (except the produce of the fisheries in British ships) be exported from any of the British possessions in America by sea, from or to any place other than the United Kingdom, or some other of such possessions, except into or from the several ports in such possessions called Free Ports.

Ricardo's point was that by every ton of shipping driven away from our ports there was lost the benefit of the sale of an equivalent amount of our merchandise, to the loss of our manufacturers and workpeople, and of the public revenue. This, however, is but a brief and scanty outline of Laws which were designed by our ancestors to increase our prosperity by injuring our neighbours, but under which British merchants and shipowners really suffered as much as those from whom they were being ostensibly protected. The first effect of the repeal of these Laws in 1849 was to give a great impetus to American shipping, the next to give a still greater impetus to British shipbuilding in competition with American shipping. The Baltimore Clippers sailed in and captured the Transatlantic and the Eastern trade, until the Aberdeen Clippers sprang into the race, and were succeeded by British fleets of the most splendid sailing ships the world has ever seen. With these we steadily worked ahead of the Americans, until the evolution of the iron ship and the screw propeller enabled us to out-distance all competitors and to rise higher and higher in maritime supremacy. But in 1861 the United States had 5,482,127 tons of shipping to our 5,895,869 tons, and that notwithstanding the tremendous impetus given to ship-building in Great Britain by

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the Crimean War. Since then we have not only never looked behind but have never allowed any competitor to come even within sight of us. In 1861 there were only 159 iron and steam vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 68,368 tons built and registered in the United Kingdom. In 1871 the number was 416 and the tonnage 295,109. In 1900 there were 19,986 vessels of 14,032,694 tons on the British register, of which 9208 were steamers and 10,778 were sailing vessels.

Contrasting with the *Britannia* in 1840 with a speed of 8½ knots, we have now the *Campania* and *Lucania* with a speed of 22 knots, and several other boats with a speed of over 20 knots. Contrasting with the wooden sailing carriers of the opening of the century, ranging from, say, 200 tons to 1000 tons, we have now the giant cargo boats of the Cunard and White Star Lines, ranging from 12,000 to 20,000 tons. In 1811 the first steamer, the *Comet*, built on the Clyde, was 40 ft. in length, 10½ ft. in breadth, and 25 tons burden, and 4 horse-power. Two years later she was followed by the *Clyde*, a vessel of 72 ft. in length and 14 ft. in breadth, with engines of 14 horse-power. Two years later still was built on the Clyde the *Marjory*, 60 ft. in length, memorable as the first steamer to ply on the River Thames. The first steamer to cross the Irish Channel was the *Rob Roy*, of only 90 tons and 30 horse-power, and she is further noteworthy as the inaugurator of the steam service across the English Channel between Dover and Calais. In 1821 was built the first iron sailing ship on the Thames; in 1839 was built the first iron sea-going steamer on the Clyde, and the problem of floating iron was solved. Little did the designers and builders of these vessels think that they were initiating a revolution in maritime commerce, as well as in naval architecture. With 1850 began a period of rapid displacement—the busy little wood shipyards, with their pleasant odour of timber and tar, began to disappear from our seaports, and a new race of gigantic engineering establishments began to spring up in a few well chosen and favourably situated localities. The Clyde and the Tyne soon

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outdistanced all the rest, and their products drove the Stars and Stripes off the face of the waters.

In the last year of the century the British shipyards turned out 1245 vessels, of 1,674,844 tons and 1,777,648 horse-power, and to the total tonnage the Clyde contributed 492,609 and the Tyne 825,277 tons. This immense total includes not a single sailing ship from the once prolific birthplaces of wooden brigs on the Wear and Tees, only two small sailing craft on the Tyne, and four sailing ships on the Clyde. Only on the Thames and the Humber is the building of sailing ships of any dimensions. As the world's output of new vessels in 1900 is estimated by *The Statist* at 2,821,755 tons, the United Kingdom contributed more than five-eighths of it—not all for British owners and British uses, however. According to Lloyd's returns, the actual addition to the register of the United Kingdom in 1900 was 1,221,533 tons gross, of which only 84,903 tons was in sailing vessels. About 98½ per cent. of the addition were new vessels built in the United Kingdom. Against this there were 601 vessels, of 265,937 tons, lost, broken up, or for other causes removed from the register, and there were 636 vessels, of 669,118 tons, transferred to foreign and colonial purchasers. At December 31 there were on the register of the United Kingdom:

9,208	steamers of	11,786,392	gross tons.
10,778	sailers of	2,246,302	,,
19,986	vessels of	14,032,694	,,

Last year there were 1924 vessels, of 1,019,808 tons, on the registers of the British Colonies. Adding these and the natural increase, we may take it that we begin the new century with 15,250,000 tons of shipping with which to do the carrying of the world, while America has 2,750,000 tons, of which, however, 715,000 tons are on the great lakes, and do not enter into the international competition. Germany has 2,650,000 tons, Norway has 1,640,000 tons, France has 1,350,000 tons, and no other country has as much as a million

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tons. If the twentieth century has to witness the annihilation of our maritime supremacy, it will be pretty far on before our doom is sealed. It has taken us a hundred years to add 18,000,000 tons to our merchant navies, although within ten years we have added more than the entire tonnage of Germany and the United States put together. With our merchant fleets we carry 75 per cent. of the sea-commerce of the world. Look, for instance, at the entrances and clearances at British ports last year in comparison with the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria:

	Inwards.		Outwards.	
	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.
1837				
British . .	13,155	2,617,160	14,567	2,547,227
Foreign .	7,343	1,005,940	7,461	1,056,738
1900				
British . .	28,414	24,435,302	32,597	27,976,486
Foreign .	21,926	11,760,208	26,622	16,765,780

The rate of increase in shipping also has grown as the century advanced. In the last quarter of it our registered shipping increased from 5¾ million tons to 14 million tons. It is possible that this pace has been too rapid. At the recent annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping, the President, Colonel Ropner, M.P., expressed the opinion that we are, or have been, building too many ships. We have also sold a large number of ships to foreigners, besides the new ones we have built for them, and it is really these weedings from the British mercantile navy that form the most serious competition against British shipowners. Colonel Ropner indicated his belief that the sailing vessel will probably entirely disappear from ocean traffic during the present century. This is possible; but at the same time one must remember that the sailing vessel is valuable in being a floating warehouse as well as a carrier, and that

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in commerce cheap storage is often more desirable than speedy delivery.

With the new century begins a new system of naval warfare. The submarine boat suggests infinite possibilities. At the present moment the British navy is being augmented by five experimental vessels for movement and attack under water. They are pigmies, of course, compared with the new-century battleship, of which the *Russell*, of 14,000 tons, is a type. But it may be that the pigmies will win the race in naval construction. The South African war has demonstrated the error of matching massed battalions against a mobile foe. The next naval war may demonstrate the error of exposing mammoth battleships and mighty cruisers to the attacks of swarms of sea-dwarfs, above and below water. The battle may be to the swift, not the strong, and it is a serious question whether the amount of life and property placed at risk on a modern giant warship is not too great for modern conditions of warfare.

One can perceive advantages from the further enlargement of ocean-carriers not perceptible in the case of sea fighters. As Professor Biles showed in a paper on large cargo steamers read before the Institution of Naval Architects, in investigating the effect of increase of size upon working expenses—whether the working expenses, including coal, wages, &c., were less per ton carried in the large than in the small steamer—he was led to this conclusion :

> Taking a steamer 500 ft. long, and 60 ft. broad, with a draught of 27 ft. 6 in., he found that by increasing the length to 700 ft. with a proportionate increase in the breadth, but keeping the draught constant at 27 ft. 6 in., the cost of carrying a ton of cargo 5000 knots at 12 knots speed increased from 8*s.* 6*d.* to over 11*s.* But if the draught, instead of being kept constant, was increased in proportion to the increase in the other dimensions, then the cost of carrying a ton of cargo the same distance, and at the same speed, decreased from 8*s.* 6*d.* in the case of the 500-ft. ship to 7*s.* in the case of the 700-ft. ship. This showed that if draught be increased proportionately to the increase of the other dimensions, cargo can be carried at a steadily decreasing cost as size increases.

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A big merchant steamer is economical in another way, viz., in the amount of cargo she will transport in a few voyages, with proportionate decrease of dock and other charges. The White Star *Oceanic* of 1871 was 420 ft. long, 41 ft. beam, and 31 ft. deep, and her tonnage was 3707. She was a single-screw ship, with an average speed of 14 knots, and she consumed about 65 tons of coal a day. The *Celtic*, launched in 1901, has a length of 700 ft., 75 ft. beam, and 49 ft. depth, and her tonnage is 20,900. She is a twin-screw ship, and will steam at 17 knots, consuming about 260 tons of coal a day. The new ship is about 25 per cent. faster than the old one, and as a cargo carrier she will carry twelve times as much as the old ship did. In one year the new *Celtic* will do the work of about fifteen old *Oceanics*, while the working cost will only be increased about four times. To put it otherwise, the *Celtic* will carry about four of the first *Oceanic's* cargoes at the cost of one such cargo carried by the older vessel.

The growth in the size of ships became most marked in the closing years of the century. Ten years ago there was not afloat a single vessel of 10,000 tons; in 1901 there will be 25. In 1892 there were launched in the United Kingdom 37 steamers of over 4000 tons; in 1900 no fewer than 125 were built. Of the new steamers of over 10,000 tons to be born in the first year of the new century 5 will be over 18,000 tons each. Who can place a limit on what the new century may see? It is stated by a well-known shipbuilder that he is ready even now to build a steamer of 50,000 tons if desired. As far as material is concerned the thing is quite practicable, though it may be questioned if it is desirable to place such enormous risks on one bottom. But before further increasing the size of ocean carriers the problem to be solved is how to increase speed without increasing the consumption of coal.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

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THE RATIONAL HORIZON OF FALMOUTH

All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE purpose of the present article is simple. It proposes to suggest and if possible to establish, by means of a combination of History and Geography, an explanation of that historical phenomenon which is, one imagines, most interesting to the mass of Englishmen to-day—the phenomenon of International Supremacy. That this matter should be of interest to Englishmen is but natural. By sword and fire, by gift and conquest, no less than by the peaceful, all-pervading energy of their race, they have brought half a hundred states, half a thousand different races, a handful of religions, and many million acres of the earth's surface beneath the direct sway of themselves and of their little island home far in the cold North Sea. And they must occasionally wish to consider how it is that, in the last few hundred years alone, so stupendous a greatness has come to them. The Paramountcy of England at this moment, her supremacy, that is, in the councils of Europe, is undoubted. "Patriots" of France and demagogues of Germany admit the fact together, though, perhaps, in varying tones. The most responsible statesmen of England affirm and re-affirm it. And now, at last, the people whose fathers made it are almost beginning to understand. But all that is understood is the bare fact; and one of

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the most remarkable things in England at the present moment is the lack of any coherent and reasonable explanation of it, such as would give us some indication of what our hopes or fears for the future should be.

The Statesman, naturally enough, is considering mainly the actual affairs of his moment. The Political Scientist is eternally making theories, which it takes much of his valuable labour to square with facts. The Historian thinks of Nineveh, and remembers Tyre. Great empires, he says, have existed before, and have all fallen. That of Britain, therefore, though greater than any of them, should, he thinks, be no exception to the rule. Observing that every empire has been maintained, at bottom, by force, knowing indeed the date and immediate circumstances of every recorded battle since the world began, and finding that the rise of every successive paramountcy of any endurance has been associated by his eager predecessors with the name or names of certain born leaders, he assumes that Empire and Supremacy are the results, and not the essential causes, of force. That the domination of Rome arose from a pastoral community on the Seven Hills, by sheer unaided force of arms, would be to him a perfectly understandable proposition; that she fell, in the last resort, because of the loss of that military superiority over surrounding nations which alone he supposes could keep her alive, he would equally admit. He forgets, apparently, that as the result of the military successes of the barbarians, it was not Rome at all which fell, but merely one set of her inhabitants, who, having become incapable of holding and protecting the power which not their prowess at all but her position had given them, were forced, much against their will, to make way for others who in these respects had shown themselves in turn more capable. The Roman Empire, as understood by Augustus, indeed was then no more. But the importance and the supremacy of Rome herself remained for centuries after, and neither the one nor the other either waned or ceased until the true causes (as I believe them) of their original existence and appearance had

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waned and ceased as well. Nor is there anything on earth to justify us for a moment in supposing that, had the international world remained the same after that irruption for nearly as long a time as had elapsed between its date and that of the original founding of the city, an empire as great as that which the Roman people had enjoyed might not again have gathered round her walls. Of which, however, more later.

The immediate object is merely to suggest the grounds which seem to exist for supposing that:

The rise of the British Empire is due to conditions exactly analogous to those which have caused the rise of every paramountcy before her; but that, whereas in those former cases these conditions necessarily eventually waned and ceased, in the case of Great Britain they can necessarily do neither, but can only increase and develop conjointly with this, the last power which they have now created, or ever can create; that although it is true that Nineveh and Tyre and Babylon and Rome have all been high and now are low, the causes (in each case the same) which operated to wreck them can never operate to wreck Great Britain; and that, therefore, unless we are to suppose some inconceivable cataclysm which shall alter the face of the earth and the distribution of its peoples in such a way as to render necessary a new history and a new geography too, Great Britain, according to the clear lessons of both, and whatever may eventually happen to the present British people, is destined to be the seat of Supremacy until the end of those historical times with which ancient history began. A conclusion, surely, which, if true, should not be without interest to the present generation of Englishmen nor without its importance to those European statesmen into whose hands the destinies of the world may seem at this moment to have been committed.

It may be well to set forth at once, and as clearly as possible, the grounds upon which such an argument would be founded. It consists, briefly, in an adherence to the following propositions:

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1. That, in all times of which we have any historical record, there has existed one admitted seat of an enduring International Paramountcy.

2. That this Paramountcy has always been the result, and not the cause, of a paramount influence upon the world's trade as it then existed.

3. That the world's trade runs, and always has run, by sea.

4. That every enduring Paramountcy has, therefore, always resided on or by the sea.

5. And that, further, the seat of the Paramountcy of the moment will always be found at that spot of land which, being otherwise generally convenient, is most nearly situated to that spot of sea in which the greatest number of the sea routes of the moment naturally meet and cross.

If these propositions be conceded, there emerges a principle —to be stated later on—which will hardly then be denied. And by considering the present position of England in the light of that principle, the conclusions with regard to her sketched above will certainly appear.

The propositions themselves may be taken in order.

1. There has always been a seat of Paramountcy.

This is a matter of elementary history which, if questioned at all, will only, I think, be so because the limits of the proposition itself have not been fully appreciated. For to those who would question this, it may be properly permitted to point out that the paramountcy we are to consider is to be an *enduring* paramountcy, and not a merely temporary one founded on one of those passing military successes which are too often allowed to obscure the real view of history. The constant wars of ancient times (less constant in fact than in history because naturally rather unduly recorded) and the consequent apparently ceaseless rising and falling of various states, brought many such apparent paramountcies in their train. But unless those wars produced results of a lasting nature upon the fundamental and international paramountcy of their day,

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neither they nor their results are anything to our present purpose. All the ancient seats of supremacy were surrounded by wars; and in those wars victor succeeded victor with monstrous rapidity. Yet the great wars which surrounded the supremacies of Egypt, of Chaldea, of Phœnicia, and of Rome, affected and limited indeed, but did not unseat, those supremacies. Rivals were constantly springing up, always and on all sides, but so long as they did not unseat the paramountcy they were but rivals, and, until they positively had done so, have no claim to our present consideration. It is through the undue if inevitable importance they so constantly attach to feats of arms for their own sake and that of their more immediate, apart apparently from their own lasting, results, if any, that historians have reduced their science to a state from which the silent standards of geography alone seem able to save it. For the permanent results of battles are seldom great. Napoleon was finally crushed, and the present English paramountcy saved, neither at Waterloo nor at Trafalgar; the historical causes of his fall lay deeper marked in the face of the earth than by the bodies of soldiers or the hulls of sunken fleets. The truth is that Napoleon, though a rival indeed, never came too near to the condition of a master. Nor, through all his glory, did he of all men ever forget this little island across the Channel, without the absolute possession of which, as he well knew, his dream of paramountcy was indeed but the merest dream.

2. Paramountcy has always been the result, and not the cause, of a paramount influence upon the world's trade.

For what is the cause of Paramountcy? From what does it result? The question is not easily answered; but we shall be much helped on our way to the answer if we firstly consider the prior question: What is the nature of Paramountcy? How may it be recognised? How are we to know it when we see it?

Paramountcy has but one sign and one mark; a sign and mark to be looked for, strictly, neither in the original or

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present energy of any one race, in the nature or extent of the territories enclosed by its natural boundaries, in the character of its institutions, the capacity of its soldiers in the field, nor the courage, intelligence, or incorruptibility of its statecraft. These things are vitally important to the race, of course; yet alone or together they can never produce paramountcy.

Indeed, on the first breath of inquiry as to whether either has been an *invariable* concomitant of supremacy, each, as a fully satisfactory cause by itself, has had perforce to be given up. And at last, apparently in despair of finding any fundamental point of resemblance between the successive paramountcies of the world, recourse is had to such vague generalisations as a misty combination of all these causes together. Yet the true, invariable concomitant of supremacy, though always neglected, appears to be very close to the surface. It is none other, surely, than the simple one of Movement; the Movement which is intercourse, the intercourse which is Trade. At once, in this view, all Paramountcies are on common ground. Seventy-seven hundred years ago, as in London to-day, the streets and courts of Memphis were thronged with the merchants and the movements of all nations which then could be said to possess either the one or the other, and all the movements of active life of Asia Minor and the strange lands around it east and west, came to a focus in the great marts of Babylon at the time of her headship and supremacy. Those great walls and buildings, the armies and the roof-gardens which were then a wonder of the world, were not rendered either necessary or possible by the mere unaided needs and ambitions of the inhabitants of a single Asiatic town; they represented a wealth and a knowledge which nothing but important intercourse with other nations can, or ever could, supply. Eridhu, whose ruins still stand, chief city of Chaldea, and sanctuary of the great god Ea, is full of cosmopolitan remains to this day. The Hittite Empire, lasting until it was destroyed by the Assyrians, who

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founded their own Empire in its stead, shows in its records and remains the clearest traces of crowded intercourse and active movement. And throughout it is the same. The lands of the Medes, the short supremacy again of Babylon, the conquests of Cambyses for Persia, all derived their international importance from the possession in their midst of the centre of international influence; and, whether that centre is in Egypt, in Arabia, in Syria, in Greece, or in Rome, it is always to be known and recognised by the broad streets, the pressing traffic, and that development of communications which show it to be for the moment the natural centre of the activities of the earth. Pre-eminence among nations is pre-eminence in their wealth-bearing activities; and wealth-bearing activity in all its forms resolves itself finally into some form of trade. It is pre-eminence in trade, therefore, which alone of all political forces leads at once and irresistibly to Paramountcy; and that will surely be found, at bottom, to be the mark by which it has been always known.

Exigencies of space prevent my going thoroughly into this particular inquiry. Yet, to those who may consider that the above is nothing more than a statement of that which it was hoped to prove, I would ask permission to put two questions. The first is whether it is possible to deny that the natural focusing of international trade in a district has been the invariable precursor of an enduring paramountcy seated in that district, and the second, whether, in default of such a focusing being allowed as the real and fundamental cause of such paramountcy, any other conceivable circumstance or set of circumstances can be allowed in its stead which will cover all the cases of paramountcy in history? I believe that both these questions must be answered in the negative. For what else than pre-eminent influence on trade can lead to Paramountcy? We are fond of talking to-day about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race; and the necessity naturally felt of accounting for the present supremacy of England has led to the birth of catch-phrases such as this to describe popularly the reasons

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of our huge national and Imperial development. But to the more sober of us it has always been clear that there are also other races who, in point of national character and determination, are in no wise inferior to ourselves. The Swedes and Austrians are splendid peoples, who have shown again and again on many a bloody field a play of bravery and a strength of devotion to causes whose support does them every credit. The Swiss have many Tenths of August recorded and unrecorded to their names. In industry the Chinese work sixteen hours a day, and produce things of art which we cannot approach, under conditions at which we can but wonder. The seas of the earth are covered with the keels of the "Dutchman," as sailors calls him, the Norwegian and Swedish sailor, carrying on the heaviest business of the world, trailing his ensign at the peaks of vessels in which Englishmen would hardly dare to sail, but in which he confronts the dangers of storm and semi-starvation, with a courage and success thoroughly understood by those who can see and judge. The working power of the English people is great; it is not, nevertheless, the cause of their supremacy; for it is very nearly equalled by that of many another race whose position as a nation does not for a minute compare with ours.

What then? Can extent of natural territory account for the greatness of a nation? If so, what of China, or, nearer home, of Russia; and how, on this basis, shall we account for the strength of England, a mere rock-bank in the North Sea?

Has the number of population anything to do with it? China has 400 millions; but she has been seen to suffer an ordinary national defeat at the hands of Japan, who has not a tenth part of that population. The population of Russia is far greater than that of England. Yet nobody will suggest that she is therefore more powerful. "In the multitude of the people is the king's honour." Perhaps; but not, obviously, his weight in the Councils of the nations.

And so, as in these sketchy cases, the process of exclusion may be applied, it seems to me, to all the other factors in that

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vague set of causes generally assigned to paramountcy. For in all ages paramountcy has been the same phenomenon, exhibiting itself in the same one way at bottom, produced in the same human nature as exists to-day by the only influence which could conceivably produce it. With nations as with men, the movement is the life; stop international movement and you have international death; start it and you have international life; foster it and you have international development; command it and you are internationally supreme. Paramountcy is a paramount influence upon that intercourse by which in the past, even more than at present, the better qualities of nations alone can live. Nothing else will explain it in its essence, nothing else will ever be found to have been able to bring it into being. Wealth, energies, military strength, follow on this possession. Alone they cannot produce it, for there have been many nations wealthy, energetic, and strong together who have never for a moment attained to it.

3. The world's trade runs, and always has run, by sea.

That by far the heavier proportion of the world's trade runs by sea to-day, in spite of the improvement in nearly all the methods of the land-transit of the world, is conclusively shown by the writer of an article in the *Contemporary Review* of September 1899, entitled "The Sea the only Road for Trade." He shows, in the clearest way, that in the year 1896 (the last year for which the figures were then available) the trade carried on by sea was from 66·5 per cent. to 71·5 per cent. (allowing for incalculable elements) of the whole amount carried by the ten great trading countries of the world; or, in other words, that two-thirds in value of the trade of that year was carried on by sea, and only one-third by land.

Such is the road-use of the sea to-day.

France, notwithstanding her large land frontier, takes 70·6 per cent. of her total imports from the sea, and sends 68·8 per cent. of her exports away by sea.

Germany, in spite of the fact that her sea-frontier hardly

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exists, yet receives 65 per cent. of her imports from the sea and sends away also 65 per cent. of her exports the same way. All of which, too, is the case with land-transit extending and improving in every direction. Indeed—and this is important—the figures show that the more the land-traffics develop, the more they become only feeders to the sea. And this is surely only what the youngest student of the nature of things would be prepared to hear. For the countries of the earth are, as it were, its towns; and the sea the high road joining them. Or the whole world may be very properly, for this purpose, regarded as one large town, in which the different nations would be the different houses, and the seas, broad and narrow, its streets. Some small movement in such a town will take place, no doubt, from house to house, by the windows, and over the walls of back-gardens, but the heavy, real movement of the town, the movement which is its solid prosperity, will take place always in the streets.

To-day, then, it is very obvious from the figures above given that the sea is the great road for movement. And so, from the necessities of the case, it has always been. The land, as we know, divides the peoples of the earth, it is the sea which unites them; and nothing, perhaps, in the whole of modern history is so strange as the way in which the constantly increasing evidences of the existence of great sea trading-routes in ancient history have been neglected as historical factors by its professors. I remember quite well, a few years ago, being told by one much older, and therefore wiser, than myself, that the Egyptian civilisation was one which rose and flourished upon itself alone, and that my humble suggestion that it, like all civilisations, must have been really founded upon trade and intercourse was therefore mistaken. Yet one finds, on examination, that the very oldest inscription in the whole world, whose age is fixed generally at 6000 years, represents the Egyptian King Snefura, who reigned about 4000 B.C. (before the building of the Pyramids), conquering an Arabian or Asiatic enemy. The face of the kneeling enemy

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and the surrounding hieroglyphics put this interpretation beyond doubt. And where was this ancient record found? In the copper mines of Wady Magerah; which are not in Egypt at all, but in the peninsula of Sinai! Here, then, as early as 4000 B.C., over all the stormy times of the invasion of the shepherd kings, &c., we find an obvious intercourse between nations already beginning, and the influence of Egypt always persisting. The great wars of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty (wars provoked by envy of Egypt's wealth and power; fights, therefore, like all great fights, fundamentally for trade) led to campaigns in Asia on a great scale, in which Egypt came into collision with powerful nations, and for a long time she was the dominant power of Western Asia, extending her conquests from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea and Mediterranean, and receiving tribute from Babylon and Nineveh. Nor were the west-lying countries forgotten. Professor Flinders Petrie and others, in the course of their researches, have brought the clearest evidence of an extremely ancient movement between Egypt and the very Western Mediterranean even from the earliest times. In a lecture delivered recently at Cambridge the former began by showing a series of figures exhibiting marked stratopygia from the early prehistoric Egyptian graves, from Malta, and from the neolithic remains of Brassenpouy, in France. Here then was a clear and undoubted intercourse before the rise of history between Egypt and Malta and France; for all the remains are of the same approximate date. And that intercourse, like all real intercourse, was carried on by sea, otherwise how could it have reached Malta, or, further, France?

4. Every enduring Paramountcy has, therefore, always resided on or by the sea.

If the above propositions be true, it is clear that this fourth must follow. If paramountcy is trade, and trade is on the sea, then paramountcy can hardly be far from the sources of its strength. And the truth of this resulting proposition is strangely corroborated by the facts. There has never, in the

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history of the world, been a seat of ultimate paramountcy without direct access to the sea.

Egypt, admirably situated on two seas, connecting her east and west with the outer world, and with the Nile always for a spinal cord: Chaldea, with her great city of Eridhu, now many miles inland, but then undoubtedly a seaport: Babylon, on her stupendous water-way, Tyre, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome—all on the sea. Warlike, energetic, conquering races there have been inland, yet no one of them could attain to paramountcy until it had brought its arms victorious to the sea. So much, I think, will on careful thought be conceded. Yet that is not all. For while every paramountcy has been on the sea, every seaside place has by no means attained to paramountcy. What, then, is the final clue? Is it not:—

5. That, further, the seat of the Paramountcy of the moment will always be found at that spot of land which, being otherwise generally convenient, is most nearly situated to that spot of sea where the greatest number of the sea routes of the moment naturally meet and cross.

Let him who is inclined to doubt the universality of this proposition for all historical ages mark any acknowledged seat of paramountcy in any age on a map, and then colour round it the countries which, in those days, were capable of or accessible to trade. He will find that those countries will group themselves round the seat of paramountcy like the body of a circle round its centre. And more: he will find that this central seat of power is only removed from the absolute and geographical centre of the trading regions of the moment (which point is usually inland somewhere) by the least amount which will satisfy the necessity under which the positions of all true paramountcy have laboured, of being on or near, open for access from or egress by, that one great road, the sea. And if, in the above propositions, there is one word of truth or meaning, this is only what the simplest student of history would expect. If paramount power over trade be indeed

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equivalent to paramount power over the trading, or more civilised, nations, what more natural than that that place at which the trades of distant regions naturally meet and cross, and which is naturally therefore the great changing house, clearing house, home, and emporium of the world's trade, should become the seat of such power? And, at least from the study of history in this view, few things appear more certain, I think, than that it has always done so.

And now, having, though but very roughly, cleared our propositions, we can come to the final and essential principle of all, founded upon them, emanating from them. It is this:

That the State which occupies the most central position geographically with regard to other existing States, and which also opens on the sea, tends irresistibly, and against all disadvantages, to become quickly the centre of power: that although one set of inhabitants of that State be destroyed and driven out, yet the fundamental paramountcy will still remain in its natural home: that nothing can ever change the seat of such paramountcy, until the discovery and opening up of new trading nations, and the consequent gradual inclusion of their territories within the widening horizons of trade, shall have resulted in such a decentralisation of the old seat that a new seat more centrally situated shall have become quite naturally necessary; under which circumstances nothing can ever finally prevent such a change.

This principle—which may be epigrammatically described, perhaps, as the Principle of Seaside Centrality—may be true (as I believe it to be) of all times and countries, or it may not. But when applied to the particular case of the paramountcy of England it receives an even more direct and pressing corroboration, if possible, than from the changes and rises of the shifting paramountcies before her. For, with regard to the other nations of the earth, what is the geographical peculiarity of England to-day? Simply this: that she, and (naturally) she alone, is at their geographical centre. The matter is not one for speculation or for imagination; it is a mere matter of

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fact, and one which (perhaps on that ground) historians have hitherto been strangely content to ignore. The proof is simple. If you take that hemisphere of the earth (using the word hemisphere for the moment necessarily somewhat loosely) of which Falmouth is the pole, it will be found to contain a certain amount of habitable land. If you take any other hemisphere of the earth, it will be found to contain less. In other words, of all the habitable land of the globe, Falmouth is the geographical centre. Now, that hemisphere of the earth of which Falmouth is the pole may be considered as having an equator. Swell that equator off the body of the earth into the sky, and you have, cut round the celestial concave, that "rational horizon" of Falmouth which forms the title of this article.

What then results?

I venture to think that, if there be anything at all in the conclusions which I have come to, the rational horizon of Falmouth may be the key to many questions which are troubling thinking minds to-day.

England is now in the international position of Thebes and Babylon, of Eridhu and Persia, at the moments of their greatness—but with this difference; that the stage on which she is called upon to play her part is that of the whole world, and not a little corner of it. During all the years of the above varying predominances, England had no natural strength at all. When Thebes and Babylon were populous, flourishing towns, rich in art and commerce, and the seats and centres of power, London was a dismal swamp, whose only inhabitants were the owl and the bittern. While astronomers whose knowledge we can merely suspect, and mathematicians whose powers are not denied, were prosecuting their endless researches under a pole star whose very place has shifted since their day, our Universities had not yet arisen from evil fens of soft or frozen mud regarded with horror by the web-footed, prick-eared dwarfs, who hunted for their food along its slimy edge. And when, later still, the steady enlargement of the world's horizon

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brought the golden milestone of Rome into the centre, and gave to history a new strength and an added grandeur, still England, not yet encircled by the always widening horizon, was regarded as, what she was, a tin mine and some oyster banks somewhere at the outer edge of the world. It was at Rome then that the roads crossed, and England was far away, at the end of one of the longest.

But the mighty operations of the principle continued, and with the gradual inclusion of England within the widening circle of discovered lands, came the beginnings of her existence as a nation. The fact that, instead of a chalk line frontier, she had been gifted with a series of harbour mouths, impossible, like the foreign ports near here, to close, and opening always upon the great sea-road, began from the first to operate in her favour; and in spite of her small size, and though inhabited by peoples hardly to be then distinguished in race from those of her immediate continental neighbours, she at once took on a tone and character so strangely different from theirs that only her equally different position can fully account for them. Had the bottom of the North Sea been a hundred yards higher, and England joined to the Continent, her history would surely have been different. For England has owed her very strange beginnings, as she will also owe her triumphant end, to the sea in which she stands.

Yet throughout the Middle Ages she was still on the outside edge of the world. Europe and Western Asia were then the world; and, however well she was situated for receiving movement to her own shores, she could not yet hope to become predominant. For predominance is at the centre. She had to wait at the end of the long road, and let the Venetian galleys provide her with "things of complaisance" at a steady profit to themselves. She was on the sea, no doubt; but on its outer edge. She could do nothing. And the Europe, which had seen the fall of Rome, hesitated over six centuries for its next great master. And then, suddenly there came the thing for which England had unknowingly been waiting. At

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some particular moment or other, some one discovered America. The result of this discovery upon the position of England was instant, and that strange phenomenon, the English Secular Reformation, if one may so call it, appeared; when, having suddenly come into view of her stupendous heritage, England, strong in the result of her 500 years of active waiting, but not yet seeing exactly where her future lay, turned instinctively to the new men who were pioneers of those new ideas which were to lead her on to fortune. At last, the great stage of the world, whose smallest corner had sufficed for Egypt and Babylon, was going to be peopled up. It was now no longer with the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, no longer merely with Europe and pieces of Asia that the game of history was to be played. There had arisen another side to the earth and another chapter to the book. Columbus had done for England that which, in the mouth of Canning, had seemed but empty rhetoric; and without, of course, knowing it a bit, had prepared the way for the English supremacy.

For then, and not till then, her unique position, which of course she had always really had, could begin to tell; and her people, left to themselves to develop in their own way under a northern sky, were happily able almost at once to take advantage of it. Slowly but surely, as the outer lands became inhabited, the trade began to run; and with equal sureness the extraordinary centrality of England began to tell. The brains, the energies of all the world began to come in to share the profit at the centre, as they had flocked to Rome, to Egypt, before us: and at this moment what it means we know. If you want to go from Alaska to Peru to-day you come by London. Syria, which sees the tea trade pass her doors, yet gets all her tea from Liverpool. If any business in any part of the globe is to be done with any hope of real success at all, it must have an office in London; and if the effects of permanent centrality be doubted, a visit to the London docks will soon dispel that doubt. And almost every day the effects of her increasing and permanent centrality, as the far off countries

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gradually develop and people up, are becoming clearer. For every hotel in London twenty years ago there are now ten. For every omnibus of ten years ago there are now twenty. Already our greater engineers are coming forward with plans for dealing with the extraordinary movement there; and the streets of the City of London are almost impassable during business hours. For all the movements of the world to-day London is the undoubted centre. And the more the outer countries develop and strengthen the greater will the importance of that natural centre become.

Here surely, then, is the difference between England and the paramountcies before her. Civilisations before us have risen high indeed, and fallen very low. Egypt was great and now is a shame; Babylon lived and is dead. But if in what I have thought there is a germ of truth, the causes which wrecked them can never operate to wreck us, and the only possible changes now are changes entirely to our advantage. For the sea-centre of the whole world is now irretrievably fixed.

It will, perhaps, be mainly objected to this conclusion that the doings of men are never strictly logical nor strictly in accordance with any principle which can be stated. That is true; but it seems to be no real objection. For the conclusion merely is that paramountcy is always to be looked for successfully in one particular position of the trading world; the advantage of which position arises not from human action at all, but merely from that perhaps rather disregarded political force, the nature of things. The conclusion, in short, deals not at all with the possessors of paramountcy, but solely with its position.

In spite, therefore, of this knowledge, which I fully grasp, I cannot help believing that the above position is good; that power has always been found eventually to reside at the earth's cross roads, that those roads are always in the sea, and that the continual wars of early history which have seemed to so many historians to mould the destinies of peoples were really but

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unknowing attempts to bend or stop by force the operation of a principle which was in every case found eventually to be too strong to be resisted.

And if this is so, then it follows with the utmost certainty that England has been given, perhaps by chance, possibly by something higher, the position which, in the end, was certain to secure for her, if the earth were ever fully opened up, the ultimate predominance; that England is supreme for the same reasons that every other dominant power has been supreme; but that, set as she is, in the midst of all lands—lands which can hardly now in any great proportion go back fundamentally upon their developments—she is destined to stand above them all in durability, and secure in her Rational Horizon, which girdles all the earth, to last in supremacy, if it be so, until the ends of time.

Paramountcy, in fact, rests for good in England. That it shall also rest for good with Englishmen, it is the business of English Statesmen to take care.

G. Stewart Bowles.

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A NOTE ON AN EARLY VENETIAN PICTURE

WHILE the article in the June number of this REVIEW was in the press, a picture was acquired by Messrs. Dowdeswell, which is of great interest as an example of that late Gothic style, the distinct character of which I endeavoured to establish in that essay. It is, moreover, a picture hitherto so little known, of such great intrinsic beauty, and so remarkable as an example of a period of Italian art of which only too few pictures remain, that I gladly avail myself of Messrs. Dowdeswell's courteous permission to make it more widely known to amateurs of Italian painting. The picture has been for some time in private hands in America, and though it has suffered from two rather serious cracks it is for the most part in very perfect condition. The subject is the Annunciation. The Virgin, according to the most usual conception of the scene, is engaged at her devotions by a reading-desk. In this picture the very quaint device is added of employing the base of the desk as a cage for quails, one of which is drinking out of a small earthenware bowl. The Virgin stands in the portico of a house of peculiar structure, with a richly ornamented façade. The elaborate foliated scroll-work of the frieze, the delicately carved finials above, and the pale pink marble incrustations of the wall, are decidedly Venetian in character; and though probably fanciful in design recall the marble-incrusted walls of St. Mark's and the architectural forms of

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Fig. 1.—The Annunciation. Jacopo Bellini (?)

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the Ducal palace. The archway which leads in to the interior is, however, of a somewhat different style. It is of dark green marble, or perhaps bronze, and decorated by a row of carved swags held by rings in a manner which recalls the usual treatment of the Paduan school. The arch is supported by fluted columns with elaborately carved foliated capitals in the Venetian style. That on the left is raised on an octagonal base. On the capital of this column is rather awkwardly introduced a white marble nude figure holding an oval shield and spear, and reminiscent of the antique.

Through the archway are seen two rooms leading out of one another, and partially screened off by a scarlet curtain. The ceilings are coffered and have dull gold stars on the black ground of the intertrabeations. In the further chamber is a small cupboard with various household utensils on the shelves. Above this two arched windows, with bottle-glass panes, open on to a landscape with vague suggestions of wooded hills and water.

The Virgin is dressed in a robe of stitched gold brocade on a dark green ground, the unicorn, symbolic of chastity, and part of the words of the salutation, are repeated throughout the design. The robe is bordered with a red and gold pattern with imitation Arabic letters. The reverse of the robe is a dark sage green, while the under vest is of brownish crimson. The halo round the head is of gold with the words of the salutation in Gothic letters of gold on a crimson ground. Below to the right one sees the bed, in the first chamber, covered by an oriental carpet. The step on which it is raised has another similar carpet and a small work basket resting on it. On the boards of the floor lies a scarlet footstool.

To the left, on a floor of inlaid marble squares, the angel kneels to announce the divine message; he is clothed in a rich brocade of crimson and gold, over a white under vest. His wings are of dull greens, reds, and pinks, the feathers indicated by gold lines. His halo is similar to the Virgin's; only part of the inscription, the words Gabriel Angele, are decipherable.

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The marble floor of the entrance is bounded by a low wall, behind which lies a formal garden divided by diminutive walls into square compartments filled with flowers and cut trees. Among the flowers rabbits and guinea fowls disport themselves.

Beyond the garden stretches a wide hilly landscape, in the midst of which stands the city of Jerusalem encircled by walls. Here and in the surrounding country is enacted the history of Joachim and Anna. (The figures which in the original are quite minute are in the reproduction almost indistinguishable.) In the centre of Jerusalem Joachim makes his offering before an altar under a Gothic canopy. In a second scene in the town, before a precisely similar altar, he is rejected by the high priest and driven away from the temple. To the right he goes out by the city gate and comes in the further distance to the sheep folds in the wilderness where the shepherds greet him. Further to the left and by a hill that borders the sea he makes his sacrifice, and the swooping figure of an angel is just discernible over the hill-top bringing the command to return to Jerusalem; this he does, followed by a servant bearing a bundle. At the golden gate to the left of the town his wife meets and embraces him, and within the city walls the nativity of the Virgin takes place, thus completing the cycle of the story at the point of origin of the circular succession of minute scenes.

Beyond the wilderness spreads an expanse of green sea with faint indications of boats upon it; above this a grey blue sky with a luminous band over the horizon; while yet higher up and marked off by a precise line of demarcation begins the golden sphere of heaven. In this appears the Almighty surrounded by a host of scarlet cherubim, encircled by a border of conventional clouds. Below the dove is seen descending.

This long description, which the small scale of the reproduction renders necessary, already brings out many of the characteristics of a very peculiar phase of Italian art. We see that the author of this work is filled with interest and curiosity about all the details of natural life, that he makes the

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subject of the Annunciation the excuse for an extraordinary diversity of incidents, some of which, as for instance the cage of quails beneath the reading-desk, are somewhat violently introduced. We see remarkable fertility of invention, a rich poetical and playful fancy rather than any very serious or sublime imaginative intention. We see, in fact, an artist who is extending the scope of traditional religious art so as to embrace more than heretofore of the varied interests of life, which he envisages with a charming freshness and spontaneity of feeling. The ornate architecture designed from a purely pictorial point of view is curiously wanting in perspective, while the fact that the horizon line of the landscape seen through the windows and that of the open landscape do not by any means agree, shows his indifference to the possibilities of three-dimensional space construction.

The poses of the figures display a much stronger feeling for rhythm of movement than for the possibilities of anatomical structure, the long and sensitive hands are posed with a rare feeling for elegance and not without a feeling for appropriate expression, but they are still quite unstructural; symbols rather than representations of human hands. In the draperies the same strongly marked rhythm of line predominates over all other considerations; in the Virgin's figure in particular this gives to the whole a consistent and harmonious movement, which convinces the imagination in spite of the obvious superficiality of the structural design. We have then just the essential characteristics of the late Gothic style, while the type of the Virgin's head with full almost vacant forehead and arched eyebrows, and the mazy involutions of the soft draperies, all recall the style of Gentile da Fabriano: Fig. 6 of the article in the June number of this REVIEW will show how close the resemblance is. The face of the angel, however, reminds one of another master. The incisive line of the profile, the intent look of the eyes, and the peculiar keenness given to the whole expression by the slight indication of the teeth, all remind one instantly of Pisanello's characteristic type.

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I have not hitherto alluded to the colour scheme of the work, which is very remarkable; this is based upon a chord of crimsons, reds, browns, and oranges combined with dark warm greys, and without any use of ultramarine or positive blues, such as one finds almost invariably in Italian painting of the quattrocento. The depth and richness of this tempera picture is, in fact, very universal, and here again we are reminded of such pictures as Pisanello's "St. Hubert," in the National Gallery; but the warmer and more glowing colours suggest at once the dominant characteristics of the Venetian school.

The author of this picture is thus seen to be a Venetian artist of very peculiar temperament, who came under the influence of both Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello. The influence of these masters, who worked together at the decoration of the Ducal Palace, was felt, no doubt, by most of the artists in Venice at this period (a striking instance of it may be seen in the "Adoration of the Magi" by Antonio da Murano at Berlin); but the artist who, as far as we know, came into the most intimate relations with them was Jacopo Bellini, and it is his name that, I think, we can most closely associate with the picture under discussion, whether it is possible definitely to ascribe it to him or not.

Jacopo Bellini's undoubted paintings are extremely rare, a signed crucifixion at Verona, two signed Madonnas, one at Lovere and the other in the Venice Academy, are our chief sources. To these we may add a few works which have been attributed to him by general consent, but in the main we must rely upon the two sketch-books of the British Museum and the Louvre.

These books, which are perhaps the richest mines of imaginative and fantastic invention that Italian art has left us, bring us into the most intimate contact with Jacopo's temperament, and it is perhaps more on the general resemblance of sentiment shown by the picture and the sketch-books that we may base the ascription to Jacopo. It is, of course, impossible to translate into words the vague general impression which the

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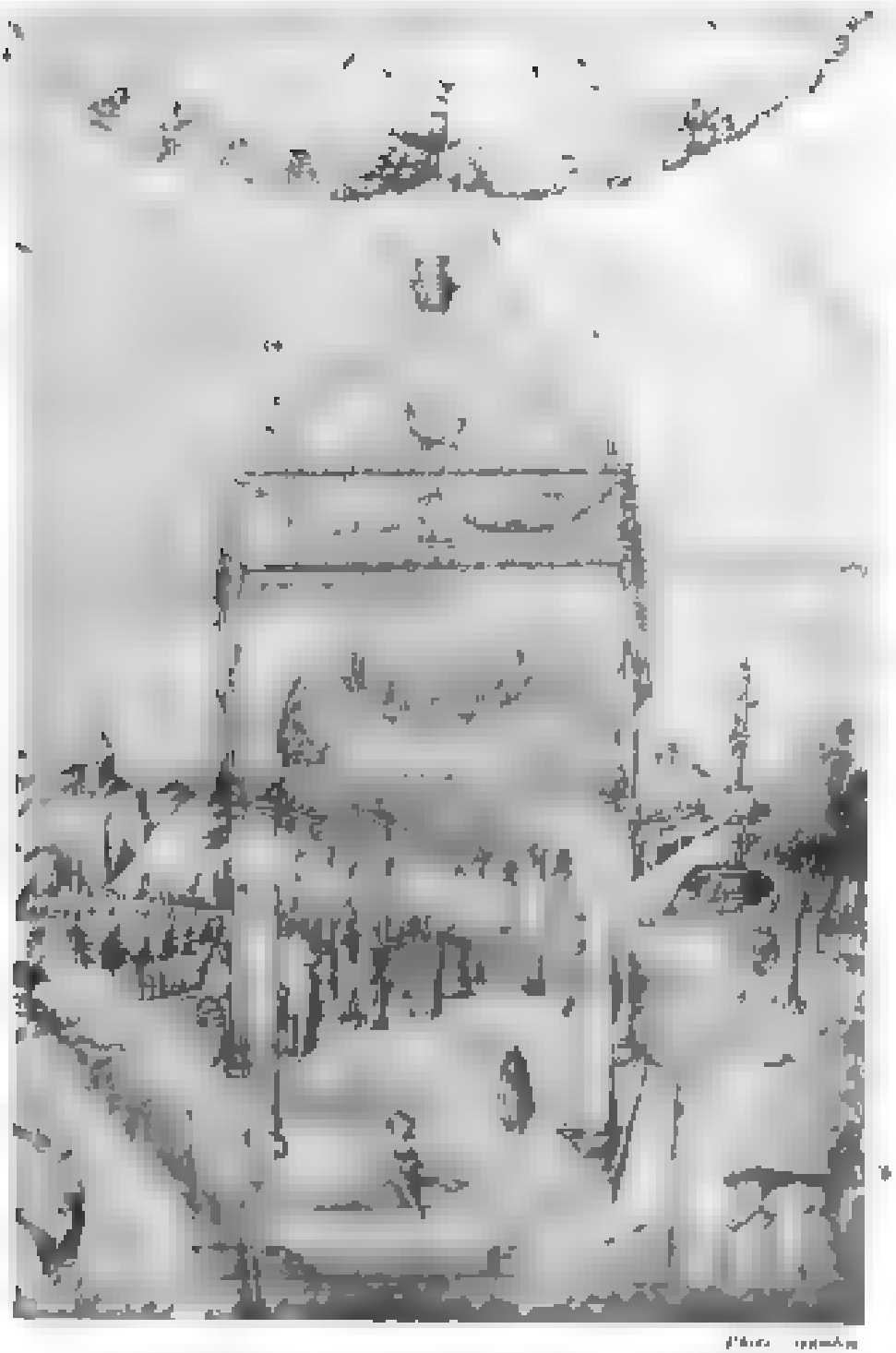

Fig. 2. From the Louvre Sketch-book. Jacopo Bellini.

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study of these two books leaves on one, and the conviction it brings with it that the picture of the Annunciation is the outcome of the same fertile and poetical mind. In the sketches Jacopo allowed himself, it is true, a greater freedom from the recognised rules of composition than he would have indulged in in set pieces. The ostensible subject, usually a religious one, often occupies but a small part of the composition, while in the rest his exuberant fancy has free play. The Annunciation, for instance, becomes the excuse for an immense piazza closed by a Roman triumphal arch, while in the foreground a railing and some peacocks engage the attention more than the tiny figures of the angel and the Virgin. In one drawing of Christ before Pilate the figures are but minute incidents in a vast architectural design, a classical structure covered with a profusion of Gothic ornament and elaborate bas-reliefs. In one of those reproduced here, the Presentation in the Temple (Fig. 2) this characteristic of Jacopo's manner is clearly seen in the elaborate and fantastic architectural canopy, in the wide landscape with its walled town, the ornate fountain, the adder, and the dog and deer (in the left and right lower corners) which enliven the scene. This, it will be recognised, is precisely the most salient characteristic of the picture under discussion—the evident enjoyment and the surprising freedom, not to say inconsequence, with which Jacopo has followed out all the trains of fanciful imagery which the subject of the Annunciation originated in his mind.

But though I would insist on this similarity of mental attitude as really the most striking proof of the authorship of the work, there are also some more definite points of likeness. Here again nothing but the reproduction of the whole of the two sketch-books would avail to give the full effect of the cumulative evidence. A few points, however, may be taken. The use of decorative swags with pointed leaves, though constant in the works of the next generation of artists who derived from Squarcione, is very unusual in a work of such evidently Gothic style as this, and is to be met with frequently in the sketch-

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books. An example is given by Fig. 2. The same drawing supplies us with an exact facsimile of the design of the glass of flowers on the base of the Virgin's reading-desk. It may seem a point of almost trivial importance, but it is not without contributory value that the railings of the cage so unexpectedly introduced in the picture form a motive eminently typical of Jacopo's design. In a large number of sketches the foreground is filled either by railings similar to these or in open landscapes by a lattice fence.

The design of the column to the right of the portico in the picture is peculiar. The projecting flutings stop abruptly a little above the base, which is elongated and of fanciful design with elaborate sculpture. The capital, although the general design is based on classic forms, has the usual Venetian Gothic foliation. In the sketch-books Jacopo evidently tries to approximate more closely to classical models, but the same characteristics constantly recur. As a particular example in which the form is almost identical, I may cite the column lying on the ground in the drawing of the Crucifixion, No. 735 of Giraudon's series. Still more striking in its likeness to Jacopo's style is the gratuitous introduction of the marble figure. In the sketches the façades of his great palatial buildings are frequently ornamented with numbers of such statues introduced sometimes with the same want of verisimilitude. In nearly all these the pose is the same as in the statue in the picture, the weight resting decidedly on one hip and the foot on the other side trailing. In one case, No. 778 of Giraudon's photographs, the identical figure occurs almost line for line, the same as in the picture, with the same shaped shield and the same pose of the spear, the only difference being that in the sketch the figure is clothed in close-fitting Roman armour. In another sketch, No. 785, we get a hint of what may be the origin of this often repeated figure. It represents a fountain, at the angles of which stand four statues, which are but slightly modified versions of the same figure seen from different points of view, and are obviously copies

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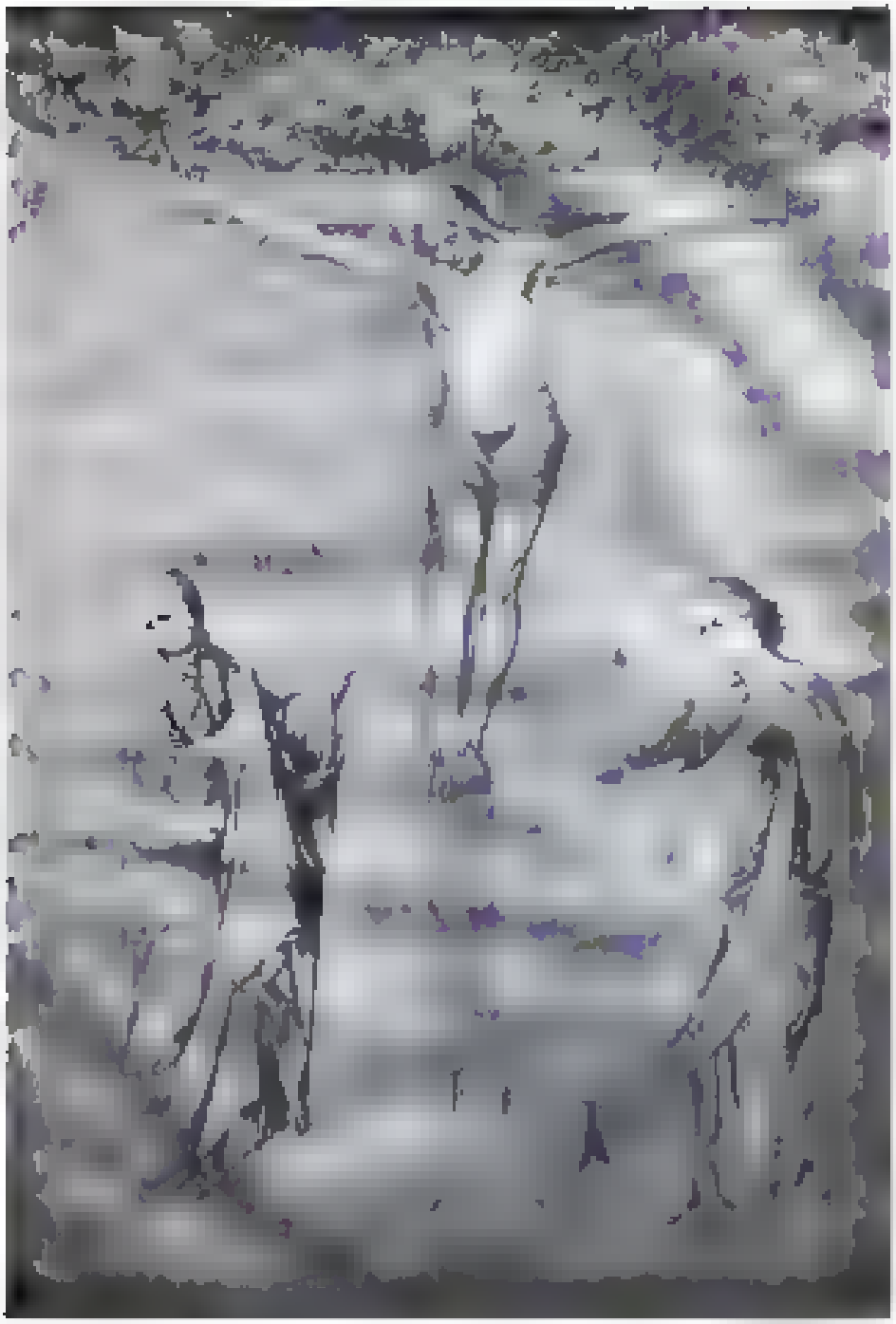

FIG. 1 Drawing from the Louvre Sketchbook Jacopo Bellini

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Fig. 1. Madonna and Child. Private Academy. Antique. Berlin.

made from some late classical statue, which was very likely in the collection of the Estes, for whom he worked so frequently.

Yet another piece of evidence is supplied by the formation of the angel's wing; the long straight top curved up rather sharply at the end, the general squareness of the arrangement of the feathers, are constant and somewhat unusual characteristics which occur in the sketch-books.[1] Still more decisive is the curious design of the Almighty and His attendant cherubs. The peculiar form of the conventionalised clouds, though very common among northern Gothic designers,[2] is hardly to be found elsewhere in Italian art, but this and the very unusual filling up of the space with a fluttering mass of cherubim occur repeatedly in the sketch-books. The crucifixion (Fig. 3) will afford an example of many. The type of the Almighty's face with the knotted brow and well-shaped nose also is to be found throughout Jacopo's work.

We will consider next some of the pictures either by Jacopo or attributed to him and see how far they bear out the impression already gained. I have unfortunately no knowledge of the Madonna at Lovere. The Madonna and child in the Venice Academy, which is signed on the back "Opus Jacobi Bellini Veneti" (Fig. 4), shows great similarity in the type of face and in the crowded background of cherubim which, as in the Annunciation, are in one colour. The face of the infant Christ has been modernised, but in the hair we can recognise exactly the same rather full rounded curls ending in a volute, which are so striking a peculiarity of the angel's hair in the Annunciation.[3] A small technical peculiarity common to both pictures may be noted, namely, the use of wash gold put on

[1] As an example, both of this and of the style of the Gothic lettering of the halos, one may compare No. 745 of Giraudon's series.

[2] A very curious repetition of this form, and, indeed, of the whole composition of this picture, is to be found in a bas-relief in Exeter Cathedral, dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

[3] Also to be found in a profile head of the sketch-book. Reprod. in *Gaz. des Beaux Arts*, 1884.

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over the painting. In the Annunciation the heaven is put on in this way in contradistinction to the almost universal Italian practice of using leaf gold for such a purpose, while the feathers of the angel's wings are also drawn in wash gold precisely as are the wings of the cherubim in the Madonna of the Academy.

The picture of St. Giovanni Crisogono on horseback (Fig. 5), in the Church of St. Trovaso at Venice, can only be ascribed to Jacopo on internal evidence; but it bears a close resemblance on the one hand to the drawings of the sketch-books, and on the other to the picture in question. The likeness of the face of the named saint, its keen and set expression, its slightly open mouth with the teeth showing, and still more the peculiar cut of the hair, to the head of the angel in the Annunciation is sufficiently obvious.

Finally, we will consider the picture of the same subject, the Annunciation, at St. Alessandro in Brescia (Fig. 6), which passes under the name of Fra Angelico, but which critics have long been inclined to give to Jacopo Bellini. The likeness between these two is very striking. The ceiling and the reading-desk have almost identical ornamental details, the drapery of the angel is in certain points almost identical (note especially the rather confused design of the folds of the lower part of the inner vest). The Brescian picture is so much repainted that it is difficult to indicate more than a general similarity of type and movement in the faces and hands.

Thus far then everything points to the view that we are dealing with a picture by Jacopo Bellini, but one serious difficulty has to be met. Jacopo in his sketches shows himself as an enthusiastic student of perspective; the whole composition is frequently suggested by the converging lines which he laid down as a commencement. It is true that his perspective is very elementary, that he has no true idea of the point of distance, and that he fails entirely in all but the simplest problems; but the idea of the horizon line and the vanishing point is present. It is true that the very excess of his naïve enthusiasm for the science suggests that it is a

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novelty, and that the sketches are often experiments in an unfamiliar, but to him delightful, method. In the picture on the other hand the perspective is singularly inaccurate. The walls of the garden actually converge towards the spectator; it is only in the ceilings that an approximation to the true appearance in made. We must thus, if our theory is to hold, explain the contradiction between these two.[1]

As I have said, the treatment of perspective in these books suggests what we might have assumed on other grounds, that Jacopo acquired the rudiments of the science after he had originally been trained in the unscientific method of composition of Pisanello and Gentile da Fabriano, and we may, I think, fairly assume that his knowledge of perspective was acquired from Paolo Uccello, who was in Venetia from 1425 to 1432. At any time during that period the two artists may have met, and Jacopo been initiated into a part, only a small part it is true, of Uccello's secret. Unfortunately we do not know the date of Jacopo's birth, and therefore have no means of saying how long a period of his artistic activity lies before the year 1430. Recent researches[2] tend to place the period of Gentile da Fabriano's and Pisanello's decoration of the Ducal Palace before 1419, when Gentile followed Pope Martin V. to Florence, and in that case we may suppose that Jacopo acquired his artistic training about that time, following Gentile later on to Florence, where he was in 1423.[3]

[1] Much would be simplified did we know for certain the dates of the sketch-books. The evidences of Donatello's influence in the Paris book would indicate that it belongs to the forties. The English book bears an inscription in a fifteenth-century hand, "Di mano di me (or messer), Jachobo Bellino Veneto, 1430, in Venetia." This date is supported by the fact that two drawings occur of St. Bernardino preaching, and that the saint was in Venetia about 1427. But he was also at Ferrara, where Jacopo undoubtedly worked in 1444, and the drawings may belong to that period, and the inscription be explained as being an incorrect entry made later.

[2] Venturi. *Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello.*

[3] As we know from the processes which resulted from the street fight between him and the son of a Florentine notary.

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If then we are to maintain the view that this picture is by Jacopo Bellini we must assume that it was executed either just before or just after his stay in Florence. On the whole we should be inclined to give it as late a date as possible owing to the masterly quality of the painting and the evidence of a study of the antique. We may, therefore, place it about the year 1426, but previously to his meeting with Paolo Uccello, at whatever period between 1425 and 1432 that occurred.

It is as well, also, to consider what other possibilities are open to us if we reject this hypothesis. Antonio da Murano and his school can scarcely be considered as possible claimants for this work, and we have left two other early Venetian painters to whom the work might conceivably be due. One is Michele di Giambono. The most important clue to this master is to be found in Miss Hertz's Madonna and Child, signed in Latin letters "Michele di Johannis Bono Venetus me Pinxit." This work though similar to the Annunciation in its rich, warm, and deep colour-scheme gives us several points of differentiation which are, I think, conclusive. Though the general type of the face is similar, the forms are less clearly marked and less firmly articulated. In particular the nose is neither so well shaped nor so aquiline as in Jacopo's works. The hair is rendered by separate lines of light paint on a dark ground and is not clustered into well-marked curls as in the picture and in Jacopo's work. The technique is throughout less delicate and less accomplished.

The other painter whose name might be proposed is Donato di Giovanni Bragadin, who, in 1440, entered into a profit-sharing contract with Jacopo Bellini.[1] As we only possess one very much repainted heraldic device by this master[2] it is almost impossible to determine his claims on the work. It is, however, well to recall the existence of this master, who was in close contact with Jacopo, as a possible alternative. Nevertheless, in spite of the serious difficulty which the want of perspective in

[1] v. Paoletti. *Raccolta di Documenti inediti.* Padova. 1894.

[2] In the Ducal Palace.

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Fig. 6. Annunciation. S. Alessandro, Brescia. Jacopo Bellini (?)

this beautiful picture gives rise to, I feel that the evidence in favour of its being a work by that rarest and most fascinating of Venetian masters, Jacopo Bellini, is sufficient to allow it to bear provisionally at all events that ascription.

ROGER E. FRY.

A note upon the technique may be of interest to some students. It is a very low-toned and rich tempera, the deep transparent colour being produced by repeated glazings. The tones of the flesh are perfectly fused, and without the use of any hatching. The high lights have a peculiar crackle, which I can recall on only one other Italian picture, the Madonna and Child, ascribed to Masolino da Panicale at Dresden, a work of almost exactly the same period, and showing traces of a similar influence. How such an unhatched tempera was executed is still something of a mystery, and what is more extraordinary, the secret was lost or wilfully given up by the succeeding generation. The artists who learnt from Squarcione at Padua, even Jacopo's sons and sons-in-law, had recourse to the cruder methods of modelling by hatched strokes, and had to wait till the close of the century before they could again produce so fused an effect as this picture displays. The painting of the interior is extraordinary in its feeling for atmosphere and chiaroscuro ; it is almost comparable in this respect to the works of Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, and is moreover a curious anticipation of Antonello da Messina's manner. The landscape is also far more advanced in the feeling for atmospheric quality it evinces than any contemporary work : here, in the luminous horizon seen across a vast space of sea, one is irresistibly reminded of Giovanni Bellini's "Blood of the Redeemer" in the National Gallery. As an example of subtle observation and masterly command of effects hitherto unknown in Italian painting, we may notice the way in which the landscape to the right is seen partly unobstructed and partly with the faint distortion and vagueness produced by the glass windows.

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CONCERNING THE RELATION BETWEEN MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

THE mothers who are to-day in the position of having grown-up daughters, say "things were very different when we were girls"; they agree that there never has been a time in which the difference of "things"—presumably social ordinances, points of view, possibilities of independence, manners and customs, and the like—between one generation and another was so great. This may be so. At the same time the mothers have not had much opportunity of judging, for this is their only experience of seeing the change from one generation to another, since this is the only time in which they themselves have moved on from youth to middle age.

"Why, look you!" cries the amazed and bewildered mother who, having turned a corner, sees stretching before her an entirely unknown and not very pleasant aspect of the road along which she is travelling. "Here is a point of view that no one else has ever beheld before!" But the truth is that every mother in each succeeding generation, arrived at that same stage, has always beheld it. But it is of no good her trying to make those who follow her see it too: it is ordained that to them it must remain invisible until, at the appointed time, they turn that same corner themselves.

The words which head this article embody one of the most

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arduous problems we are called upon to face. Some of us face it consciously, others unconsciously: some from luck, and others by good intention, succeed in solving it. Of these we need not speak, of those happy mothers and daughters whose intercourse has no history, to whom it has been given to understand all that that most blessed relation may mean of joy, of sympathy, of companionship. We are now considering those to whom that knowledge has not been vouchsafed, those who fail lamentably in solving the problem.

The onus of this failure, however, does not, I believe, lie upon the younger generation. When the problem is not satisfactorily dealt with, when the deposit of innumerable small mistakes on both sides has piled itself up until it has become consolidated into an almost insuperable barrier, I believe that the greater part of that deplorable result may be laid at the door of the parents, simply because they have generally been twice as long in the world as their children, and that they are therefore in full possession of a ripened judgment and experience at a time when those who follow them have not yet acquired much of either. The difficulty is generally recognised to be greater between parents and children of the same sex, from the obvious reason that people bound to go along the same path must get more or less in each other's way. And this is much more likely to happen with mothers and daughters than with fathers and sons, from the fact that men go out into the world to make their livelihood and are therefore not doomed to the friction of constant companionship. On the whole the mother has less opportunity of friction, in England at any rate, with a son than with a daughter. The son is a great deal more away from home than his sisters, thanks to our plan of sending him from our surveillance during the most impressionable and plastic years of his life. He is treated, when at home for the holidays, as though he were a privileged being, to whom the ordinary rules of behaviour do not apply. His peccadilloes are of a different kind from those of his sisters; he is judged by a different standard; the burthen of

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his mother's exasperation is carried by her on another shoulder, which relieves the strain. When her daughter does something which departs from the mother's habitual standard, that departure cannot be justified by the fact that she is of a different, mysteriously interesting sex. It is often on quite minor points of difference from what the mother has become accustomed to take for granted, that the foundation of the permanent divergence, the permanent ill-feeling, may be laid, which casts a secret shadow over so many homes—how many, is, unfortunately, not a subject that can be ascertained by statistics. The result, however, of observation is generally to make us feel that the instances are rare in which there is not a certain amount of what may be called affectionate friction. I am speaking now of those mothers and daughters who have not to share with one another the pressure of want, whose possible privations may be of luxuries only—almost as souring, perhaps, to certain natures not nobly schooled. I am speaking of homes in which the women of the family have not each a separate compulsory bread-winning occupation, but have instead an equally compulsory portion of inadequately filled leisure; homes of which the inmates have means to pursue any branch of frivolity or study that may appeal to them, and whose choice of occupation, therefore, determined not by necessity but by inclination, is at the mercy of caprice or of mistaken aptitudes. What are the chances that the family intercourse under these conditions will be entirely satisfactory? Let us assume for the purpose of argument that one out of every two homes makes a success of the situation, and then let us leave, as we have said before, these happy homes out of the question. Let us see whether any reason and any remedy can be found for the unsatisfactory relations between mothers and daughters which meet us at every turn. One of the great difficulties is that the sufferers are at first not conscious that they are facing any difficulty at all. They go on the principle "take care of the friends and the relations will take care of themselves," not realising that perfect smoothness of family intercourse can be attained only

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by incessant watchfulness, by deliberate and sustained effort. Most people who do not "get on," according to the phrase, with members of their family, seek the remedy—if they do seek one at all and do not confine themselves to complaint—in an absolutely wrong direction, and are about as likely to cure the evil as if they tried to heal a broken leg with the remedies suitable for scarlet fever.

The way to deal sanely with this question is to look at it not solely and sentimentally in the aspect of mother and child, but of two human beings, each looking at life exclusively from her own point of view and feeling an unconscious resentment against the other for not seeing it in the same light. The daughter cannot reasonably be expected to guess at the mother's point of view: the mother ought to be more able to recognise the daughter's, but she is commonly too busy looking at her own. It is not at all a foregone conclusion that two average grown-up persons of the same sex will be able to live happily under the same roof, arrived at the time when their lives, respectively widening, have different and specific necessities. When between two such people the grown-up and final developments of aptitude and occupation have been in the same direction, when they have sympathy of tastes added to the daily community of interest, unimpaired by unfavourable manifestations on one side or the other, then, and not otherwise, it may be possible for two members of the same family and the same sex to live together as the years go on, and derive from that prolonged companionship an ever-increasing, solidly founded happiness. But saying this, I postulate a great deal. For two average women, equipped with an average share, and no more, of abnegation, of self-control, of tact, of kindness, of sympathy, are bound, if thrown together, constantly to find difficulties in the path. This is probably why the stepmother of fiction is always presented in a lurid light. It is taken for granted by the experience of ages that it is impossible for an older and a younger woman to live together in harmony unless helped by having the tie of so-called

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"natural" affection between them, that is, the tie of instinctive and unreasoning sympathy that often, although not invariably, exists between blood relations. But that link is not nearly so strong as it is conventionally supposed to be, and the real mother, too blindly depending upon it, may find that it gives way suddenly at the critical moment.

It is a somewhat complicated question of ethics how long the daughter who does not marry must perforce continue to live at home. If she had gone away to be married, it would have been assumed that the mother could perfectly well have been left, that it would not have been essential to her needs or to her welfare that her daughter should be at her beck and call. Or, again, if it had been necessary for pecuniary reasons, the daughter might have gone away and have had her own career and occupation, and made her own livelihood; and yet for some mysterious reason an instinctive feeling is found in nearly all of us that it would be downright wicked of the daughter, even if she is able to afford it, to go away and live under a separate roof somewhere else simply because she has a natural desire to live her own life in independence and out of tutelage; or, if it is not wicked, it is considered "odd" and a thing that would be talked about. But the misery of being talked about exists mainly in our imagination. It is not often, if ever, that we actually hear the things that are said of us: we only imagine them. Our imagination figures with great definiteness what would be said in the contingency of a daughter leaving her parents' roof to go away and live by herself. But we do not probably in our daily life vex our souls by considering—and it is just as well we do not—whether people ever make comments upon the fact that the relations between that mother and daughter who have so unimpeachably remained together, are commented on by the people who have an opportunity of observing it, in terms of criticism that, extending over many years, swell to a more formidable bulk, probably, than the nine-days wonder that might be caused by the daughter going away. And yet, assuming that the daughter were of indepen-

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dent means, it would, it seems to me, be incalculably better that she should, if she wishes it, lead an independent life. If everything is in the mother's hands, supposing her to be a widow so left that the daughter is dependent on her for an allowance, and, therefore, obliged to ask her assent to every step she wishes to take in life, the difficulties of the situation may be inconceivably multiplied. It is a situation deplorable for both; it brings out unsuspected meannesses and opportunities of exasperation. But even in cases where this difficulty has not arisen, where the mother and daughter are simply living at home together in the family circle, it is incredible in how many small ways, under unfavourable conditions, life can be embittered by those two for one another and for themselves.

The parent starts with a large fund of affection to draw upon, for the tendency of the child is instinctively and unreasoningly to love and depend upon the person who brings it up. It may be said that from two years old onwards, every year lessens, by a very little it may be, but still lessens, the child's absolute and unquestioning confidence in what is told him by his elders. The imprint, I verily believe, can be indelibly made during that time only. But this is the moment when the average mother, however well meaning, loving, and anxious she may be, however careful about the wholesomeness of her child's food, the width of its boots, and the becomingness of its hats, leaves it, as to its moral equipment, to receive in the nursery from untrained teachers a great number of rough and ready inadequate maxims of conduct, enforced by empirical methods varying in stringency according to the nervous condition or temperament of the enforcer. The very best servants, although they may have the crude and clearly defined virtues of their class even to excess, such as honesty, cleanliness, faithfulness, and sobriety, are not necessarily the best educators; they may still be deficient in susceptibility to the finer shades of conduct, respecting which the standards of those of gentle birth and training are as different from those of a different origin as are their standards of enjoyment.

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Then follows the schoolroom phase. The mother, by her preoccupation with her younger children, if for no other reason, is frequently incapacitated at this stage from keeping in touch with the studies of the older ones. It is now with the governess, not with the mother, that the most frequent opportunities of collision must obviously arise, and it is, therefore, with the former that the discipline, the moulding of character, must chiefly lie. Then comes the crucial moment of all, when the girl emerging from the schoolroom is projected into the existence of her mother, who suddenly finds the care and responsibility of this full-fledged human being thrown entirely on herself, her own habits interfered with, her daily life complicated. The mother then takes counsel of her friends, and there are very few friends who have not another intimate friend who keeps a school to which they have heard of somebody's daughter going. This obviously settles the question. More than once has a mother said to me, "It was such a great difficulty to know what to do with Barbara for this next year, so I have sent her to school. I am told that Miss So-and-So has the most extraordinary knack of getting hold of girls." So the girl goes to school, and Miss So-and-So does get hold of her, probably greatly to the advantage both of her character and of her intelligence; but the fact remains that during the process it is not the girl's relations with her home, with her mother, that have been consolidated, but her relations with some one else's home. I am not assuming that for a child to be with its mother is necessarily a liberal education; but since, on the whole, those of the same family are thrown more in each other's society than in that of other people, it is more convenient, more expedient, more seemly, that the strong hold of affection and sympathy thus almost artificially induced, should be between those who have the tie of nature and association, whose interests are in common.

But we will assume that the girl has remained at home, that no outward influences have, deliberately at any rate, been brought to bear upon her, and that the mother, although but

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dimly apprehending the immeasurable importance of the situation she is called upon to face, is now in sole charge of her child's mind and character. One initial unconscious difficulty is that the mother starts with the secret hope, not to say expectation, that her children will somehow be better equipped than most—better looking, better mannered, better natured, better witted. On this assumption she anxiously, nervously, deals with the situation all day long, incessantly pointing out what she considers her daughters' lapses from the right path. But misled by the lofty expectations we have described, ordinary human lapses appear to her terrific. In her efforts to direct aright the flood of information suddenly demanded from her, she is led to impart more than is absolutely prescribed by duty. She feels at every moment the obligation to "improve" the occasion, as it is called, an entirely misleading expression, for it very often spoils the occasion altogether, especially as her criticisms are apt to be based not only on the Just Man's eternal principles of conduct, but on her own personal prejudices and idiosyncrasies. She rebukes with as much irritation and severity the fact that her daughters pronounce a word differently from herself, or wear a different kind of underclothing, or do their hair in a way she considers unbecoming, as she would if they infringed one of the ordinances of the moral code. And it is not, generally speaking, heroic misdeeds on the part of the daughter that call for admonition; it is not always that she wishes to become a missionary, or to go on the stage, or to marry an adventurer. It is mostly by a thousand minor departures from the demeanour, opinions, and conduct which the people she lives with would consider desirable that she offends; and it is, unhappily, her mother who is *ex-officio* the daily and hourly critic of such offences. There is nothing unpleasant in the mere juxtaposition of youth and middle age. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a girl at the impressionable, enthusiastic, absurd stage of her entrance into grown-up life to take a violent admiration for some woman older than herself, in whom she is ready to confide, to whom she turns for

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guidance, from whom she will accept suggestions that would make no impression if they were part of what she considers the inevitable home criticism. And it is natural that it should be so. What the girl objects to is not the contact with a wider experience, with another phase of life. On the contrary, these are essentially interesting to her; but from her mother she apparently cannot get them without an admixture of reproof and correction added to the communication of experience. We all know that it is easier on occasion to pour out our souls, to make some special confidence, to one who will then pass out of our ken and will not from circumstances have incessant opportunities of interpreting the daily round of our actions by that moment of self-revelation. "In the breast of all of us," says Stevenson, "a poet has died young." Sometimes he dies hard, killed by others. The seething inward ferment of the girl at the moment when she finds herself on a level, as she conceives it, of standing, outlook, comprehension, with those who have achieved what she, of course, means to achieve, is a phase that should be tenderly, wisely, sympathetically, dealt with by those who can influence her. It is at this period that many mothers, if they overhear fragments of their daughters' conversation with a companion of her own standing of either sex will probably become aware that, although in daily life she appears a hearty young person enough, her soul is in reality oppressed by the gloomiest doubts as to whether life is worth living; she is representing herself as morbid, lurid, her life is clouded, her heart is barren. But the way to correct these distressing manifestations is not to say "Jane, how absurd!" nor need they make the parent anxious. It is astonishing how compatible they are with a keen, healthy enjoyment of life and pleasure.

It requires a great deal of deliberate thought and sense on the part of the mother to play the confidant adequately; in fact, I believe that the best way is to remain the onlooker, and learn enough by the intuition of close and daily companionship not to need any more explicit information about ephemeral contingencies. Let one girl tell another the enthralling news

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of words and looks: it is not dignified that the mother should sanction it, it is not always necessary that she should disapprove of it. Confidences of another kind, respecting aspirations, points of view, ambitions, self-appreciation, self-consciousness, are more difficult, generally speaking, for the reasons given earlier, for the girl to make to one by the side of whom she lives; but happy is the mother to whom they are freely given, happier still the one who is wise enough to deal with them in the right way.

It is an open question, and one of the most interesting, how far it is advantageous to put the point of view of a more advanced time of life before those who are younger. I am not now speaking of the intimate underlying personal view of the flight of time, whether it be resentment or resignation. That is a grievance which the most sympathetic and understanding of young creatures cannot appreciate, cannot receive in any other way but with impatient inward criticism. I am speaking of the general change of focus, the re-adjustment of expectation that must inevitably accompany the passage of the years. Is it not better to leave each one to find that out for herself?

There are many axioms, as a great French writer has said, which we go on hearing half our lives without understanding them, until one day we suddenly realise what they mean. Is it good for the young to have their minds filled with such axioms, with undigested philosophy of existence prematurely imparted? One is apt to crystallise one's opinion of an idea, of a principle, as of a person or a place, by one's impression on first coming into contact with it; and the question is whether the idea, clear in later life and better assimilated, does not forego some of its possible advantages by presenting itself to the younger mind when it cannot appear in the right focus. This, it seems to me, also bears cogently upon the question of the selection of reading for younger people. I am not—I speak as one behind the age—an advocate for indiscriminate reading. We are no longer in the days when Elia's Bridget was early "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English

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reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage": these words were written when the novel of daily life was only just beginning to make its way. The mass of second-rate literature that overflows from the closets of to-day is far from being a fair and wholesome pasturage. And even were it less noxious than it is, I cannot, as I have said, think it an advantage for the child or the young girl to anticipate experience by reading and pondering over accounts of a phase of life she has not yet reached, of which the descriptions, readjusted by nothing in her own experience, must necessarily come to her in some inflated and unnatural proportion. Let this point of view be explained to her instead of angrily forbidding the undesirable book, and she will probably accept it. There are young people of precociously developed mind and temperament from whom it is difficult to keep the problems that should come later, and that, coming at their own time, are unobjectionable. We ought to distinguish between that which is simply a somewhat undesirable anticipation of experience and that which is essentially undesirable at any time, and the former should not be treated as a crime.

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We may come, I think, to the conclusion, on the whole, that in most cases the relations between an average and well-intentioned mother with a normal daughter, both brought daily face to face with commonplace difficulties which they try, in a haphazard way, to overcome, are neither all they should be nor all they should not be; life is quite possible, although not always agreeable, and if, as time goes on, the daughter marries and goes away before the antagonism latent in the situation has had time to reach an acute stage, all may still be well. They then no longer feel the discomfort of trying to keep in step, since they are no longer linked together. But if the girl does not marry? Then we have to consider a graver aspect of the question. The antagonism between the two natures, who would have done excellently apart under conditions in which certain evil possibilities would have remained for ever dormant,

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arrives now at a point at which it poisons the whole of existence. On which side does the fault lie? I am inclined to think that—not as to the initial antagonism, but as to the way of dealing with it—it lies with the mother.

As to the original differences of nature which prevent a harmonious understanding, it is no more possible to say which of the two people concerned is in fault than it was possible in our childhood to say which of two pieces that would not fit in a puzzle map was at fault. In some cases (I have known in my own experience of three and have been told of others) this growing antagonism finally reaches the proportions of an absolute furious enmity on the part of the mother. I have heard stories of such cases which would be quite incredible if they were not based on incontrovertible evidence. I know of a mother—a woman of position and means—who, after banishing her daughter to the back regions of the house, inflicting all kinds of menial work upon her, refusing to give her any of the opportunities of her age, any means or any diversion, afterwards relapsed into exactly the same attitude towards a younger girl who, when a child, had been indulged and petted. The situation happily does not often become as bad as this, but the cases are many where these possibilities exist in embryo, and in which the eldest daughter especially has her whole life darkened by the shadow of her relations with her mother, a shadow which seems darker when she sees the light and warmth shed on the path of her younger sisters. If we try to get to the bottom of this question, we shall probably come reluctantly to the conclusion that if the actors in the drama are devoid of the finer, nobler instincts, these results, more or less marked, are the inevitable outcome of the conditions. There is more than one reason why the brunt of the difficulty should fall upon the eldest daughter rather than upon the younger ones. The average mother, who has married, say, in her early twenties, is, when her first children grow up and are at what is called the "difficult age," at a still more difficult moment in her own life. It has dawned on her that she has

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left her youth behind her, although, until her children grew up, she thought she was still young; she is entering upon that phase which is aptly called the youth of old age; she has embarked upon that time of transition through middle age, which is to some women fraught with bitterness and resentment. These are very crude expressions, but it is well perhaps when we are safeguarded by the fact that we are considering a problem in the general and not in the personal, to try to look it absolutely in the face, to speak the truth about it, and to use the words which really describe it. The woman of the nature I am contemplating, realising that her youth is behind her, looks round her with a despairing glance, and vents that despair upon the person in the foreground of her life who is her constant and subordinate companion, and who, worse than all, is daily giving unconscious testimony that she is just entering into possession of all that the other has left behind. She is unhappily the person directed by destiny to make that truth clear. In the merest details of daily life she may constantly be an obstacle in the mother's path. The mother, perhaps, still feels that her own clothes are important, she still looks in the glass, people still call upon her whom she wishes to please. If she has any mild hobby, any favourite occupation (I am leaving out of the question those who have the saving grace, the absorbing interest, of an occupation, above all an art, pursued with success), she endeavours to go on with them. She reads, she learns languages, she plays the piano, she goes to a studio. She knows pretty well by this time what she is going to make of any of these things, although she may not have cared to define it clearly to herself, but they serve to fill up time. Then comes the young and eager creature ready to embark upon any or all of these occupations, full of excitement, of enthusiasm, of ambition, of hope. She accepts as a matter of course that her mother is still cultivating them mildly, after the fashion, she possibly thinks, of parents, whose attainments, learning, and achievements, compared to those of a later day, must naturally be inadequate; she herself is the person for

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whom it matters. Her occupations are much more important than anything that her mother wants her to do; her clothes, her appearance, her pleasures must come first. The mother had been walking along a smooth and even path; but now she is constantly confronted by small obstacles. The spectator looking on at an unfortunate relation of this sort between a mother and daughter is apt to formulate it very crudely, and to say the mother is jealous of the daughter. Perhaps that is the real name of it, and yet it suggests something to which too definite and special a meaning has been given. What is to be done, then, to remedy this miserable state of things? The misfortune is that the terms of the contract drawn up by nature are so terribly vague. The mother interprets them to mean that the daughter's existence is to be absolutely subordinate to her own, that the daughter must be always available for her mother's service. The daughter when she resents that interpretation is told by the mother that she is selfish. Unselfishness, however, is a difficult quality to teach. It is extremely difficult for the mentor not unconsciously to slide into the position from which she is endeavouring to move the other person, thus becoming selfish herself. This is one of the hardest problems the bringer-up has to face, and it is probably best solved not by evading it but by facing it completely, by boldly taking up the position of having the prior claim for consideration and indulgence of proclivities, and assuming that on occasions when that claim is insisted on younger people should at once admit it. On the grounds of practical expediency this is probably a tolerably good working basis. "An two men ride a horse, one must ride behind," says the proverb, and it is less misleading than such analogies generally are. But the person who rides in front should be wise and careful, and, above all, should know what are the stumbling-blocks to be avoided, should exercise unceasing watchfulness, unceasing self-control, should have wisdom in foreseeing difficulties, tact in dealing with them when they arise.

In this way the mother—and it is her best hope—may lay

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a foundation of affection, trust, and confidence so strong that it can withstand the successive strain of the years. No temporary remedies, no dealing rightly with isolated difficulties, are of much good. The essential thing is to make the link between the mother and her children so solid that when the moment of tension comes it will not break.

Young people go through life by the side of an older one like a young dog taken out for a walk; they are always running across the path sideways, darting into a hedge and into a ditch, stopping to wonder, rushing along the road, rushing back again. It would be as useless, indeed as ineffective, to insist upon accompanying them into every detail of companionship as it would be to dart in and out of the hedges with one's terrier. The important thing is that one should be walking along the middle of the road all the way, ready whenever one's young companion comes back again. The sense of permanent and enduring companionship is not given necessarily by sharing the identical pursuit, by reading the very letter written or received from the friend; but it is given by sympathising with the pleasure gained from the pursuit, by tolerating the mention and the frequentation of the friend, by abstaining from criticism, and above all from derision of the pursuit, the friend, the occupation that does not appeal to oneself, if that be the only ground on which it is objectionable. It is useless for us, the mothers of to-day, to take as a standard for the conduct of our daughters that which we in a past generation were called upon to do by our mothers. The daughters of that time did not go alone in hansoms, the well-to-do never travelled in third-class carriages or in omnibuses, there were no bicycles, there were petticoats, there were chaperons. We must not object to our daughters going out in the street alone because we used not to do so, nor hope that they will return to us between each dance at a ball as we returned to our mothers when we were young. But let us remember that with those mothers of ours, the grandmothers of to-day, the crucial question had been as to whether they should be allowed

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to waltz at all, or, still worse, dance the polka. But the grandmother ended by dancing the waltz, and the mother the polka, and the daughter the kitchen- (not to say the scullery-) lancers, and everything else she can find, and she will continue to dance gaily along the road until she finds her own daughter catching her up with some new mode of locomotion she has never dreamed of before. And so the world goes round. We think we know that it is moving: but we act as though we knew it stood still, and are secretly, some of us, as firmly of that opinion as were any of the persecutors of Galileo.

We are much concerned in these days about the condition of society, in its widest sense: we discuss the national life, the social fabric, its deficiencies, the way to remedy them. We discuss what we shall do with our girls and boys, what the condition of women is, what they can do to make the world better. There is one thing, at any rate, that women could bring about: it is that the generation which is growing up should be wisely and carefully steered, that it should be sent out into the cold world happy and warm, with a glowing belief in joy, in love, in gaiety, as well as in the nobler possibilities of the years to come: taking for granted a daily and understanding sympathy in the home, a constant grace of intercourse, a wise and courteous forbearance displayed by timely silence and kindly speech, an affection that gives a constant daily reassurance in the smaller as well as in the larger crises of life.

The family is an epitome of the community; and the influence of its wise governance and harmonious relations is bound to extend beyond the four walls of the home.

FLORENCE BELL.

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ROBERT BRIDGES

MR. BRIDGES appears to me, in his "Shorter Poems," to be alone in our time as a writer of purely lyric poetry, poetry which aims at being an "embodied joy," a calm rapture. Others have concerned themselves with passions more vehement, with thoughts more profound, with a wilder music, a more variable colour; others have been romantic, realistic, classical, and tumultuous; have brought a remote magic into verse, and have made verse out of sorrowful things close at hand. But while all these men have been singing themselves, and what they have counted most individual in themselves, this man has put into his verse only what remains over when all the others have finished. It is a kind of essence; it is what is imperishable in perfume; it is what is nearest in words to silence. Of the writer of "Will love again awake," or "I love all beauteous things," you know no more than you know of the writer of "Kind are her answers," or of "O Love, they wrong thee much," in the Elizabethan song-books. You know only that joy has come harmoniously into a soul, which, for the moment at least, has been purged of everything less absolute than the sheer responsiveness of song. And so, better than the subtlest dramatist, the lyric poet, in his fine, self-sacrificing simplicity, can speak for all the world, scarcely even knowing that he is speaking for himself at all. And in this poetry, it should be noted, nothing is allowed for its own sake, not even the most seductive virtue, as pathos, the ecstasy of

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love or of religion; but everything for the sake of poetry. Here is an artist so scrupulous that beauty itself must come only in sober apparel, joy only walking temperately, sorrow without the private disfiguring of tears. Made, as it is, out of what might be the commonplace, if it were not the most select thing in the world; written, as it is, with a deliberateness which might be cold, if it were not at that quiet heat in which rapture is no longer astonished at itself; realising, as it does, Coleridge's requirement that "poetry in its higher and purer sense" should demand "continuous admiration, not regular recurrence of conscious surprise"; this poetry, more than almost any in English, is art for art's sake; and it shows, better certainly than any other, how that formula saves from excess, rather than induces to it. So evenly are form and substance set over against one another that it might be said, with as much or as little justice, that everything exists for form, or that nothing is sacrificed to it.

Listen, for instance, to a song which gives us Mr. Bridges at his best:

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:—
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:—
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!

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> Fly with delight, fly hence!
> 'Twas thine love's tender sense
> To feast; now on thy bier
> Beauty shall shed a tear.

Technique in the writing of a song which shall be simply a song, and in the purity and subtlety of style, can go no further; every word seems to be chosen for its beauty, and yet, if we look into it, is chosen equally for its precision; every word sings, and yet says what it means, as clearly as if it had no musical notes to attend to. And here, as elsewhere in Mr. Bridges' work, every epithet has at once originality and distinction, a gentlemanly air of ease at finding itself where it is, though in a society wholly new to it. "Magic tents," for the enveloping petals of a flower; the word "unmemoried," used of scents, to which it is common to attribute the memories they awaken or recall in human minds; "faint attire of frightened fire," used of the palm willow in spring; the vision of "uncanopied sleep flying from field and tree" at dawn; the "astonisht" Saracen, whom the Crusader, before

> His hands by death were charm'd
> To leave his sword at rest,

crossed the sea to send into hell; the "soft unchristen'd smile" of Eros: all these unusual and inevitable epithets, each an act of the imagination, sharp, unerring, but never surprising, seem to unite in themselves just those contrary qualities which should combine to make perfect style in verse. Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful, alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care.

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Unlike most poets, Mr. Bridges is a cultivated musician, and has, indeed, twice written the "book of words" for music: once for Dr. Villiers Stanford's oratorio, "Eden," and once, in the form of a Purcell Ode, for the setting of Sir Hubert Parry. Neither experiment is altogether fortunate, but the study of music has taught Mr. Bridges what the daily practice of it taught the song-writers of the age of Elizabeth: a delicate, and in time instinctive, sense of the musical value of words and syllables, the precise singing quality of rhythms, with all kinds of dainty tricks, which if they come at all, can come only by some rare accident to the song-writer who is not a musician. To Mr. Bridges it is part of his science, of his equipment as an artist. I doubt if many of his effects, irresponsible as they often come to seem, have come to him in his sleep; it is almost a point of honour with him, the artist's scrupulous honour, to know beforehand what he is going to do, and to do it precisely as he decides upon doing it.

Mr. Bridges' style in verse has been said to lack originality, and it is true that his finest lyrics might have found their place among the lyrics in an Elizabethan song-book. And yet they are not archaic, a going back to the external qualities of style, but a thinking back, as of one who really, in thought, lives in another age, to which his temper of mind is more akin. They are very personal, but personal in a way so abstract, so little dependent on the accidents of what we call personality, that it seems the most natural thing in the world for him to turn to a style which comes to him with a great, anonymous tradition. He has never had that somewhat prosaic desire to paint himself "with all the warts," and he is quite indifferent to the self-consciousness which goes by the name of orginality. Just as, in his plays, he borrows frankly from any one who deals in his own merchandise, so in his lyrics he tries to write only what might have been written in any time or in any country. In the note to "Achilles in Scyros" we read: "One passage in my play (I. 518 and foll.) is an imitation of Calderon; but this is after Muley's well-known speech in the *Principe Constante*,

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which is quoted in most books on Calderon." He seems almost impersonal in his work, indifferent whose it is, his own or another's, as if only its excellence interested him. And this work, when it is most narrowly personal, does not so much render moods of a temperament as aspects of a character. Nobility of character, a moral largeness, which becomes one with an intellectual breadth, a certain gravity, simplicity, sincerity: these count for so much in his work, which indeed they seem to make. Here is a poem, strangely named "The Affliction of Richard," which gives us, with spare dignity, all this side of Mr. Bridges' work:

Love not too much. But how,
When thou hast made me such,
And dost thy gifts bestow,
How can I love too much?
Though I must fear to lose,
And drown my joy in care,
With all its thorns I choose
The path of love and prayer.

Though thou, I know not why,
Didst kill my childish trust,
That breach with toil did I
Repair, because I must:
And spite of fighting schemes,
With which the fiends of Hell
Blaspheme thee in my dreams,
So far I have hoped well.

But what the heavenly key,
What marvel in me wrought
Shall quite exculpate thee,
I have no shadow of thought.
What am I that complain?
The love, from which began
My question sad and vain,
Justifies thee to man.

There are no heats of passion, no outcries, but an equable sensitiveness to fine emotions; a kind of brooding, almost

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continual ecstasy, the quietest ecstasy known to me in poetry. He demands, and seems to attain,

> Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
> With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
> Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;
> With no ambition to reproach delay,
> Nor rapture to disturb my happiness.

But, among all these suave negatives, he finds or makes for himself an astringent quality of austere self-control. It is with a kind of religious fervour, as of one expressing an old, settled belief, that he says, in perhaps his best known lyric:

> I love all beauteous things,
> I seek and adore them;
> God hath no better praise,
> And man in his hasty days
> Is honoured for them.
>
> I too will something make
> And joy in the making;
> Altho' to-morrow it seem
> Like the empty words of a dream
> Remembered on waking.

Made, as it is, on so firm a basis of a character, his art is concerned with results rather than (as with most lyric poets) with processes. How many of his poems seem to lead from meditation straight to action; to be expressing something more definite, more formed and settled, than a feeling divorced from consequences! When, as so often, he finds words for an almost inarticulate delight, it is, for the most part, no accidental but rather an organic delight to which he gives utterance: the response of nature to his nature, of his nature to nature.

Mr. Bridges' art is made for simple thoughts, and direct, though delicate, emotions; these it renders with a kind of luminous transparency; when the thought or emotion becomes complex the form becomes complicated, and all the subtlety of its simplicity goes out of it, as a new kind of subtlety endeavours to come in. Mr. Bridges' poetic heat is inter-

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mittent, and thus his felicity; for all charm in verse, however, "frail and careful," is born of some energy at white heat. At rare times, even in the short poems, and not only in so long a poem as, for instance, "Prometheus the Fire-giver," one feels that the wave of thought or emotion does not flow broadly and strongly to the end, but breaks on the way. And so the plays, with all their meditative and lyrical beauty, their quaint, delicate dialogue, a grave playing with love and life, a serious trifling, bookish and made for an artist's pleasure, remain, for the most part, interesting experiments, not achievements. Singularly insubstantial things, spun out of gossamer, a web of dainty thoughts and song-like meditations about passion, with a somewhat uncertain humour spinning it, they seem to have been made for the sake of making them, as a poet might write Latin verses. In "The Return of Ulysses," where the framework and part of the substance are ready made in Homer, and in "Achilles in Scyros," which is full of happy poetry, not twisted into some childish shape for the mere ingenuity of the twisting, we find a more continuous quality of charm than in the other plays, with merits less purely technical. But even in these it is beauty of detail, rather than structural beauty, which appeals to us; and, in these as in the other plays, we remember single lines and passages rather than either characters or situations.

"Prometheus" returns to me in these lines:

> I see the cones
> And needles of the fir, which by the wind
> In melancholy places ceaselessly
> Sighing are strewn upon the tufted floor;

"Achilles" in such lines as

> that old god
> Whose wisdom buried in the deep hath made
> The unfathomed water solemn,

or

> questioning the high decrees
> By which the sweetly tyrannous stars allot
> Their lives and deaths to men;

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and "The Humours of the Court" characterises itself in the wholly undramatic picture-making of this beautiful speech:

> All this hour
> I have seemed in Paradise: and the fair prospect
> Hath quieted my spirit: I think I sail
> Into the windless haven of my life
> To-day with happy omens: as the stir
> And sleep-forbidding rattle of the journey
> Was like my life till now. Here all is peace
> The still fresh air of this October morning,
> With its resigning odours; the rich hues
> Wherein the gay leaves revel to their fall;
> The deep blue sky; the misty distances,
> And splashing fountains; and I thought I heard
> A magic service of meandering music
> Threading the glades and stealing on the lawns.

"Eros and Psyche," a narrative after Apuleius, has the coldness of work done, however sympathetically, as task-work, and is but half alive. Like the plays, it is an experiment, one of the learned, laborious diversions of the scholar who is part of this poet.

In the sixty-nine sonnets, called "The Growth of Love," we find another kind of experiment. Here Mr. Bridges plays solemn variations on the theme which is, he tells us,

> My contemplation and perpetual thought.

Every sonnet has a calm, temperate skill of its own; some of the sonnets come to us with precisely the accent of the lyrics; some might be belated Elizabethan sonnets; others translations from early Italian poetry; others, as here, have almost the note of Milton:

> The dark and serious angel, who so long
> Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me,
> Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
> To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
> Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong,
> Wounding his heart to wonder what might be

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God's purpose in a soul of such degree;
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.

But seeing thee with me now, his task at close
He knoweth, and wherefore he was bid to stay,
And work confusion of so many foes:
The thanks that he doth look for, here I pay,
Yet fear some heavenly envy, as he goes
Unto what great reward I can not say.

But with all this fine skill, this serious and interesting substance, even these sonnets are work which is not Mr. Bridges' real work. They are written around a subject, they do not give inevitable words to that love to which they are consecrated. As we read each sonnet we say: How fine this is! and when we have read them all we say: How fine they all are! The poet who, in his lyrics, seems to speak for all the world, telling every one some intimate secret which has never whispered itself before, speaks now for himself, and finds himself unconsciously generalising. He seems to repeat only what others have said before him; admirable things, to which he adds the belief of experience, but with no quickening of the pulses.

The exact filling of a given form has always been one of the main preoccupations of this artist, as it should be of every artist. And it is not necessary to read Mr. Bridges' treatise on the prosody of Milton to realise how completely he has apprehended everything that is to his purpose in the science of verse. Limiting himself, indeed, far less than Coventry Patmore, Mr. Bridges has somewhat the same resoluteness in subordinating technique to style. His verse has a unity of effect, so carefully prolonged that only by reading attentively do you discover the elaboration of this severe, simple, unemphatic verse, in which a most learned and complex variety of cadence is used to support, with adornment, indeed, but with no weak or distracting adornment, the single structure. Where many artists have the air of offering you their choicest things with a certain (what shall I say?) emphasis, as if calling your attention to what you might possibly overlook, Mr. Bridges, when he is

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most lavish, uses the most disguise, and would gladly pass off upon you his gold coin as if it were a counter. It is all the modesty of his pride: be assured that he knows the worth of his gold far better than you do.

In one of his sonnets Mr. Bridges has told us very clearly what it is that he aims at, and what he refrains from, in his work. Let us take him at his word:

> I live on hope and that I think do all
> Who come into this world, and since I see
> Myself in swim with such good company,
> I take my comfort whatsoe'er befall.
> I abide and abide, as if more stout and tall
> My spirit would grow by waiting like a tree;
> And, clear of others' toil, it pleaseth me
> In dreams their quick ambition to forestall.
>
> And if thro' careless eagerness I slide
> To some accomplishment, I give my voice
> Still to desire, and in desire abide.
> I have no stake abroad; if I rejoice
> In what is done or doing, I confide
> Neither to friend nor foe my secret choice.

"The art that most I loved, but little used," he says, speaking of poetry, and contrasts himself with those of his friends who have sought positive attainments:

> While I love beauty, and was born to rhyme.

He wraps a haughty indifference round him like a mantle, not without some of that sensitiveness which resents praise no less than censure, because it demands acceptance, unquestioning homage, rather than even so much equality as the man who praises must claim towards the man whose worth he has weighed before praising. Mr. Bridges takes some pains to impress upon us that he is something more than a poet, and that, even in so far as he is a poet, he is not wholly at our service. In another sonnet he tells us what select kind of immortality he chooses to desire for himself:

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O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you, this one here and that one there,
Marking the time and order of your birth?
How, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
Look ye for any welcome anywhere
From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?

Should others ask you this, say then I yearn'd
To write you such as once, when I was young,
Finding I should have loved and thereto turn'd.
'Twere something yet to live again among
The gentle youth beloved, and where I learn'd
My art, be there remembered for my song.

Even this reward, he seems to say to us, he can do without, reserving to himself his "joy in the making."

To Mr. Bridges, undoubtedly, there is something of an actual "joy" in making poetry, in the mere writing of verse. No one in our time has written verse more consciously and more learnedly, with a more thorough realisation of all those effects which are commonly supposed to come to poets by some divine accident. Moreover, he has thought out the question of English prosody in a way of his own, correcting, as it seems to me, certain errors of theorists, and correcting them upon a principle which has consciously or unconsciously been present to the best writers of English verse in all ages. I will quote from his book on Milton's prosody what seems to be the essential part of his theory:

Immediately English verse is written free from a numeration of syllables, it falls back on the number of stresses as its determining law: that is, its governing power, and constitutes its form; and this is a perfectly different system from that which counts the syllables. It seems also the most natural to our language; and I think that the confusion which exists with regard to it is due to the fact that stress cannot be excluded from consideration even in verse that depends primarily on the number of syllables. The two systems are mixed in our tradition, and they must be separated before a prosody of stress can arise. But if once the notion be got rid of that you must have so many syllables in a line to make a verse, or must account for the supernumerary ones in some such manner as the Greeks or Latins would have done, then the stress

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will declare its supremacy, which, as may be seen in Shakespeare and Milton, it is burning to do. Now the primary law of pure stressed verse is, that there shall never be a conventional or imaginary stress: that is, *the verse cannot make the stress, because it is the stress that makes the verse.* . . . If the number of stresses in each line be fixed, and such a fixation would be the metre, and if the stresses be determined only by the language and its sense, and if the syllables which they have to carry do not overburden them, then every line may have a different rhythm; though so much variety is not of necessity. . . . I will only add that when English poets will write verse governed honestly by natural speech-stress, they will discover the laws for themselves, and will find open to them an infinite field of rhythm as yet untouched. There is nothing which may not be done in it, and it is perhaps not the least of its advantages that it is most difficult to do well.

All Mr. Bridges' work in verse is an illustration of this theory, and it is because this theory is, as he says, "too simple to be understood," that he has been accused of writing verse which is difficult to scan. Read verse for the sense (that is what he really says to us), and if the verse is correctly written the natural speech-emphasis will show you the rhythm. Take, for instance, the last of the "Shorter Poems." The last stanza reads:

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

The first line of the poem reads:

Weep not to-day: why should this sadness be?

a line which appears quite normal, from the conventional standpoint of syllables and according to a conventional accent. Yet what a surprising and altogether admirable variety is introduced into this metre by the first line which I have quoted from the last stanza! Read it according to the rules by which, we are commonly taught, English verse is governed, and it is incorrect, scarcely a verse at all. Read for the sense, say it as you would say it if it were prose, and you were speaking it without thinking about accents or syllables, and its correct ease, its legitimate beauty, its unforced expressiveness,

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reveal themselves to you at once. At times Mr. Bridges does not trust his own words enough, and puts needless accents on them, as in the poem which begins with the wavering and delicate line:

> The storm is over, the land hushes to rest,

where he prints the last line but one in this barbarous way:

> Sée! sléep hath fallen: the trees are asleep.

That line needs but to be read, like all the others, for its sense, with the natural pauses of the voice, and it cannot be read wrongly. It is only in one point that Mr. Bridges seems to me inconsistent with his own theory, in which natural speech is so rightly accepted as the test and standard of verse. He admits, as in the lines I have quoted, inversions which would be impossible in natural speech:

> nor far away
> Deem, nor strange thy doom.

Now an inversion for the sake of rhyme or rhythm is as bad as a conventional accent, is indeed an inexcusable blemish in a poem written frankly in the language of to-day, and presenting itself to us with so familiar a simplicity. It is a "poetic licence," and for poetic licences poetry, at all events modern poetry, has no room.

If the quality of Mr. Bridges' poetry, apart from its many qualities as an art, were to be summed up in a word, there is but one word, I think, which we could use, and that word is wisdom; and for the quality of his wisdom there is again but one word, the word temperance. This poet, collectedly living apart, to whom the common rewards of life are not so much as a temptation, has meditated deeply on the conduct of life, in the freest, most universal sense; and he has attained a philosophy of austere, not unsmiling content, in which something of the cheerfulness of the Stoic unites with the more melancholy resignation of the Christian; and, limiting himself so resolutely to this sober outlook upon life, though with a sense of the whole wisdom of the ages:

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> Then oft I turn the page
> In which our country's name,
> Spoiling the Greek of fame,
> Shall sound in every age:
> Or some Terentian play
> Renew, whose excellent
> Adjusted folds betray
> How once Menander went:

limiting himself, as in his verse, to a moderation which is an infinite series of rejections, he becomes the wisest of living poets, as he is artistically the most faultless. He has left by the way all the fine and coloured and fantastic and splendid things which others have done their utmost to attain, and he has put into his poetry the peace and not the energies of life, the wisdom and not the fever of love, the silences rather than the voices of nature. His whole work is a telling of secrets, and they are told so subtly that you too must listen to overhear them, as he has been listening, all his life, to the almost inaudible voices of those "flames of the soul" which are the desire and the promise of eternal beauty.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE LAY OF ELIDUC[1]

I AM going to tell you a very old Breton story, and I shall tell it as it was told to me, without altering a word.

There lived in Brittany a brave knight, courteous and generous, called Eliduc, the like of whom was not to be found in the land. He had to wife a lady well born, and as good as she was wise, and he had great joy of her, although they had been long wed. But it so chanced that because of a war, Eliduc must needs go fight in a strange country. There he loved a maiden of rare beauty, named Guillardun, the daughter of a king and queen.

Eliduc had for over-lord one of the kings of Brittany, who loved him, and Eliduc served him faithfully. When the king must journey, to Eliduc was given the care of the realm. He ruled wisely, but in spite of this many troubles came to him. He had the right of chase in all the forests of his lord, and there was no forester bold enough to hinder him, or to grumble at what he hunted in the king's demesne. For envy of his good fortune, as has often chanced to others, he was defamed and accused to his lord, who banished him from Court without inquiry.

Eliduc knew not the cause of his lord's displeasure. Oft-times he craved audience of the king to prove his innocence,

[1] From the *Lais* of Marie de France, written in the twelfth century by a Frenchwoman living in England, and, so far as is known, never before translated into English.

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but the king was deaf to his request. So when the knight could gain no hearing, he quitted the court and went back home. And when he was come there he called his friends together and told them that he knew not why his lord was an angered, for he had served him faithfully. "Little," quoth he, "did I look to be requited thus, but my plight proves the truth of the proverb of the Vilain, that a wise man should never quarrel with his plough-horse, or look for gratitude in a lord; the vassal owes to the latter fealty, to his neighbours kind services." Then said the knight to his friends, that he should depart for the kingdom of Logris[1] and tarry there awhile. Whilst he was away his wife should have charge of his lands, and he bid them guard her faithfully, and help her as much as they could.

The friends of Eliduc made great sorrow for his departing. With him he took ten knights. His wife went a little of the way also, and then they parted sadly. Eliduc plighted his troth to her never to forget her, and to love her always. He came to a port on the sea, whence he set sail, and so reached Totenois.[2] Many kings ruled in the land, and between them all there was war and strife.

At Excester,[3] a town of the same province, there was for ruler a king very powerful, but very old, and for heir he had only a daughter, of an age to wed. He was at war with a neighbouring king, to whom he had refused his daughter for wife, and who, by reason of this, was ever laying waste the lands of his enemy. His daughter, the while, he had hidden in a castle, so strong that the guard charged to defend it feared not a surprise, or any other kind of assault. When Eliduc learned how it fared with the old king, he purposed to remain in the land.

Eliduc sought to find out which of the kings had suffered most from the ravages of the soldiery, so as to offer him service, and place himself in his pay. And he found that it was the king, the father of the maiden. So he sent by one of

[1] England west of the Severn. [2] Totnes. [3] Exeter.

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his squires, to make known to him that he had left his own country to come to the king's, and to desire that if he would that he and his knights should abide there, he should send a safe-conduct to bring them to him.

The king received the messengers courteously. He sent for his constable, and bade him have great care of these newly-come, so that they might want for naught, and that they should not lack for the money needful to them. Forthwith he granted the safe-conduct, and anon it was delivered to Eliduc, who with all speed set out.

The king received the knight heartily, and loaded him with favours. He was lodged with a worthy burgess, who gave to him his hung chamber.

Eliduc lived in high esteem, and welcomed to his board all needy knights, and anon he commanded that no man, in pain of death, should exact aught from the townsfolk, during the first forty days, either in money or in kind.

Scarce three days had Eliduc been in the town, when a cry was raised that the enemy were drawing near. Scattered abroad over the country, they planned to join forces, and lay siege to the town. Eliduc, as soon as this was made known to him, armed himself and his companions, and set forth with but forty knights who were left in the town, for the rest had been either wounded or made prisoners.

The men who followed Eliduc, and who marched against the enemy, said to him, "Sire, we will never leave you, and we will always follow in your footsteps and your example."

"That is well," answered he. "Can any man amongst you tell me of an embushment where we can fall upon the enemy unawares? If we tarry for them here we shall get small glory to our arms." One of the soldiers made answer, "Sire, there is in this forest a place nigh unto a very narrow path by which the enemy must needs pass, where we might, methinks, discomfort them. The knights often flee that way after having been disarmed. I think that here we can do them grievous harm, and bring much loss to them."

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"My friends," said Eliduc, "this device requires to be much thought upon, for it has many hazards. You are all the king's men, and you must serve him faithfully. Plight me your word to follow me, and to do as I do. I shall aid you after my power, and I dare vow that you shall suffer no mishap, even if we gain naught."

The knights hid themselves in the forest, nigh unto the path, there to await the coming of the enemy. Eliduc showed them his manner of attack, and taught them a war-cry, and anon, or they came to the narrowest part of the way, Eliduc shouted his cry.

The enemy, bewildered when they saw the great embushment, turned and fled, leaving behind a constable and many knights, who were delivered over to the squires. The number of the prisoners was now fifty-five, with horses and much battle-harness. The victors returned, filled with joy at their good fortune.

The king, spying from his tower, had great fear for his men. He cast blame on Eliduc, whom he suspected of having been false to them. He saw a large troop returning to the town laden with spoil, and because they numbered many more than those who had gone forth, the king did not discover them. Fearful of surprise, he commanded to shut the gates, and for his men-at-arms to get them to the walls to defend them. But for this there was no need, for a squire, sent out to espy, came back and told all that had chanced at the battle in which Eliduc had prevailed, and how he had himself taken twenty-nine prisoners, as well as the constable, without numbering the dead and wounded.

The king was overjoyed at the news, and, coming down from the tower, he greeted Eliduc, thanked him for his brave deeds, and granted to him the ransom of all the prisoners. Eliduc meted out the booty, even to his own share, keeping for himself but three of the knights, whose valour in the combat he had marked.

The king greatly esteemed Eliduc, and bound him and his

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men-at-arms in his service for a year, and, at the end thereof, he would make him governor of his country.

Eliduc, besides being handsome, was courageous, courteous, wise and generous. The daughter of the king, hearing speak of his deeds, sent privily one of her chamberlains to beg him to go see her, and tell her of them. Very sorrowfully she marvelled that he had not erewhile repaired to her castle.

Eliduc made answer that he would gladly go do her bidding. So he mounted on to his destrier, and, followed by a knight, rode to the castle.

Before going in, Eliduc besought the chamberlain to make known his arrival, and the chamberlain returned with joyful mien, and told him that he was awaited impatiently.

Humbly presenting himself, Eliduc gave thanks to the beautiful maiden for her request, and for so graciously receiving him. She took the knight by the hand, and bade him be seated on a bed beside her.

After speech of many things, the maiden, absorbed in the faultless features and high demeanour of the knight, was overcome by tender love of him. So she paled, and sighing deeply, dared nowise avow her love, lest he should think ill of her.

Long while he tarried with her, then took his leave of the beautiful maiden, who would fain have had him stay, and went to his lodging, troubled and sad. With joy he remembered the sound of her voice and her sighs, and made great sorrow that he had not seen the fair princess more often since he came into her country. Then he blamed himself when he thought on his wife, to whom he had vowed to be faithful. For the maiden whom he had seen would fain have him to her love, for never had she found one so worthy.

He was troubled with these thoughts. The princess also had no rest of all that night for sorrow. And on the morn, early, she arose, called her chamberlain, and leading him to the window, poured out her heart to him. "I am unhappy," she said, "nor know I what to do. I love the knight Eliduc so well, that, by reason of my love, all rest and sleep have

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gone from me. If he but love me truly and give me his heart, my happiness will be to serve him. He will become king of this country, which he will govern wisely. If he love me not, then I shall die."

When the princess had ended her plaint, the chamberlain gave her wise counsel. "Madam," said he, "since you love the knight, be assured he shares your love. Send him a girdle, a ribbon, or a ring. If he take the gift in good faith, and seem glad to have it, be assured he loves you. There is, under Heaven, no sovereign who would not be filled with joy of your love."

After listening to his words, the maiden said, "How can I be sure that I am loved? I do not forget that never such a proposal was made to any other knight. How unhappy I should be if he scorned me! Why are there no signs by which to read the human heart? Make ready and go."

"I am wholly ready," said he. And the princess said, "Take with you this golden ring and my girdle, and give them to the knight with my greetings."

The chamberlain went forth, and the princess could scarce restrain herself from calling him back; but she let him go, and grieved sorely, waiting for his return. "How sad is my lot to love a man from another country, for I know not whether he is well born, or whether he will stay long in the land. So I shall have much sorrow, for I have done very foolishly. Yesterday for the first time I had speech with him, and to-day I pray him for his love. Will he think ill of me? If he be a courteous knight he will judge me kindly. And if he cannot love me, then I shall hold myself most unhappy amongst women. Never shall I have joy any more of my life."

Whilst the princess thus grieved, the chamberlain hastened to Eliduc with the salutations of his mistress, and he proffered the ring and the girdle. The knight gave him thanks, and put on the ring and the girdle. The knight said no word more. He offered him gold, but he would take naught, and forthwith set out to go back to the princess.

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He found the princess in her chamber, saluted her, and thanked her in the name of Eliduc. "Well," quoth she, "hide naught from me. Does Eliduc share my love?"

"Meseemeth so, madam. I believe the knight to be too true and too noble to play you false. I gave him your message and your gift. Straightway he put your ring on his finger, and clasped your girdle about him. Then I took my leave."

And the princess said, "Perchance I am undone. Did he seem glad?"

"I wist not, madam, but if he had rejected your prayer, he would have refused your gifts."

The princess answered, "Your words seem a mockery. Of a certainty he does not hold me true. Yet I have done him no offence but to love him well. If he hate me I shall die for grief. Until I have speech with him, never by you or by others will I ask aught of him. I will show him how love of him constrains me. Alas, I know not how long he will tarry in our land."

The chamberlain made answer, "The king has bound him by oath for a year, so you will have occasion to show him your desire."

When thus the princess learnt that her lover was to stay, joy filled her heart. But Eliduc was troubled out of measure since he had knowledge of the maiden, whom he loved dearly. No longer had he any joy; he ever thought of Guillardun, and the remembrance of the promise that he had made to his wife when he had left her, was as poison to his happiness.

Eliduc would fain have been faithful to his wife, but the charm of Guillardun made all his resolves fade away. He might see her, speak with her, kiss her, but naught did he that could bring dishonour to his beloved, as much to keep faith with his wife, as because he was in the service of the king.

So sorely troubled was Eliduc that he could hide it no longer, and calling his companions about him, he went to the castle to speak with the king, and perchance to see the maiden.

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The king, having just supped, had withdrawn to the chamber of the princess, to play at the chess with a knight from over the sea. Guillardun was standing by the players to learn from them. Eliduc presented himself to the king, who made much of him, and bade him be seated beside him. Then calling his daughter, he said to her, "Daughter, I would that you wed this knight, and bring honour to him, for amongst five hundred knights you will not find his like for bravery."

The maiden was overjoyed when she heard her father's command, and she withdrew, and called Eliduc to her, and apart they seated themselves, and both were overcome of love. The princess dared not speak of it; the knight feared to do so. Nevertheless he gave thanks to Guillardun for the gifts she had graciously sent him, and declared that never had he received aught so precious.

Then the princess answered that she was much flattered of the use he had made of the ring and the girdle. "So truly do I love you," said she, "that I would have you to my lord, and if this cannot be, never will I wed."

Then said Eliduc, "Madam, I know not how to thank you for the love you have given me, and o'erjoyed am I that you think well of me. Howbeit I know not how long I shall stay in your land, since for a year only did I promise to serve your father. I shall surely not go until the war is quite ended. Then, by your leave, I must return to my own country."

The maiden answered him, "I know, beloved one, that you are wise and courteous, and so much do I love you, that I believe you right well, and would ask no more word of you."

So Eliduc departed with joy unto his lodging, because of the trust which he felt in his dear one's love, which ever grew more and more.

By his valour, Eliduc made prisoner the king who had made war against his lord, and delivered the land from the scourge of war. He was much esteemed for his courage, his judgment, and his generosity.

While these things were doing, the king in whose realm

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were the lands of Eliduc, sent three messengers to discover where he sojourned, and to make known to him that enemies ravaged and pillaged his lands, seized his castles, and made his kingdom desolate. The king had oft repented him of his usage of Eliduc, and above all that he had listened to the evil counsel of the traitors who had accused him, which had constrained him to leave the country and exile himself. For the great need he had of him, the king besought him and conjured him, in the name of the alliance which they had made when he did homage, to come and help him.

Eliduc was much grieved when he received this news, because of the maiden whom he loved so dearly. Their only pleasure was to talk of their love, and to make gifts to one another. The poor maiden thought to keep her knight, and to wed him. Nowise wist she that he was even now wedded. "Alas," said Eliduc, "I did very ill in staying in this country, whither I have come only to my own undoing. I love the fair Guillardun, the daughter of the king, and she loves me. If we part, one or other of us must die, or perchance both, and yet it is needful that I go away. My liege-lord reclaims my services in the name of the oath which I gave him. Furthermore, my wife entreats me to go back to her. I cannot stay. I must leave this place. I cannot wed my love; religion and the law forbid me. All goes ill. How hard a thing it is to part. But whatever fate may await me, I shall do the will of my love, and be led by her. The kingdom of her father is now at peace, and he has no longer need of me. I shall beg leave for the knights my lord has need of. I shall beg leave for myself, with promise to return in a certain time. I shall speak with my love, and show her my letters of recall, and she will tell me what she would have me do, and I shall abide by her will."

No longer did Eliduc hesitate. He went to the king, asked for leave, and showed and read to him the letter which his lord had sent him.

The king, fearful lest he should not return, was grieved at

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this mischance. He offered Eliduc the third of his kingdom, to take from his treasure all that he needed, and, if he would stay, to load him ever more with favours.

"Sire," said Eliduc, "since my liege-lord is in danger, and has summoned me from afar, I must needs go aid him. I shall surely not stay away if you have need of my services. Right gladly shall I return to you with a goodly number of knights."

For this the king thanked Eliduc, and graciously granted him leave. He offered him from his palace of all that he had—gold, silver, dogs, horses, precious stuffs—the which Eliduc took sparely. Then he asked the king to allow him to bid farewell to the beautiful Guillardun, and full readily was this granted to him. Before him he sent a young squire, who opened the doors of the chamber. After their first greetings, Eliduc told his purpose to his beloved, and took counsel of her.

He had scarce spoken, when Guillardun swooned. The knight, grieved to see her in such a state, kissed her many times, and wept with tenderness. He held her in his arms, and pressed her to him until consciousness returned to her.

"Dear one, let me tell you yet again, you are my life and my death, and all my hope is in you. I have come to take counsel of you, because of the love that is between us. Necessity calls me back to my country. I have already taken leave of your father, but I will do your pleasure, come what may to me."

Then said the maiden, "Since you will not stay, take me with you, otherwise I shall kill myself, for never more shall I have joy."

Eliduc answered, "You know how much I love you, but being bound to your father by oath, I cannot take you away with me without breaking faith with him. But I swear to you on my honour, that if you grant me leave to go, I will return on such day as you name. Since my life is in your hands, nothing in the world could keep me away then, if I still live and am well."

Then Guillardun, having great love for him, gave him

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leave to go, and named the day for his return. Before parting, they exchanged their golden rings, then tenderly kissed one another. Then Eliduc rode to the seashore, and took ship, and kindly winds brought him to his own country.

When he was returned, his lord, likewise his kinsfolk and his friends, made great joy to see him once again, and above all his good wife, who was beautiful, wise, and generous. But Eliduc was ever pensive and sad, because of the love which overwhelmed him. He had no joy but to be near his love. His sad look alarmed his wife, who could in nowise divine the cause. Oft she asked of him whether, during his absence, he had heard aught of her that he would not wish. "Willingly before all will I prove my innocence," said she.

"Naught have I heard," said Eliduc, "but I have taken an oath to the king from whose country I am come, to return, for he has great need of me. If the king, my lord, makes peace, within eight days I shall leave. I shall suffer much until I can return, and until then I shall have no peace of mind, for I will not break my promise."

Having thus spoken with his wife, Eliduc hastened to serve his lord, who was led wholly by his advice, and charged him with the defence of the kingdom. But when the time fixed by Guillardun drew near, the knight compelled his enemies to make peace. Then he prepared for his journey, and bethought him of whom to take with him. First he chose two nephews, whom he much loved, a chamberlain who had followed him on his first journey, and some squires. Eliduc made them all swear to keep his errand secret. They set sail, and soon came to the land where he was so much desired.

Eliduc, for greater safety, anchored far from the port, since he would not be seen or recognised by any one. He ordered his chamberlain to go to his love to announce his return, and to beg her to be ready to start on the morrow.

At nightfall the chamberlain set out to carry the message. He was followed by Eliduc, who had changed his suit so as

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not to be discovered. Straightway they went to the city where the daughter of the king was. The chamberlain entered the palace, and after making search, he gained the chamber of the princess. He gave to her the salutations of her love, whose return he made known to her.

When Guillardun heard the news she wept for joy, and many times embraced the bringer thereof. The chamberlain admonished her to make ready to start, and to join Eliduc at nightfall.

The day was spent in preparation, and when night drew on, and all was quiet in the castle, the maiden and the chamberlain privily took flight.

Fearing to be seen, Guillardun, clad in a silken gown, lightly broidered with gold, was wrapped in a short cloak.

Not far from the castle, in a beautiful park, nigh unto a forest, the knight and his friends awaited the princess in the shadow of the pale. Thither the chamberlain led her. Eliduc descended down from off his horse, and with utmost joy kissed her, and tenderly lifted her on to his saddle. Then he himself mounted on to his horse, seized the reins, and with hastening speed rode to the haven of Totenois, from which they at once set sail.

On the ship were only the knight, his companions, and his love. A fair wind brought them over the sea, but when they should have landed, a furious tempest arose; the wind drove them far from port, the large yard was broken, and the sails were rent.

The voyagers, kneeling down, fervently implored the intercession of St. Clement, St. Nicholas, and the holy Virgin Mary; and they entreated her to pray her Son, of His goodness, to protect them from peril and to bring them safe to port.

The ship, driven to and fro by the tempest, was nigh to perish. Then one of the squires cried out, "Of what avail are our prayers? You have near you, my lord, that which must bring destruction to us. We shall never make the land, for you have a lawful wife, and you are taking with you another

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woman, setting at naught God, the law, and uprightness. Let us cast her into the sea, and anon we shall get to land."

Eliduc heard what was said, and he could scarce control himself. "Traitor, liar, to speak thus! Could I but leave my love, dearly would you pay for this."

He held his love in his arms, and comforted her all he could for her sufferings on the sea. But as soon as Guillardun heard that her love was wedded, she swooned, and her colour, her pulse, and her breathing left her. The knights who had helped to bear her away, made no doubt that she was dead.

In great ire, Eliduc arose, went towards the squire, seized an oar, and smote him on the head so sore a blow that he fell dead at his feet. His companions lifted the body, and cast it into the sea.

Then Eliduc went to the helm, and by his care the ship was soon brought into port. The anchor was cast and the bridge thrown across. Eliduc tenderly carried his love, who still gave no sign of life. His sorrow was all the greater when he felt himself to be the cause of the death of Guillardun. He took counsel with his knights to show him some place a little way off, where he could give her honourable burial. "I should wish," said he, "to bury her in holy ground, as is her due, since she is the daughter of a king."

But the knights were so filled with dismay at what had happened, that all power of speech left them. Then Eliduc set himself to think whither he could bear his love, for his castle was so nigh unto the sea, that they might arrive before supper. He called to mind that near his lands was a forest thirty leagues in width, where for more than forty years a hermit, who served in a little chapel, had lived. "Thither I will carry the body of my love," said he, "and he will bury it in his chapel, and on my lands I will found an abbey for monks or nuns or canons, who day and night will pray God's mercy on her soul."

Eliduc mounted on to his horse, as likewise also did his companions, whom he made swear never to reveal what they

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were about to see, and before him, on his palfrey, Eliduc bore his love. They entered the forest and arrived at the chapel; they knocked, they called, but no one answered or opened to them. Then Eliduc bade one of his squires climb over the wall, and open the door.

As soon as they were entered in, Eliduc perceived that the holy hermit had been dead since eight days. The sight of his new-made grave added to the sorrow of the unhappy knight. His followers would fain dig a grave for Guillardun, but Eliduc prevented them, saying that he would do naught until he had taken counsel with the wise men of the land. "Moreover, I think," said he, "to build in this place either a monastery or an abbey. Meanwhile we will lay her before the altar, and commend her to God. Bring me your cloaks, for with them I will make her a bed, and with mine own I will cover her."

And when it came that the knight must leave his love, he thought to die of grief. He kissed her eyes and her face. "My beautiful one," said he, "I swear to God never again to bear arms, but to retire from the world. Yes, sweet love, for your hurt is it that you have seen me, and followed me. How sorely am I to blame, since, because of your love, you no longer live! But for me, you would have been queen. The day that I commit you to the earth I shall become a monk, and each day, at your tomb, I shall sorrow anew."

Thus he parted from the maiden, and closed the door of the chapel. He sent forward one of his squires to let his wife know that he was returned, but ill and travel-worn. She was happy when she heard of the return of her lord. She apparelled herself to receive him well, but little joy awaited her, for he was sad and gloomy and speechless, and for two days she knew not what to do to make him break silence.

He arose early and heard Mass, and then went forth to the little chapel where lay his love, Guillardun. She still remained unconscious, giving no sign of life, but he marvelled to see that

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the face of his love suffered no change, except to become a little paler. He wept very bitterly, and prayed for the soul of his love, and then went back home.

The wife of Eliduc, wondering whither her lord went, caused watch to be set on him by a squire, making promise to him of battle-harness and a horse. The varlet obeyed her commands, and secretly followed Eliduc to the forest, saw him go into the chapel, and heard him make sore lamentation.

Whilst Eliduc was still within, the squire returned to tell to the lady that which he had seen, how the knight went into the chapel, and complained unto himself in great anguish.

Much surprised at what she heard, the lady said, "To-morrow we must to the hermitage, when my lord goes to seek audience of the king. I know the hermit is dead, and that my lord loved him well, but I think not that he can be so sad by reason of this old man."

That same day, after noon, Eliduc went to speak with the king. The lady, followed by the squire, took her way to the hermitage. As soon as she had entered the chapel she saw the maiden, who looked like a new blown rose. Lifting the coverlid, she beheld a body of perfect beauty, arms and hands of dazzling whiteness, and long, well-shaped fingers. Then she knew the cause of the great sadness of her lord. She called the varlet, and said to him, "Do you see this woman, whose beauty is like to that of a precious stone? She is the love of my lord. It is for her that he is so sad. I no longer wonder at his sorrow, when so beautiful a woman is dead, for from pity and love, no more shall I myself have joy." And she wept bitterly for the maiden.

Whilst she was sitting weeping, a weasel ran out from behind the altar, and passed over the body of Guillardun. The squire took aim with his staff, hit the weasel, and killed it, and threw it aside.

Soon after, its mate ran in, and straightway went to

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the weasel that had been killed, and went round it, raised its head, walked over it, and seeing that she could not revive it, seemed in despair. Then she ran out of the chapel into the wood, and with her teeth took a flower of a red colour, and hastened back. Then she put the flower into the mouth of her dead companion, and immediately it came to life.

The lady having seen this, cried out to the varlet to catch the weasels. He threw his staff at them, and they ran away, leaving the precious flower behind them. The lady ran to seize it, and she put the flower, which was beautiful indeed, into the mouth of the maiden.[1] She waited awhile. Then Guillardun came to herself, sighed, opened her eyes, and said, "How long a time I have slept!"

When the lady heard her speak, she gave God thanks. "Tell me," she said, "your name, and who you are."

And the maiden answered, "Madam, I was born in Logris, and am the daughter of the king. I greatly loved the knight Eliduc, who was in my father's service. He carried me away with him, and did me a grievous wrong, for he carefully hid from me that he was already wed. When I heard speak of his wife, from very grief I swooned. After having deceived me, he has forsaken me in a strange land. Ah! how foolish it is to trust in men."

"Dear one," said the lady, "naught is there in all the world that will give the knight so great joy as to hear that you have

[1] This is apparently a version of the well-known Greek story, represented on a vase now in the British Museum: Glaukos, one of the sons of King Minos of Crete, fell, when a boy, into a cask of honey, and was smothered His father, ignorant of his fate, consulted the oracle to ascertain what had become of him, and the seer Polyeidos of Argos was named to discover him. When he had found him, Minos shut him up in the tomb with the dead body of the boy until he should restore the latter to life. Whilst Polyeidos was watching the body, a serpent suddenly came towards it, and touched it. Polyeidos killed the serpent, and immediately a second one came, which, seeing the other one lying dead, disappeared, and soon returned with a certain herb in its mouth. This it laid on the body of the dead serpent, which immediately came to life. Polyeidos seized the herb, and with it rubbed the body of the dead boy, who thereupon was instantly restored to life.

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come back to life. Since he thought you dead, he has been marvellously discomfited. Each day he has returned to look on you, and never thought he to find you alive again. I am verily his wife, and his sadness has brought me much sorrow. Seeing him go forth sadly each day, I would fain know whither he went. I cannot tell you the joy I have had in seeing you come back to life. You must go home with me, and I shall give you back to your love. Greatly do I desire to take the veil, and thus will he be free of all his vows."

In such manner did the lady comfort her, and together they left the chapel. She commanded the squire to go to Eliduc, and tell him of what had happened.

The squire tarried not till he found him, and told him of the adventure. Eliduc mounted on to his horse, without awaiting his followers, and came at night to his castle. When he saw his love again, he thanked his wife tenderly. He was overjoyed, and no time had ever seemed so happy. He oft embraced his beloved-one, and she with gentleness returned his love.

When the lady saw them thus, she asked of her lord to let her leave him, for she would fain give herself to the service of God. She begged for some land whereon she might build an abbey. "Then," said she, "can you wed your love, for you know the law does not allow you to have two wives."

Eliduc granted her all that she would, and in the grove near the castle, by the chapel of the hermitage, he built a nunnery, with all necessary outbuildings. He added thereto lands and revenues, and endowed it with great livelihood.

When all was ready, the lady took the veil, with thirty nuns, of whom she became the superior.

Eliduc wedded his love, and with great festal was the day passed.

Long lived they together in perfect love, and to God they gave much alms and many goods.

On the other side of the castle, Eliduc built a church and monastery, which he richly endowed. Therein he placed

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monks renowned for the sanctity of their lives, to be an example to the house.

When all was ready, together they resolved to dedicate themselves to the service of the Almighty God.

He placed Guillardun, who was so dear to him, with his first wife, who received her as a sister, and treated her with great honour, and taught her how to serve God and her Order. Together they prayed to God that he would have mercy on their friend, and he made prayer for them. They sent messages to each other to know how each fared, and to comfort and sustain one another. With all diligence they sought to serve God faithfully, and at length died in great sanctity.

On the adventure of these three persons, the ancient Bretons, always courteous, composed a lay to keep them in remembrance of what should never be forgotten.

Translated by Alice Kemp-Welch, 1901.

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THOMAS DOGGETT, DECEASED, A FAMOUS COMEDIAN

Where are the passions they essayed,
  And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humours they portrayed
  For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
  Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millamant and Romeo?
  Into the night go one and all.

IT is probable that of the few who will recognise the name of Thomas Doggett in any connection, by far the greater number will only recall the famous race for his Coat and Badge which takes place every August "for ever" from London Bridge to Chelsea. No stronger proof could be adduced of the thin thread by which an actor's reputation hangs. It is as if the boys of 1990 should remember the name of Henry Irving only by a surviving challenge cup for athletic sports which may well be among the many unknown generosities of "Mephistopheles" beyond the footlights of the Lyceum. That penalty is laid upon all artists who depend for their success upon a momentary appeal to an audience that is never the same. I have long ceased to wonder that a great singer should demand a thousand pounds a night, or that a successful actor should multiply his gains by skilful management. Their reward is with them, and their day is soon over. It is far more

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interesting, to most of us now, to read of the bets which David Garrick made with Charles James Fox, than to study his interpretation of the most famous of his *rôles*. But I doubt whether a single artist who was in the first rank of his profession was ever so utterly forgotten for his own art, and so keenly and constantly remembered by those of an entirely different occupation, as the "famous comedian, deceased," who founded the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. It is grotesque; but I confidently take advantage of the rowing season to draw attention to the actor.

Early on the first of August, 1716, all the Thames-side watermen and their apprentices were discussing with the greatest interest a placard which had been set up on London Bridge the night before. It ran as follows:

> This being the day of His Majesty's happy accession to the Throne, there will be given by Mr. Doggett an Orange colour Livery with a badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by six Watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually on the same day for ever.

Those who had attended the last performance at Drury Lane were aware, from an announcement in the playbill, that if they desired to see the start they would have to be in the parlour of the Old Swan Inn before four o'clock. The hour now varies with the tide, and the falling of the first of August on a Sunday makes a slight change in the date. But the race has taken place ever since, and it is older than the oldest regular aquatic contest by over a century, and more ancient than any annual sporting event by sixty years; for the University Boat Race began in 1829, and the St. Leger (which antedates both the Derby and the Oaks) was only instituted in 1776.

Proverbial facts are among those which are most easily forgotten, so I may remind my readers that Queen Anne died on a first of August exactly two years before Mr. Doggett's announcement caused so much stir from Rotherhithe to Richmond.

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By that date Doggett had retired from the stage and sold out of his partnership with Wilks and Cibber in Drury Lane. He only played once more, and that was to give his adored Hanoverian sovereign the gratification of admiring his most loyal subject in his famous characters of Ben, and of Hob, a *rôle* which had earned the special commendation of Steele in the *Spectator*. His career upon the boards had been strenuous and varied, since as an unknown Irishman he had travelled from Dublin to try his luck as "leading comic" across the water. He scarcely saw Castle Street again, for his career proved sufficiently successful to afford a somewhat striking example of that union between Celtic wit and Saxon business qualities which must be difficult for any actor to preserve and rare for any Irishman to possess. There are, indeed, many traits in his character which lead me to imagine that had he not found the stage an easier way to moderate fortune than another, he would not have remained an actor. He objected, for instance, very strongly when Wilks once gave a benefit at Drury Lane to two entirely unknown actors from Dublin; apparently forgetting altogether that he owed his own advancement to similar consideration for a stranger. It took all Colley Cibber's art to smooth down his anger at such unbusinesslike proceedings, and poor Wilks had actually to pay out of his own pocket the ten pounds loss on the night (which Doggett had shrewdly foreseen) in order to keep the peace.

It may be as well to emphasise this side of his personality before describing his career in greater detail, in order that facts may be understood in their true light which might otherwise appear distorted. A good example of his conscientiousness is to be found in the great reputation he always possessed for a clever "make-up." "I can only copy Nature," Sir Godfrey Kneller told him once, "from the originals before me; while you vary them at pleasure and yet preserve the likeness." The painter has his revenge; for whatever modern art may say of his "Van Dyck-and-water," at Hampton Court, his canvases remain to this day, and are but mellowed by the

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touch of time; while Doggett has gone "into the night," and vanished into as dead a silence as the laughter of his merry audiences.

It has been stated, in volumes which are usually considered to be authoritative, that Doggett made his first appearance upon the English stage at Bartholomew Fair. This may be perfectly possible; but the details given in an unguarded moment by the aforesaid authority are sufficient to prove that whenever he really visited that ancient place of revelry, it was not "at Parker and Doggett's Booth near Hosier End," nor in the play of *Friar Bacon; or, the Country Justice* that he made his earliest bow to English audiences. For he was certainly acting at Drury Lane in 1691, which was probably the result of several previous and unrecorded efforts; and of his booth with Parker at Hosier Lane there is no mention in the annals of the Fair before that date, and there is a distinct mention of it in 1702.

There is, somewhat naturally, almost as much uncertainty with regard to Doggett's first appearance as about his last; but it is likely that he faced the public of the Theatre Royal as Lory in *The Relapse*, an arch, familiar valet, whose pertness would be especially appropriate to the Irishman's native talent. In 1691 he was on the same boards as Nincompoop in D'Urfey's *Love for Money; or, the Boarding School*, and in the next year he created Solon in the same author's *Marriage-Hater Matched*. But it was in 1693 that a friendship with Congreve, which does infinite credit to the intelligence of Doggett, began to bear fruit in a manner which must have been equally agreeable to them both. Their intimacy, and the well-known affection which the brilliant young society dramatist felt for the actor, are worth considering in any estimate that may be made of Doggett's character. One result of it may have been that the actor himself once tried his hand at authorship with very considerable success. But it is the cause that will interest us most. We may begin by taking a very considerable discount off the end

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of Tony Aston's estimate of Doggett: "A lively spract man, of very good sense, *but illiterate!*" This can scarcely be true of Congreve's friend. Scarcely a man then living but might have suffered in the light of so brilliant a comparison; yet we may at least surmise that if there was one person the witty and eloquent writer would not have honoured with his friendship it would have been an "illiterate" actor. However that may be, it is at least certain that as Fondlewife, in *The Old Bachelor*, Doggett created a part that not only satisfied the writer of it, but retained the plaudits of the town for many years.

But Doggett's successes with Congreve were not, of course, his only parts. In 1696 he was Young Hob in the only play he ever wrote, as I have mentioned before, *The Country Wake*. That same year saw him as Vaunter in Lord Lansdowne's *The Gallants*, and Sapless in Dilke's *Lover's Luck*. Next season, Mars Johnny (a schoolboy) in Cibber's *Woman's Wit* at Drury Lane; Bull, Senior, in *A Plot and No Plot;* and Learchus in Vanbrugh's *Æsop* were among the *rôles* in which he was seen; and about then he revisited Dublin for a short time, and no doubt astonished Castle Street with the solid results of his English reputation, soon after the Peace of Ryswick had given European approval to the sovereignty of King William and the succession of Princess Anne, though I doubt whether he left London during the period when the visit of Peter the Great of Russia may well have caused a certain amount of fashionable visitation to the playhouses.

Another part we know he played was the comic Shylock to Betterton's Bassanio in Lord Lansdowne's version of the *Merchant of Venice*, which was performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. While he was assisting Cibber, Wilks, and Swiney in the management of the Haymarket he acted Tom Thimble in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, a play to be found in Arber's Reprints which anticipated the leading motive of *The Critic;* he was also to be seen as Dapper in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, and as the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*. By 1718 he was managing

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Drury Lane with Collier and Steele, and about that time he performed in Johnson's *Wife's Relief* as Sir Tresham Cash. The last part he created, on January 29 in that year, was Major Cadwallader in Charles Shadwell's *Humours of the Army*. It is said that the last the public saw of him was when he acted in *The Wanton Wife* for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, but he does not seem to have appeared before an audience after 1717, though he lived another four years, and his three favourite parts, Ben, Fondlewife, and Hob were often called for on various occasions during the twenty years of his highest popularity.

Tributes to his talents and his native wit are numerous. "The Craft of an Usurer," writes Steele in the *Spectator*, "the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful mirth of a Creature of half-wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Doggett." It will be remembered too that when Addison is describing "The Trunkmaker in the Upper Gallery," who always led the applause by banging on the woodwork near him, he says that this energetic lover of the playhouse had "broken half a dozen oaken Plants upon Doggett." It is clear in fact that our friend, "the famous comedian," was of no slight account in the polite society of his day as an actor of excellent parts and accomplished humour. By more professional critics, and by his own colleagues, he was no less appreciated. "Very aspectabund," writes Downes, "wearing a farce on his face . . . the only comic original now extant." "The most original of all his contemporaries," says Colley Cibber, "his manner was his own . . . he could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety . . . a prudent honest man." "The most diligent, most laborious, most useful actor seen upon the stage in a long course of years," asserted another who knew him well.

The net result is the picture of a clever actor, endowed by nature with a mirthful physiognomy; conscientious in using every extraneous aid to success, whether by careful dressing or by diligence in study; highly respectable, and a trifle

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opinionated, maintaining warmly, for instance, that Comedy was superior to Tragedy "because it was nearer to Nature"; always keeping an eye upon the main chance, yet only obstinate when thwarted; but standing upon what he imagined to be his rights with absolute fearlessness; a "theatrical patriot," in fact, as he has been rightly called, ever anxious to combat the least shadow of tyranny or unfairness; a strong "politician," too, sometimes trailing a coat behind him, it may be suspected, for unwary managers to tread upon.

The most conspicuous example of this characteristic pugnaciousness was found in the notorious dispute which dissolved his long partnership with Wilks and Cibber. It has been already noted that he was among those who protested against their treatment by the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and helped Betterton's new venture with Congreve's Plays in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When he returned to act under articles he left the stage because he objected to the Patentee's interpretation of them. So the help of the Lord Chamberlain had to be invoked to bring the sulking Achilles out of his tent in Norwich. The messenger who brought him back to London was kept in fits of laughter all the way, and when the actor made an application to Lord Chief Justice Holt, he was at once discharged and the extravagance of the process was censured. The attempt, in fact, of the authorities to encroach upon their rights had been successfully resisted. Our best authority on dramatic history now living thinks that there was nothing malicious in the effort; and Doggett may therefore be congratulated on his plucky stand. But the breach which was created by the successes of Booth, to which I can only refer here, was far more serious. In 1708 Swiney got leave from the Lord Chamberlain to select, by private treaty, certain actors from the Drury Lane Theatre to share with him in the management of the Haymarket. Doggett was one of them, and when Swiney retired he stayed on, successfully guiding the finances of the establishment with Wilks and Cibber. When Booth's brilliant performance of *Cato* had won

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the favour of the Tories and the promises of a Secretary of State, he was admitted by Wilks and Cibber as another partner. Doggett's objections may have been embittered by his furious Whig proclivities, but in any case he risked the fact that their licence was only held "during pleasure," and persisted in refusing to countenance the new arrangement. He left the theatre, and then demanded one-third of the profits as usual, although Booth had by that time come in. He refused also either to set a value on his own stock or to part with any of it, and the Vice-Chamberlain appears to have supported him. Thereupon the other partners were compelled to show fight. Doggett forthwith filed a bill in Chancery, and after two years of litigation was given fourteen days to decide what he would do. He stuck to his guns against his own interests, and on announcing his determination to quit the stage he was decreed £600 for his share in the property, with 15 per cent. interest since the date of Booth's admission, a very poor equivalent for the sum he might have made in the same time had he agreed with his old friends and swallowed his political convictions.

The same excellent authority referred to above gives an interesting account of his personal reconciliation with Cibber, after "the principal of the thing" had been thoroughly vindicated. For a long time visits to Button's Coffee-house had been embarrassed by the indignant snorts and bellicose demeanour of the wronged Irishman in presence of his oppressor. At last the old dodge of a premature Obituary Notice was tried by a mutual friend, and trusting Thomas fell into the snare like a child. He came up to Button's and sat opposite Cibber, the writer. There was a prolonged pause. At last Cibber tentatively offered a pinch of snuff. "Humph," said the patriot cautiously, "the best—humph—I have tasted a great while." The ice thus diplomatically broken (and where, it may be asked, is the diplomatic snuff-box in these downright days?), Doggett proceeded to explain that it was really Wilks who had been in fault. "I would

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not be a Lord of the Treasury," he grumbled, "if such a temper as Wilks's were to be at the head of it—a trifling wasp, a vain shallow." No doubt he said much the same to Wilks of Cibber, and, at any rate, his friends were loyal enough to his memory when the Obituary Notice was really needed. Yet now that his plays have so long been over, and it is near two centuries since the last flicker of his oily footlights, by what is he remembered? By the skill with which he drew two opposite characters in Congreve's sparkling comedies? By the numberless parts he played with Betterton and Bracegirdle at Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Haymarket, or Drury Lane? No. But by a wager for Thames watermen in best and best boats upon the tideway. It leads one to conjecture how many parts created by Mr. Wyndham, or Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or Mr. Alexander will be remembered when the prizes they have presented to various sporting confraternities are being competed for some two hundred years from now. Which of all our "famous comedians" are likely to leave a prize for sculling on the Thames? Not one, I fancy. But then the Thames nowadays is not what it was to Mr. Thomas Doggett.

Even by his time old London Bridge had been burned down in the great fire. "Poor little Michell and our Sarah" were on it, writes Pepys, who was wont sometimes to take his morning draught, after the perils of getting through the narrow piles, at that Old Swan Inn which perished in the same great conflagration. But the "wine shade" was probably saved owing to its safer situation, for it is known to have been let in 1697 for the convenience of citizens who "drank their genuine old port and sherry, drawn from the casks, and viewed the bridges, hooters, and boat-races." It was most probably in this genial company, as we shall see, that Doggett first made up his mind to encourage boat-racing by leaving a prize for young watermen. The "shades" in which he sat were subsequently removed to the house of Alderman Garratt, who, as Lord Mayor, laid the first stone of the present London Bridge. The ancient tavern above them has gone too. As

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long ago as 1323 it had been left by one Rose Wrytell to trustees to maintain a priest at the altar of St. Edmund King and Martyr, and in the parish book of St. Mary at Hill, under date 1499, the continuance of her charity is proved. It was here that in 1440 Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, landed, carrying a lighted taper, clad in a white sheet and barefooted. The fifteenth century had seen Henry V. ride over the crowded arches of the old bridge, triumphing after Agincourt. Beneath them he was borne on his bier to burial seven years later. So, in the next century, the body of the great Elizabeth was brought by water to Whitehall; and so in the seventeenth, the twelve State barges of the City Companies escorted Charles II. in State from Hampton Court.

The river in those days, and even long after Thomas Doggett, had a large share in the life of every Londoner. To remember it is to give some slight measure of our loss, in years when it seems likely to retire for ever beneath a tunnel of continuous bridges, in shame at having lost alike its usefulness for locomotion and its beauty for a pageantry of State. Mr. Secretary Pepys, who "went by water," as everybody else did, far more often than by the unsafe and miry highways, tells how "the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of *nine or ten thousand* hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was a petition against hackney coaches, and they had put out another to undeceive the world and to clear themselves." The importance of "the jolly young waterman" in those days fully justified his "thinking of nothing at all," as far as worldly anxiety was concerned, for he must have driven a roaring trade, and he was protected in numberless different ways. Their fares had been regulated by Henry VIII., and they were formed into a company by Philip and Mary in 1555 with eight overseers and rulers selected by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Privy Council concerned itself with their pay, and the dimensions of their wherries, "then dangerously shallow and

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tickle," were regulated by statute. How they would have stared to see the wager-boats in which their descendants sculled last August! Taylor the "water-poet" says that there were no less than 40,000 watermen in Queen Elizabeth's reign between Windsor and Gravesend. This may be a trifle exaggerated, but they could certainly furnish 20,000 men for the fleet, and 8000 were actually in the royal service. They were naturally as much opposed to hackney coaches as to bridges, and they vehemently condemned the building both of Westminster and Vauxhall Bridges, as likely to damage the ferrying trade in those parts. But in the stress of modern competition and development they have been rapidly disappearing. Watermen's Hall in St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, still stands, but it is only when the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge comes round that we remember there are any watermen at all.

The reason for the actor's selection of his prize has therefore become a little clearer after a consideration of the differences between his mode of life and ours; but for the actual link between the theatre and the watermen I must go back for a moment to a still older actor whose career is in many ways a striking parallel to that of Thomas Doggett. For while there are many who are grateful for the foundation of Dulwich School, and while hundreds yearly know that Edward Alleyne founded it, there are not many who remember that Edward Alleyne, the friend of Ben Jonson, of Dekker, and of Heywood, "Proteus for shapes and Roscius for tongue," was the builder of the Fortune Theatre, the popular actor of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, the rival of Burbage (of the Globe), and the purchaser of Shakespeare's wardrobe and stock for £596 6*s.* 8*d.*, when the immortal writer left the Blackfriars Theatre and retired to Stratford-upon-Avon. One more strange coincidence I must note here. It is that just as Doggett's favourite author, Congreve, was attacked by Jeremy Collier, so the first bedesman recommended to Edward Alleyne for his new foundation at Dulwich was sent him by the rector of St. Botolph's Without, Bishopsgate, that same Stephen Gosson

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who had so bitterly abused the plays which Alleyne acted. But the connection of the drama with watermen is our main point, and we come to it in Alleyne's history, in the year 1593, when the Plague had closed all the theatres, and even stopped, says Stone, a few days of the merriment of St. Bartholomew's Fair. In that sad season, when the occupations of so many had been temporarily ruined, the Thames watermen sent a letter in the winter begging that the actors might be allowed to play once more. Their petition to "Lord Haywarde (*i.e.*, Howard), Lord Highe Admirall of England," showed that Philip Henslome (one of the groomes of Her Maties chamber) had been restrained from playing, and that "we saide poore watermen have had much helpe and reliefe for us, our poore wives and children, by means of the resort of suche people as come into the saide playhouse." This is signed by "Dowet, M^r^ of her Mties barge," by two of Her Majesty's watermen, and by six other names; and the playhouse referred to is the Rose, where Alleyne and Henslome were joint actor-managers in the company known as "Lord Strange's Players."

This is no place to go further into the tale of Edward Alleyne, the actor. His memory is enshrined, with his bones, at Dulwich, even more durably than Thomas Doggett's in his annual wagers. Both have vanquished the oblivion of their art by leaving monuments more durable. But the connection between actors and watermen is, I think, now more clearly established than before. There was a kindly feeling upon either side, and the gift of Thomas Doggett was a very natural one.

The details of that gift are to be found in a place which at first sight does not seem to have much connection with either party, for it was at Fishmongers' Hall that I was allowed the privilege of inspecting the agreement in their Will Book by which that ancient and honourable company now carry out the details of Doggett's bequest.

The result of this, shorn of legal superfluities, is that in consideration of the sum of £350 the aforesaid Fishmongers'

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Company promised to provide a silver badge "with the impress of a wild horse (of Hanover) as Thomas Doggett used in his life," with inscription round it, to be rowed for, with a coat, every year by six duly certified young men free of the said Company of Watermen on the 1st of August (if a Sunday then on the Monday following) for ever, the Wardens and Commonalty of Fishmongers acting as judges and directors of the race, and appointing both start and finish. These are the Old Swan Wharf at London Bridge and the Old Swan Pier on Chelsea Embankment respectively, and the limits are probably much the same as they have always been, though the conditions under which we see the contest are different indeed.

On that August afternoon in 1722, when Doggett's immortality really took its rise, the sturdy old actor had been buried at Eltham for almost twelve months. Addison was dead, but Pope, Defoe, and Steele were still ministering to the entertainment or instruction of their countrymen, and Swift was not yet silent. Men had not quite forgotten the great crash which followed the breaking of the South Sea Bubble. Craig, the Secretary of State, had died of terror at the investigations. Amid the general wreck of all his rivals Walpole had risen again to power, and in 1721 had been again made First Lord of the Treasury with Townshend as Secretary of State. Men were as used to news of fighting in the field as we are. The Turks were harassing Venice. The war of Spanish Succession was in full blast. In our American Colonies Carolina's Governor had just been struggling for life with "the merciless Indian savage," and the Buccaneers of the West Indies had received a sharp lesson from New Providence. Politicians at home were all discussing the prospects of the second Parliament of George I., which would meet in two months time. I am not sure that we think much more of that excellent monarch to-day than we do of Mr. Thomas Doggett, but the race once started in honour of the other still goes on "in commemoration of the happy accession of the family of His Present Majesty to the Throne of Great

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Doggett's Coat and Badge

From a Drawing by [illegible] in the British Museum

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Britain," as the loyal Fishmongers of to-day phrase their announcement.

The fine old crusted flavour that hangs round the contest still is not merely owing to the fact that ever since 1791 the name of the happy winner has been preserved, a record much older than either the Wingfield Sculls or the Professional Championship, but also to the happy circumstance of the ancient and hospitable patronage under which the race is rowed. The old hall of the famous Fishmongers' Company perished in the great fire, and, on a site which was worth over half a million an acre even seventy years ago, the third edifice was rebuilt by Roberts in 1830. The statue of Sir William Walworth (holding in his hand the dagger by which Wat Tyler fell) is on the great staircase, as a reminder that fifty Lord Mayors have been supplied by the Company to the City Government. Among its other cherished relics is a chair made from wood and stone brought up in 1832 from the foundations of old London Bridge, which were put down in June 1176, by Peter of Colechurch. The long interval is almost covered by the history of the Company which guards these historic remnants, for the fishmongers were a guild more than seven hundred years ago, and by letters patent in 1364 were incorporated into a "Mystery." One of their most famous pageants in those early days was the welcome to King Edward I. on his return from Scottish victories, in which gilded sturgeon, silver salmon, and a thousand horsemen bore glorious part. To the Third Edward they gave a sum of money towards the French wars which was the second largest subscription in London. The Seventh Edward himself enjoys the privileges of a Company in which his father and his grandfather before him had been also freemen.

It is under such excellent auspices as these that the race takes place every year, and I wish I were able in this place to give some faint adumbration of its varied interest; of the crowd of penny steamers bellowing encouragement to the champions of Bermondsey, of Twickenham, of Greenwich, or

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of Chelsea, each boy in his distinctive colours; of the skill and hazards of the contest, as a string of barges, or an indignant tug, comes tearing down to the Pool from Putney right across the course; of the hairbreadth 'scapes of scullers in their dancing cockleshells of cedar and of canvas; of the winning-post and its flag resplendent with the crowned fishes of the Company; of the mighty luncheon in the hall beforehand, and the copious dessert upon the decks after the race is over; and of the return in the quiet murmur of a splendid sunset to the basement of that great hall where the old inn stood till 1720. You can almost hear, in the twilight, the silvery laugh of Bracegirdle as she trips ashore, with a jest of Congreve's own or Steele's, that makes the very ghost of Thomas Doggett chuckle.

By how slight an occurrence may man's memory be fixed in the hearts of posterity! Alas, poor Doggett! "Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen?" I can end no better than by commending my readers to look upon his face (an if they may) where its presentment hangs with Kitty Clive's, with Quin's, with Peg Woffington's, and many another forgotten hero of the footlights, on the storied walls of the Garrick Club. Perhaps, too, I may be allowed to quote those lines, written only sixteen years after his death on a window-pane at Lambeth, by some young sculler, belike, with more of muscle than of metre in his composition.

> Tom Doggett, the greatest sly droll in his parts,
> In acting was certain a master of arts;
> A monument left—no herald is fuller—
> His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
> Ten thousand years hence, if the world last so long,
> Tom Doggett will still be the theme of their song.
> When Old Noll with Lewis and Bourbon are forgot,
> And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXII

AN INSULT TO THE BLOOD

IT could not be denied that Blinkhampton was among the things which arose out of Blent. To acknowledge even so much Harry felt to be a slur on his independence, on the new sense of being able to do things for himself in which his pride, robbed of its old opportunities, was taking refuge and finding consolation. It was thanks to himself anyhow that it had so arisen, for Iver was not the man to mingle business and sentiment. Harry snatched this comfort, and threw his energies into the work, both as a trial of his powers and as a safeguard against his thoughts. He went down to the place and stayed a week. The result of his visit was a report which Iver showed to Southend with a very significant nod; even the mistakes in it, themselves inevitable from want of experience, were the errors of a large mind. The touch of dogmatism did not displease a man who valued self-confidence above all other qualities.

"The lad will do; he'll make his way," said Iver.

Southend smiled. Lads who are equal to making their own way may go very far if they are given such a start as he

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had in contemplation for Harry. But would things go right? Southend had received an incoherent but decidedly despairing letter from Mina Zabriska. He put it in the fire, saying nothing to Lady Evenswood, and nothing, of course, to Mr. Disney. In the end there was perhaps no absolutely necessary connection between the two parts of the scheme—that which concerned the lady, and that which depended on the Minister. Yet the first would make the second so much more easy!

Mr. Disney had given no sign yet. There was a crisis somewhere abroad, and a colleague understood to be self-opinionated; there was a crisis in the Church, and a bishopric vacant. Lady Evenswood was of opinion that the least attempt to hurry Robert would be fatal. There were, after all, limits to the importance of Harry Tristram's case, and Robert was likely, if worried, to state the fact with his own merciless vigour, and with that to say good-bye to the whole affair. The only person seriously angry at the Prime Minister's "dawdling" was Mina Zabriska; and she had enjoyed no chance of telling him so. To make such an opportunity for her was too hazardous an experiment; it might have turned out well—one could never tell with Robert—but on the whole it was not to be risked.

What Lady Evenswood would not venture, fortune dared. Mina had been seeing sights—it was August now, a suitable month for the task—and one evening, about half-past six, she landed her weary bones on a seat in St. James's Park for a few moments' rest before she faced the Underground. The place was very empty, the few people there lay for the most part asleep—workmen with the day's labour done. Presently she saw two men walking slowly towards her from the direction of Westminster. One was tall and slight, handsome and distinguished in appearance; in the other she recognised the rugged awkward man whom she had met at Lady Evenswood's. He was talking hard, hitting his fist into the palm of his other hand sometimes. The handsome man listened with deference, but frowned and seemed troubled. Suddenly the pair stopped.

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"I must get back to the House," she heard the handsome man say.

"Well, think it over. Try to see it in that light," said Disney, holding out his hand. The other took it, and then turned away. The episode would have been worth a good paragraph and a dozen conjectures to a reporter; the handsome man was the self-opinionated colleague, and the words Mina had heard, were they not clear proof of Dissensions in the Cabinet?

Disney stood stock-still on the path, not looking after his recalcitrant colleague, but down on the ground; his thoughts made him unconscious of things external. Mina glowed with excitement. He was not an awkward man to her; he was a great and surprising fact, a wonderful institution, the more wonderful because (to look at him) he might have been a superior mechanic who had dropped sixpence and was scanning the ground for it. She was really appalled, but her old instinct and habit of interference, of not letting things go by her without laying at least a finger on them, worked in her too. How long would he stand there motionless? As if the ground could tell him anything! Yet she was not impatient of his stillness. It was good to sit and watch him.

An artisan swung by, his tools over his back. Mina saw the suddenly awakened attention with which his head turned to Disney. He slackened pace a moment, and then, after an apparent hesitation, lifted his cap. There was no sign that Disney saw him, save that he touched his hat in almost unconscious acknowledgment. The artisan went by, but stopped, turned to look again, and exchanged an amused smile with Mina. He glanced round twice again before he was out of sight. Mina sighed in enjoyment.

With a quick jerk of his head Disney began to walk on slowly. For an instant Mina did not know what she would do; the fear and the attraction struggled. Then she jumped up and walked towards him. Her manner tried to assert that she had not noticed him. She was almost by him. She gave

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a cough. He looked up. Would he know her? Would he remember asking—no, directing—my lord his secretary to write to her, and had he read what she wrote? He was looking at her. She dared a hurried little bow. He came to a standstill again.

"Yes, yes?" he said questioningly.

"Madame Zabriska, Mr. Disney."

"Oh, yes." His voice sounded a little disappointed. "I met you at——?"

"At Lady Evenswood's, Mr. Disney." Taking courage she added, "I sent what you wanted?"

"What I wanted?"

"Yes. What you wanted me to write, about—about the Tristrams."

"Yes." The voice sounded now as if he had placed her. He smiled a little. "I remember it all now. I read it the other morning." He nodded at her, as if that finished the matter. But Mina did not move. "I'm busy just now," he added, "but—well, how's your side of the affair going on, Madame Zabriska? I've heard nothing from my cousin about that."

"It's just wonderful to see you like this!" the Imp blurted out.

That amused him; she saw the twinkle in his eye.

"Never mind me. Tell me about the Tristram cousins."

"Oh, you are thinking of it then?"

"I never tell what I'm thinking about. That's the only reason people think me clever. The cousins?"

"Oh, that's all dreadful. At least I believe they are—they would be—in love; but—but—Mr. Tristram's so difficult, so obstinate, so proud. I don't suppose you understand——"

"You're the second person who's told me I can't understand in the last half-hour." He was smiling now, as he coupled Mina and the handsome recalcitrant colleague in his protest. "I'm not sure of it."

"And she's been silly, and he's been horrid, and just now—well, it's all as bad as can be, Mr. Disney."

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"Is it? You must get it better than that, you know, before I can do anything. Good-night."

"Oh, stop, do stop! Do say what you mean!"

"I shan't do anything of the kind. You may tell Lady Evenswood what I've said and she'll tell you what I mean."

"Oh, but please——"

"If you stop me any longer, I shall send you to the Tower. Tell Lady Evenswood and Southend. If I didn't do my business better than you do yours——!" He shrugged his shoulders with a good-natured rudeness. "Good-night," he said again, and this time Mina dared not stop him. Twenty yards further on he halted once more of his own accord and fell into thought. Mina watched him till he moved on again, slowly making his way across the Mall and towards St. James's Street. A great thing had happened to her—she felt that; and she had news too that she was to tell to Southend and Lady Evenswood. There was considerable unsettlement in the Imp's mind that night.

The next day found her at Lady Evenswood's. The old lady and Southend (who had been summoned on Mina's command—certainly Mina was getting up in the world) understood perfectly. They nodded wise heads.

"I was always inclined to think that Robert would take that view."

"He fears that the Bearsdale Case won't carry him all the way. Depend upon it, that's what he feels."

"Well, there was the doubt there, you see."

Mina was rather tired of the doubt in the Bearsdale Case. It was always cropping up and being mentioned as though it were something exceedingly meritorious.

"And in poor Addie's case of course there—well, there wasn't," proceeded Lady Evenswood with a sigh. "So Robert feels that it might be thought——"

"The people with consciences would be at him, I suppose," said Southend scornfully.

"But if the marriage came off——"

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"Oh, I see!" cried the Imp.

"Then he would feel able to act. It would look merely like putting things back as they were, you see, Mina."

"Do you think he means the viscounty?" asked Southend.

"It would be so much more convenient. And they could have had an earldom once before if they'd liked."

"Oh, twice," corrected Southend confidently.

"I know it's said, but I don't believe it. You mean in 1816?"

"Yes, everybody knows that they could have had it from Mr. Pitt."

"Well, George, I don't believe about 1816. At least my father heard Lord Liverpool say——"

"Oh, dear me!" murmured the Imp. This historical inquiry was neither comprehensible nor interesting. But they discussed it eagerly for some minutes before agreeing that, wherever the truth lay, a viscounty could not be considered out of the way for the Tristrams—legitimate and proper Tristrams, be it understood.

"And that's where the match would be of decisive value," Lady Evenswood concluded.

"Disney said as much evidently. So you understood, Madame Zabriska?"

"I suppose so. I've told you what he said."

"He could take Blentmouth, you know. It's all very simple."

"Well, I'm not sure that our friend Iver isn't keeping that for himself," smiled Southend.

"Oh, he can be Lord Bricks and Putty," she suggested, laughing. But there seemed in her words a deplorable hint of scorn for that process by which the vitality (not to say the solvency) of the British aristocracy is notoriously maintained. "Blentmouth would do very well for Harry Tristram."

"Well then, what's to be done?" asked Southend.

"We must give him a hint, George."

"Have we enough to go upon? Suppose Disney turned round and——"

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"Robert won't do that. Besides, we needn't pledge anything. We can just put the case." She smiled thoughtfully. "I'm still not quite sure how Mr. Tristram will take it, you know."

"How he'll take it? He'll jump at it, of course."

"The girl or the title, George?"

"Well, both together. Won't he, Madame Zabriska?"

Mina thought great things of the girl, and even greater, if vaguer, of the title.

"I should just think so," she replied complacently. There was a limit to the perversity even of the Tristrams.

"We mustn't put it too baldly," observed Southend, dangling his eyeglass.

"Oh, he'll think more of the thing itself than of how we put it," Lady Evenswood declared.

From her knowledge of Harry, the Imp was exactly of that opinion. But Southend was for diplomacy; indeed what pleasure is there in manœuvring schemes if they are not to be conducted with delicacy? A policy that can be defined on a postage stamp has no attraction for ingenious minds, although it is usually the most effective with a nation.

Harry Tristram returned from Blinkhampton in a state of intellectual satisfaction marred by a sense of emotional emptiness. He had been very active, very energetic, very successful. He had new and cogent evidence of his power, not merely to start but to go ahead on his own account. This was the good side. But he discovered and tried to rebuke in himself a feeling that he had so far wasted the time in that he had seen nobody and nothing beautiful. Men of affairs had no concern with a feeling like that. Would Iver have it, or would Mr. Disney? Surely not! It would be a positive inconvenience to them, or at best a worthless asset. He traced it back to Blent, to that influence which he had almost brought himself to call malign because it seemed in some subtle way enervating, a thing that sought to clog his steps and hung about those feet which had need to be so alert and nimble. Yet the old life at

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Blent would not have served by itself now. Was he to turn out so exacting that he must have both lives before he, or what was in him, could cry "Content"? A man will sometimes be alarmed when he realises what he wants—a woman often.

So he came in obedience to Lady Evenswood's summons, very confident but rather sombre. When he arrived, a woman was there whom he did not know. She exhaled fashion and the air of being exactly the right thing. She was young—several years short of forty—and very handsome. Her manner was quiet and well-dowered with repressed humour. He was introduced to Lady Flora Disney, and found himself regarded with unmistakable interest and lurking amusement. It was no effort to remember that Mr. Disney had married a daughter of Lord Bewdley's. That was enough; just as he knew all about her, she would know all about him; they were both of the pale in a sense that their hostess was, but Lord Southend—well, hardly was—and (absurdly enough) Mr. Disney himself not at all. This again was in patent incongruity with Blinkhampton and smelt woefully strong of Blent. Lady Evenswood encouraged Harry to converse with the visitor.

"We're a little quieter," she was saying. "The crisis is dormant, and the Bishop's made, and Lord Hove has gone to consult the Duke of Dexminster—which means a fortnight's delay anyhow, and probably being told to do nothing in the end. So I sometimes see Robert at dinner."

"And he tells you things, and you're indiscreet about them!" said Lady Evenswood rebukingly.

"I believe Robert considers me a sort of ante-room to publicity. And it's so much easier to disown a wife than a journalist, isn't it, Mr. Tristram?"

"Naturally. The Press have to pretend to believe one another," he said, smiling.

"That's the corner-stone," Southend agreed.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" pursued Lady Flora. "But Diana was never a wife, if I remember."

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"Though how they do it, my dear," marvelled Lady Evenswood, "is what I don't understand."

"I know nothing about them," Lady Flora declared. "And they know nothing about me. They stop at my gowns, you know, and even then they always confuse me with Gertrude Melrose."

"I hope that stops at the gown too?" observed Southend.

"The hair does it, I think. She buys hers at the same shop as I— Now what do I do, Mr. Tristram?"

"You, Lady Flora? You know the shop. Is that enough?"

"Yes, or—well, no. I supplement there. I declare I won't wait any longer for Robert."

"He won't come now," said Lady Evenswood. "Is the bishop nice, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, quite plump and gaitery! Good-bye, dear Cousin Sylvia. I wish you'd come and see me, Mr. Tristram."

Harry, making his little bow, declared that he would be delighted.

"I like to see young men sometimes," observed the lady, retreating.

"The new style," Lady Evenswood summed up, as the door closed. "And—well, I suppose Robert likes it."

"*Dissimilia dissimilibus*," shrugged Southend, fixing his glasses.

"It's the only concession to appearances he ever made," sighed Lady Evenswood.

"She's a lady, though."

"Oh, yes. That's what makes it so funny. If she weren't——"

"Yes, it would all be natural enough."

"But we've been wasting your time, Mr. Tristram."

"Never less wasted since I was born," protested Harry, who had both enjoyed and learnt.

"No, really I think not," she agreed, smiling. "Flora has her power."

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The remark grated on him; he wanted nothing of Flora and her power; it was indeed rather an unfortunate introduction to the business of the afternoon; it pointed Harry's quills a little. Lady Evenswood, with a quick perception, tried to retrieve the observation.

"But she likes people who are independent best," she went on. "So does Robert, if it comes to that. Indeed he never does a job for any one."

"Carries that too far in my opinion," commented Southend. The moment for diplomacy approached.

But when it came to the point, Lady Evenswood suavely took the task out of his hands. Her instinct told her that she could do it best; he soon came to agree. She had that delicacy which he desired but lacked; she could claim silence when he must have suffered interruption; she could excuse her interference on the ground of old friendship; she could plead an interest which might seem impertinent in him. Above all, she could be elusively lucid and make herself understood without any bluntness of statement.

"If it could be so managed that the whole miserable accident should be blotted out and forgotten!" she exclaimed, as though she implored a personal favour.

"How can that be?" asked Harry. "I was in, and I am out, Lady Evenswood."

"You're out, and your cousin's in, yes." Harry's eyes noted the words and dwelt on her face. "She can't be happy in that state of affairs either."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "Facts are facts, though."

"There are ways—ways of preventing that," Southend interposed, murmuring vaguely.

"I don't know how you'll feel about it, but we all think you ought to consider other things besides your personal preferences. Might I tell Mr. Disney—no, one moment, please! Our idea, I mean, was that there might be a family arrangement. A moment, please, Mr. Tristram! I don't mean by which she would lose what she has——"

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"But that I should get it?"

"Well, yes. Oh, I know your feelings. But they would cease to exist if you came to her on an equality, with what is really and truly your proper position recognised and—and——"

"Regularised," Southend supplied with a sharp glance at Harry.

"I don't understand," Harry declared. "You must tell me what you mean. Is it something that concerns Cecily as well as me?"

"Oh, about that we haven't the right even to ask your feelings. That would be simply for you to consider. But if anything were to happen——"

"Nothing could." Harry restrained himself no longer. "There can be no question of it."

"I knew you'd feel like that. Just because you feel like that I want to make the other suggestion to you. I'm not speaking idly. I have my warrant, Mr. Tristram. If——" She was at a loss for a moment. "If you ever went back to Blent," she continued, not satisfied, but driven to some form of words, "it isn't inevitable that you should go as Mr. Tristram. There are means of righting such injustices as yours. Wait, please! It would be felt—and felt in a quarter you can guess—that the master of Blent, which you'd be in fact anyhow, should have that position recognised. Perhaps there would not be the same feeling unless you were still associated with Blent."

"I don't understand at all."

She exchanged a despairing glance with Southend; she could not tell whether or not he was sincere in saying that he did not understand. Southend grew weary of the diplomacy which he had advocated; after all it had turned out to be Lady Evenswood's, not his, which may have had something to do with his change of mood towards it. He took up the task with a brisk directness.

"It's like this, Harry. You remember that the unsuc-

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cessful claimant in the Bearsdale Case got a barony? That's our precedent. But it's felt not to go quite all the way—because there was a doubt there. (Luckily for Mina she was not by to hear). But it is felt that in the event of the two branches of your family being united it would be proper to—to obliterate past—er—incidents. And that could be done by raising you to the peerage, under a new and, as we hope, a superior title. We believe Mr. Disney would, under the circumstances I have suggested, be prepared to recommend a viscounty, and that there would prove to be no difficulties in the way." The last words had, presumably, reference to the same quarter that Lady Evenswood had once described by the words, "Somebody Else."

They watched him as he digested the proposal, at last made to him in a tolerably plain form. "You must give me a moment to follow that out," he said, with a smile. But he had it all clear enough before he would allow them to perceive that he understood. For although his brain made easy work of it, his feelings demanded a pause. He was greatly surprised. He had thought of no such a thing. What difference would it make?

Southend was well satisfied with the way in which his overture was received. Lady Evenswood was watching intently.

"The idea is—" said Harry slowly—"I mean—I don't quite gather what it is. You talk of my cousin, and then of a viscounty. The two go together, do they?"

It was rather an awkward question put as bluntly as that.

"Well, that did seem to be Mr. Disney's view," said Southend.

"He was thinking of the family—of the family as a whole. I'm sure you think of that too," urged Lady Evenswood. There would never be a Tristram who did not, she was thinking. Well, except Addie perhaps, who really thought of nothing. "Of course as a thing purely personal to you it

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might be just a little difficult." She meant, and intended Harry to understand, that without the marriage the thing could not be done at all. Mina had reported Mr. Disney faithfully, and Lady Evenswood's knowledge of her cousin Robert was not at fault. "Apart from anything else, there would be the sordid question," she ended, with a smile that became propitiatory against her will; she had meant it to be merely confidential.

There was ground for hope; Harry hesitated—truth will out, even where it impairs the grandeur of men. The suggestion had its attractions; it touched the spring of the picturesque in him which Blinkhampton had left rusting in idleness. It suggested something in regard to Cecily too—what it was, he did not reason out very clearly at the moment. Anyhow what was purposed would create a new situation and put him in a different position towards her. In brief, he would have something more on his side.

"Once he was sure the proposal was agreeable to you——" murmured Lady Evenswood gently. She was still very tentative about the matter, and still watchful of Harry.

But Southend was not cautious or did not read his man so well. To him the battle seemed to be won. He was assured in his manner and decidedly triumphant as he said:

"It's a great thing to have screwed Disney up to the viscounty. It does away with all difficulty about the name, you see."

Harry looked up sharply. Had Mr. Disney been "screwed up"? Who had screwed him up?—by what warrant?—on whose commission? That was enough to make him glower and to bring back something of the old-time look of suspicion to his face. But the greater part of his attention was engrossed by the latter half of Southend's ill-advised bit of jubilation.

"The name? The difficulty about the name?" he asked.

"If it had been a barony—well, hers would take prece-

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dence of course. With the higher degree yours will come first, and her barony be merged—Viscount Blentmouth, eh, Harry?" He chuckled with glee.

"Viscount Blentmouth be hanged!" cried Harry. He mastered himself with an effort. "I beg your pardon, Lady Evenswood; and I'm much obliged to you, and to you too, Lord Southend, for—for screwing Mr. Disney up. It's not a thing I could or should have done or tried to do for myself." In spite of his attempted calmness his voice grew a little louder. "I want nothing but what's my own. If nothing's my own, well and good—I can wait till I make it something."

"But, my dear Harry—!" began the discomfited Southend. Harry cut him short, breaking again into impetuous speech.

"There's nothing between my cousin and me. There's no question of marriage and never can be. And if there were"—he seemed to gather himself up for a flight of scorn—"if there were, do you think I'm going to save my own pride by saddling the family with a beastly new viscounty?"

His tones rose in indignation on the last sentence, as he looked from one to the other. "Viscount Blentmouth, indeed!" he growled.

Southend's hands were out before him in signal of bewildered distress. Lady Evenswood looked at Harry, then, with a quick forward inclination of her body, past him; and she began to laugh.

"Thank you very much, but I've been Tristram of Blent," ended Harry, now in a very fine fume, and feeling he had been much insulted.

Still looking past him, Lady Evenswood sat laughing quietly. Even on Southend's face came an uneasy smile, as he too looked towards the door. After a moment's furious staring at the two, Harry faced round. The door had been softly and noiselessly opened to the extent of a couple of feet.

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A man stood in the doorway, tugging at a rugged beard and with eyes twinkling under rugged brows. Who was he, and how did he come there? Harry heard Lady Evenswood's laughter; he heard her murmur to herself with an accent of pleasure, "A beastly new viscounty!" Then the man in the doorway came a little further in, saying:

"That's exactly what I think about it, Mr. Tristram. I've heard what you said and I agree with you. There's an end, then, of the beastly new viscounty!" He looked mockingly at Southend. "I've been screwed up all for nothing, it seems," said he.

"Why, you're——?"

"Let me introduce myself, Mr. Tristram. I came to look for my wife, and my name is Disney. I intend to keep mine, and I know better than to try and alter yours."

"I thought it would end like this!" cried Lady Evenswood.

"Shan't we say that it begins like this?" asked Mr. Disney. His look at Harry was a compliment.

CHAPTER XXIII

A DECREE OF BANISHMENT

THE Imp cried—absolutely cried for vexation—when a curt and sour note from Southend told her the issue. The blow struck down her excitement and her exultation. Away went all joy in her encounter with Mr. Disney, all pride in the skill with which she had negotiated with the Prime Minister. The end was pitiful—disgusting and pitiful. She poured out her heart's bitterness to Major Duplay, who had come to visit her.

"I'm tired of the whole thing, and I hate the Tristrams!" she declared.

"It always comes to that in time, Mina, when you mix yourself up in people's affairs."

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"Wasn't it through you that I began to do it?"

The Major declined to argue the question—one of some complexity perhaps.

"Well, I've got plenty to do in London. Let's give up Merrion and take rooms here."

"Give up Merrion!" She was startled. But the reasons she assigned were prudential. "I've taken it till October, and I can't afford to. Besides, what's the use of being here in August?"

"You won't drop it yet, you see." The reasons did not deceive Duplay.

"I don't think I ought to desert Cecily. I suppose she'll go back to Blent. Oh, what an exasperating man he is!"

"Doesn't look as if the match would come off now, does it?"

"It's just desperate. The last chance is gone. I don't know what to do."

"Marry him yourself," advised the Major. Though it was an old idea of his, he was not very serious.

"I'd sooner poison him," said Mina decisively. "What must Mr. Disney think of me?"

"I shouldn't trouble about that. Do you suppose he thinks much at all, Mina?" (That is the sort of remark which relatives sometimes regard as consolatory.) "I think Harry Tristram as much of a fool as you do," Duplay added. "If he'd taken it, he could have made a good match anyhow, even if he didn't get Lady Tristram."

"Cecily's just as bad. She's retired into her shell. You don't know that way of hers—of theirs, I suppose it is, bother them! She's treating everybody and everything as if they didn't exist."

"She'll go back to Blent, I suppose?"

"Well, she must. Somebody must have it."

"If it's going begging, call on me," said the Major equably. He was in a better humour with the world than he had been

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for a long while; his connection with Iver promised well. But Mina sniffed scornfully; she was in no mood for idle jests.

Cecily had been told about the scheme and its lamentable end. Her attitude was one of entire unconcern. What was it to her if Harry were made a viscount, a duke, or the Pope? What was anything to her? She was going back to her father at Blent. The only animation she displayed was in resenting the remainder, and indeed denying the fact, that she had ever been other than absolutely happy and contented at Blent. Mina pressed the point, and Cecily then declared that now at any rate her conscience was at rest. She had tried to do what was right —at what sacrifice Mina knew; the reception of her offer Mina knew. Now perhaps Mina could sympathise with her, and could understand the sort of way in which Cousin Harry received attempts to help him. On this point they drew together again.

"You must come back to Merrion, dear," urged Cecily.

Mina, who never meant to do anything else, embraced her friend and affectionately consented. It is always pleasant to do on entreaty what we might be driven to do unasked.

Good-bye had to be said to Lady Evenswood. That lady was very cheerful about Harry; she was, hardly with any disguise, an admirer of his conduct, and said that undoubtedly he had made a very favourable impression on Robert. She seemed to make little of the desperate condition of affairs as regarded Cecily. She was thinking of Harry's career, and that seemed to her very promising. "Whatever he tries I think he'll succeed in," she said. That was not enough for Mina; he must try Mina's things—those she had set her heart on—before she could be content. "But you never brought Cecily to see me," Lady Evenswood complained. "And I'm just going away now."

That was it, Mina decided. Lady Evenswood had not seen Cecily. She had approached the Tristram puzzle from one side only, and had perceived but one aspect of it. She did not understand that it was complex and double-headed; it was neither Harry nor Cecily, but Harry and Cecily. Mina had

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been in that state of mind before Cecily came on the scene; it was natural now in Lady Evenswood. But it rendered her really useless. It was a shock to find that, all along, in Lady Evenswood's mind Cecily had been a step towards the peerage rather than the peerage the first step towards Cecily. Mina wondered loftily (but silently) how woman could take so slighting a view of woman.

"And Flora Disney has quite taken him up," Lady Evenswood pursued. "George tells me he's been to lunch there twice. George is a terrible gossip."

"What does Lady Flora Disney want with him?"

"Well, my dear, are you going to turn round and say you don't understand why he interests women?"

"I don't see why he should interest Lady Flora." Mina had already made up her mind that she hated that sort of woman. It was bad enough to have captured Mr. Disney; must the insatiate creature draw into her net Harry Tristram also?

"And of course he's flattered. Any young man would be."

"I don't think he's improved since he left Blent."

"Country folks always say that about their young men when they come to town," smiled Lady Evenswood. "He's learning his world, my dear. And he seems very sensible. He hasn't inherited poor Addie's wildness."

"Yes, he has. But it only comes out now and then. When it does——"

"It won't come out with Flora," Lady Evenswood interrupted reassuringly. "And at any rate, as you may suppose, I'm going to leave him to his own devices. Oh, I think he's quite right, but I don't want to be wrong myself again, that's all."

But another thing was to happen before Mina went back to the valley of the Blent; a fearful, delightful thing. An astonishing missive came—a card inviting her to dine with Mr. and Lady Flora Disney. She gasped as she read it. Had

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Lady Flora ever indulged in the same expression of feeling, it would have been when she was asked to send it. Gasping still, Mina telegraphed for her best frock and all the jewelled tokens of affection which survived to testify to Adolf Zabriska's love. It was in itself an infinitely great occasion, destined always to loom large in memory; but it proved to have a bearing on the Tristram problem too.

For Harry was there. He sat on the hostess's left; on her other side was handsome Lord Hove, very resplendent in full dress, starred and ribanded. .Several of the men were like that; there was some function later on, Mina learnt from an easy-mannered youth who sat by her and seemed bored with the party. Disney came in late, in his usual indifferently fitting morning clothes, snatching an hour from the House, in the strongest contrast to the fair sumptuousness of his wife. He took a vacant chair two places from Mina and nodded at her in a friendly way. They were at a round table, and there were only a dozen there. The easy-mannered youth told her all about them, including several things which it is to be hoped were not true; he seemed to view them from an altitude of good-humoured contempt. Mina discovered afterwards that he was a cousin of Lady Flora's and occupied a position in Messrs. Coutts' Bank. He chuckled once, remarking:

"Flora's talking to Tristram all the time, instead of being pleasant to Tommy Hove. Fact is, she hates Tommy and she'd be glad if the Chief would give him the boot. But the Chief doesn't want to, because Tommy's well in at Court and the Chief isn't."

"Why does Lady Flora hate Lord Hove? He's very handsome."

"Think so? Well, I see so many fellows like that, that I'm beginnin' to hate 'em. Like the sweet girl, don't you know? I hear the Chief thinks Tristram'll train on."

"Do what?" asked Mina absently, looking across at Harry.

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Harry was quite lively, and deep in conversation with his hostess.

"Well, they might put him in the House, and so on, you know. See that woman next but three? That's Gertrude Melrose; spends more on clothes than any woman in London, and she's only got nine hundred a year. Queer?" He smiled as he consumed an almond.

"She must get into debt," said Mina, gazing at the clothes of inexplicable origin.

"Gettin' in isn't the mystery," remarked the youth. "It's the gettin' out, Madame—er—Zabriska." He had taken a swift glance at Mina's card.

Mina looked around. "Is it in this room they have the Councils?" she asked.

"Cabinets? Don't know. Downstairs somewhere, I believe, anyhow." He smothered a yawn. "Queer thing, that about Tristram, you know. If everything was known, you know, I shouldn't wonder if a lot of other fellows found themselves——"

He was interrupted, fortunately perhaps, in these speculations by a question from his other neighbour. Mina was left alone for some minutes, and set to work to observe the scene. She was tolerably at ease now; a man was on each side of her, and in the end it was the women of whom she was afraid. There would be a terrible time in the drawing-room, but she determined not to think of that. Harry saw her sitting silent and smiled across at her while he listened to Lady Flora. The smile seemed to come from a great way off. The longer she sat there the more that impression grew; he seemed so much and so naturally a part of the scene and one of the company. She was so emphatically not one of them, save by the merest accident and for an evening's span. The sense of difference and distance troubled her. She thought of Cecily alone at home, and grew more troubled still. She felt absurd too, because she had been trying to help Harry. If that had to be

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done, she supposed Lady Flora would do it now. The idea was bitter. Where difference of class comes in, women seem more hostile to one another than men are to men; perhaps this should be considered in relation to the Franchise Question.

Through the talk of the rest she listened to Harry and Lady Flora. That Harry should hold his own did not surprise her; it was rather unexpected that he should do it so lightly and so urbanely. Lord Hove tried to intervene once or twice, with no success; capricious waves of sympathy undulated across to him from Mina. She turned her head by chance, and found Mr. Disney silent too, and looking at her. The next moment he spoke to the easy-mannered youth.

"Well, Theo, what's the world saying and doing?"

"Same as last year, Cousin Robert," answered Theo cheerfully. "Government's a year older, of course."

In an instant Mina was pleased; she detected an unexpected but pleasant friendship between Mr. Disney and the youth. She credited Disney with more humanity—the humour necessary she knew he had—and liked him even better.

"The drawing-rooms have kicked us out already, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, rather. But the Bank's not sure."

"Good! That's something. Banks against drawing-rooms for me, Madame Zabriska." He brought her into the conversation almost with tact; he must have had a strong wish to make her comfortable.

"That's right," announced Theo. "I should say you're all right in the country too. Crops pretty good, you know, and the rain's comin' down just nicely."

"Well, I ordered it," said Mr. Disney.

"Takin' all the credit you can get," observed Theo. "Like the man who carved his name on the knife before he stabbed his mother-in-law."

"What did he do that for?" cried Mina. A guffaw from Disney quite amazed her.

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Harry looked across with a surprised air; he seemed to wonder that she should be enjoying herself. Mina was annoyed, and set herself to be merry; a glance from Lady Flora converted vexation into rage. She turned back to Theo; somehow Mr. Disney had taught her how to like him —often a valuable lesson, if people would keep their eyes open for it.

"Everybody else I've met has been horribly afraid of Mr. Disney," she said in a half whisper.

"Oh, you aren't in a funk of a man who's smacked your head!"

That seemed a better paradox than most. Mina nodded approvingly.

"What does the Bank say about Barililand, Theo?" called Disney. Lord Hove paused in the act of drinking a glass of wine.

"Well, they're just wonderin' who's goin' to do the kickin'," said Theo.

"And who's going to take it?" Disney seemed much amused. Lord Hove had turned a little pink. Mina had a vague sense that serious things were being joked about. Harry had turned from his hostess and was listening.

"That's what it comes to," concluded Theo.

Disney glanced round, smiling grimly. Everybody had become silent. Barililand had produced the question on which Lord Hove was supposed to be restive. Disney laughed and looked at his wife. She rose from the table. Mr. Disney had either learnt what he wanted or had finished amusing himself. Mina did not know which; no more, oddly enough, did Lord Hove.

Mr. Disney was by the door, saying good-bye to the ladies; he would not be coming to the drawing-room. He stopped Mina, who went out last, just before his wife.

"We've done all we could, Madame Zabriska," he said. "We must leave him alone, eh?"

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"I'm afraid so. You've been very kind, Mr. Disney."

"Better as it is, I fancy. Now then, Flora!" At this peremptory summons Lady Flora left Theo, by whom she had halted, and followed Mina through the door.

The dreadful moment had come. It justified Mina's fears, but not in the way she had expected. Two of the women left directly; the other two went off into a corner; her hostess sat down and talked to her. Lady Flora was not distant and did not make Mina feel an outsider. The fault was the other way; she was confidential—and about Harry. She assumed an intimacy with him equal or more than equal to Mina's own; she even told Mina things about him; she said "we" thought him an enormous acquisition and hoped to see a great deal of him. It was all very kind, and Mina, as a true friend, should have been delighted. As it was, dolor grew upon her.

"And I suppose the cousin is quite——?" A gentle motion of Lady Flora's fan was left to define Cecily more exactly, and proved fully up to the task.

"She's the most fascinating creature I ever saw," cried Mina.

"Rescued out of Chelsea, wasn't she?" smiled Lady Flora. "Poor thing! One's sorry for her. When her mourning's over we must get her out. I do hope she's something like Mr. Tristram?"

"I think she's ever so much nicer than Mr. Tristram." Mina would have shrunk from stating this upon oath.

"He interests me enormously, and it's so seldom I like Robert's young men."

So he was to be Robert's young man too! The thing grew worse and worse. Almost she hated her idol, Mr. Disney. Personal jealousy, and jealousy for Cecily, blinded her to his merits, much more to the gracious cordiality which his wife was now showing.

"Yes, I'm sure we shall make something of Harry Tristram."

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"He doesn't like things done for him," Mina declared. She meant to show how very well she knew him, and spoke with an air of authority.

"Oh, of course it won't look like that, Madame Zabriska."

Now the Imp's efforts had looked like that—just like it. She chafed under conscious inferiority; Lady Flora had smiled at being thought to need such a reminder.

"Men never see it unless it's absolutely crammed down their throats," Lady Flora pursued. "They always think it's all themselves, you know. It would be very clumsy to be found out."

In perfect innocence she sprinkled pepper on Mina's wound. Able to endure no more, the Imp declared that she must go back to Cecily.

"Oh, poor girl, I quite forgot her! You're going back to Blent with her, I suppose? Do come and see us when you're in town again." Was there or was there not the slightest sigh as she turned away, a sigh that spoke of duty nobly done? Even towards Robert's caprices, even to the oddest people, Lady Flora prided herself on a becoming bearing. And in the end this little Madame Zabriska had rather amused her; she was funny with her airs of ownership about Harry Tristram.

Well poor Mina understood! All that the enemy thought was legible to her; all the misery that keen perceptions can sometimes bring was sure to be hers. She had spent the most notable evening of her life, and she got into her cab a miserable woman.

Theo was on the doorstep. "Escapin'," he confided to her while he handed her in. "Worst of these parties generally is that there's nobody amusin'," he observed as he did her this service. "Aren't you rather glad you haven't got to take on Flora's job, Madame Zabriska?"

No, at the moment at least Mina did not rejoice on that account.

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When she reached home, there was nothing to change her mood. She found Cecily in a melancholy so sympathetic as to invite an immediate outpouring of the heart. Cecily was beautiful that evening, in her black frock, with her fair hair, her pale face, and her eyes full of tragedy. She had been writing, it appeared; ink and paper were on the table. She was very quiet, but, Mina thought, with the stillness that follows a storm. Unasked, the Imp sketched the dinner party, especially Harry's share in it. Her despair was laced with vitriol and she avoided a kind word about anybody. This was blank ingratitude to Mr. Disney, and to Theo too; but our friends can seldom escape from paying for our misfortunes.

"Those people have got hold of him. We've lost him. That's the end of it," she cried.

Cecily had nothing to say; she leant back in a slack dreariness while Mina expatiated on this doleful text. There came a luxury into the Imp's woe as she realised for herself and her auditor the extreme sorrows of the situation; she forgot entirely that there was not and never had been any reason why Harry should be anything in particular to her at least. She observed that of course she was glad for his sake; this time-honoured unselfishness won no assent from Cecily. Lacking the reinforcement of discussion, the stream of Mina's lamentation began to run dry.

"Oh, it's no use talking," she ended. "There it is!"

"I'm going back to Blent to-morrow," said Cecily suddenly.

It was no more than Mina had expected. "Yes, we may as well," she assented dismally.

Cecily rose and began to walk about. Her air caught Mina's attention again; on this, the evening before she returned to Blent, it had something of that suppressed passion which had marked her manner on the night when she determined to leave it. She came to a stand opposite Mina.

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"I've made up my mind. From this moment, Mina, Blent is mine. Up to now I've held it for Harry. Now it's mine. I shall go back and begin everything there to-morrow."

Mina felt the tragedy; the inevitable was being accepted.

"You see I've been writing?"

"Yes, Cecily." After all it looked as though the Imp were not to be cheated of her sensation.

"I've written to Cousin Harry. I've told him what I mean to do. He must think it right; it's the only thing he's left me to do. But I've told him I can do it only on one condition. He'll have my letter to-morrow."

"On one condition? What?"

"I said to him that he gave me Blent because I was there, because he saw me there in the middle of it all. That's true. If I'd stayed here, would he ever have told his secret? Never! He wouldn't so much as have come to see me; he'd never have thought of me, he'd have forgotten all about me. It was seeing me there."

"Well, seeing you anyhow."

"Seeing me there—there at Blent," she insisted, now almost angrily. "So he'll understand what I mean by the thing I've asked of him. And he must obey." Her voice became imperious. "I've told him that I'm going back, going to stay there, and live there, but that he must never, never come there."

Mina started, her eyes wide open in surprise at this heroic measure.

"I must never see him—if I can help it. Anyhow I must never see him at Blent. That's the only way I can endure it."

"Never see him! Never have him at Blent!" Mina was trying to sort out the state of things which would result. It was pretty plain what had happened; Cecily had felt the need of doing something; here it was. Mina's sympathies, quick to

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move, darted out to Harry. "Think what it'll mean to him never to see Blent!" she cried.

"To him? Nothing, nothing! Why, you yourself came home just now saying that we were nothing to him! Blent's nothing to him now. It's for my own sake that I've said he mustn't come."

"You've begged him not to come?"

"I've told him not to come," said Cecily haughtily. "If it's his, let him take it. If it's mine, I can choose who shall come there. Don't you see, don't you see? How can I ever cheat myself into thinking it's mine by right if I see Harry there?" She paused a moment. "And if you'd thrown yourself at a man's head, and he'd refused you, would you want to have him about?"

"N—no," said Mina, but rather hesitatingly; uncomfortable situations are to some natures better than no situations at all. "No, of course not," she added more confidently, after she had spent a moment in bracing up her sense of what was seemly.

"So I've ended it, I've ended everything. I posted my letter just before you came in, and he'll get it to-morrow. And now, Mina, I'm going back to Blent." She threw herself into an armchair, leaning back in a sudden weariness after the excited emotion with which she had declared her resolve. Mina sat on the other side of the table looking at her, and after a moment's looking suddenly began to sob.

"It's too miserable," she declared in wrathful woe. "Why couldn't he have said nothing about it and just married you? Oh, I hate it all, because I love you both. I know people think I'm in love with him, but I'm not. It's both of you, it's the whole thing; and now it never, never can go straight. If he got Blent back now by a miracle, it would be just as bad."

"Worse," said Cecily, "if you mean that then he might——"

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"Yes, worse," moaned Mina. "It's hopeless every way. And I believe he's fond of you."

A scornful smile was Cecily's only but sufficient answer.

"And you love him!" Mina's sorrow made her forget all fear. She said in this moment what she had never before dared to say. "Oh, of course you do, or you'd never have told him he mustn't come to Blent. But he won't understand that—and it would make no difference if he did, I suppose! Oh, you Tristrams!" Again her old despairing cry of revolt and bewilderment was wrung from her by the ways of the family with whose fate she had become so concerned. Southend had felt much the same thing over the matter of Harry and the viscounty. "So it all ends, it all ends—and we've got to go back to Blent!"

"Yes, I love him," said Cecily. "That evening in the Long Gallery—the evening when he gave me Blent—do you know what I thought?" She spoke low and quickly, lying back quite still in the attitude that Addie Tristram had once made her own. "I watched him, and I saw that he had something to say, and yet wouldn't say it. I saw he was struggling. And I watched, how I watched! He was engaged to Janie Iver—he had told me that. But he didn't love her—yes, he told me that too. But there was something else. I saw it. I had come to love him then already—oh, I think as soon as I saw him at Blent. And I waited for it. Did you ever do that, Mina—do you remember?"

Mina was silent; her memories gave her no such thing as that. Her sobs had ceased; she sat listening in tense excitement to the history of the scene that she had descried, dim and far off, from the terrace of Merrion on the hill.

"I waited, waited. I couldn't believe—Ah, yes, but I did believe. I thought he felt bound in honour and I hoped—yes, I hoped—he would break his word and throw away his honour. I saw it coming, and my heart seemed to burst as I waited for it. You'd know, if it had ever happened to you like that.

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And at last I saw he would speak—I saw he must speak. He came and stood by me. Suddenly he cried, 'I can't do it.' Then my heart leapt, because I thought he meant he couldn't marry Janie Iver. I looked up at him and I suppose I said something. He caught me by the arm. I thought he was going to kiss me, Mina. And then—then he told me that Blent was mine—not himself but Blent—that I was Lady Tristram, and he—Harry Nothing—he said, Harry Nothing at all."

"Oh, if you'd told him that!" cried Mina.

"Tell him!" She smiled in superb scorn. "I'd die before I told him. I could go and offer myself to him just because he didn't know. And he'll never know now. Only now you can understand that Blent is— Ah, that it's all bitterness to me! And you know now why he must never come. Yes, as you say, it all ends now."

Mina came and knelt down by her, caressing her hand. Cecily shivered a little and moved with a vague air of discomfort.

"But I believe he cares for you," Mina whispered.

"He might have cared for me perhaps. But Blent's between."

Blent was between. The difficulty seemed insuperable—at least where you were dealing with Tristrams. Mina could not but acknowledge that. For Harry, having nothing to give, would take nothing. And Cecily, having much, was thereby debarred from giving anything. And if that miracle of which Mina had spoken came about, the parts would be exchanged, but the position would be no more hopeful. The Tristrams not only brought about difficult situations—as Addie had done here—but by being what they were they ensured that the difficulties should not be overcome. Yet at this moment Mina could not cry, "Oh, you Tristrams!" any more. Her sorrow was too great and Cecily too beautiful. She seemed again to see Addie, and neither she nor anybody else could have been

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hard to Addie. She covered Cecily's hands with kisses as she knelt by her side.

"Yes, this is the end," said Cecily. "Now, Mina, for Blent and her ladyship!" She gave a bitter little laugh. "And good-bye to Cousin Harry!"

"Oh, Cecily——!"

"No, he shall never come to Blent."

How would Harry take this decree of banishment? Mina looked up into her friend's eyes, wondering. But did not the dinner-party at Mr. Disney's answer that?

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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AUGUST 1901

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THE MAIN STREAM

WE have no sympathy with those who seek only to find amusement for themselves and others in the present troubles of the Liberal party. Our feelings, like those we believe of nine-tenths of the people of this country, are ranged on the side of the Government and not on that of their opponents, so far as the South African War and the questions arising out of it are concerned; but that is no reason for hailing with delight the possible destruction of one of the two parts of our constitutional machine. If the Admiral commanding one fleet in our Naval Manœuvres should find himself unopposed wherever he sailed, he would regard the contest as a failure rather than a triumph; and if the non-appearance of his opponents proved to have been caused by a fatal accident he would hardly care to be received home by his friends with boisterous acclamations.

We cannot, therefore, agree with that section of the Press which has been pouring ridicule upon the meeting lately held at the Reform Club. The proceedings were in no respect ridiculous; on the contrary, good feeling and self-restraint were shown to a remarkable degree, the Party gave the impression of being a loyal and courageous party, and some of the speeches showed that the finest elements of our political life are not wanting in the ranks of the Opposition. It is said that nothing was accomplished: that the wound was merely covered with a poultice. This may be a witty description, but it is hardly a

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criticism, for a poultice may have been the appropriate remedy, if, as we believe, it is not a wound but something like a gathering, from which the patient has suffered.

Granted, however, that the trouble was skilfully brought to a head and a soothing effect produced, the remedy must be admitted to be a temporary one, and no time should be lost in beginning a radical cure, for the mischief is deep-seated and continuing. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey have shown both courage and insight in proclaiming openly that the future is here involved in the present and past; but it is doubtful even now whether the full extent to which this is true has been understood: it certainly has not, to our knowledge, been expressed. "An honest difference of view," said Mr. Asquith, "about origins and causes, naturally colours and influences men's judgment of the present and their estimate of the future." Sir Edward Grey put the same point in a more concrete form. "When you come to particular motions in the House of Commons, the view we have taken about the war is sure to colour the view which we take upon that occasion in the House of Commons." These are plain and necessary warnings, given to one section of the party, that they must not expect or require another section to act inconsistently or to shirk the logical obligation of their admissions as to the past. There is, however, a further warning still more plain and necessary, which was not given either by Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, but which we venture to put forth ourselves, speaking, as we believe, on behalf of a large body of thoughtful and impartial men, who are in a position to take a rather more remote and sedentary view of the political maze in which their friends are hurrying to and fro "not without dust and heat."

The warning is this: the danger which threatens the Liberal Party is not only serious, but it is one not essentially connected with the question of the war or of South Africa; it will therefore not disappear with the cessation of the war or the arrangement of a satisfactory settlement; the present troubles are merely the symptoms of the malady, and will be succeeded

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by others not less painful if no attempt is made to get rid of the poison and establish a healthier mode of life; for the habits of the last two years, and especially of the last two months, have been of the kind described by doctors as "imprudent," and by plainer spoken people as dissipated.

The theory has been propounded lately that the Liberal Party has "exhausted its mandate," that it has lost its *raison d'être*. We would say rather that it has forgotten it. It has been acting upon the creed that the duty of an Opposition is to oppose, and their object to turn out the Government and come in themselves. The only object on the other hand, which a true Liberal could admit as a legitimate one, is the provision and maintenance of a party more enlightened, more competent, and more patriotic, than that in power; such a party as may, when opportunity offers, supersede their inferior rivals, and in the meantime rouse them to emulation in the service of the country. The first duty of such a party is to criticise from the standpoint of a well-founded ideal. It is evident that when criticism degenerates into mere opposition, when it is based on malevolence or a selfish desire for office, it is useless, and will probably be ineffective: it is also evident to most of us at this moment that at certain national crises, for instance after the actual outbreak of war, criticism should only be offered by the most competent and most responsible, and with stricter regard than ever to the subordination of all other interests to that of the common weal. The time has come for saying plainly that the criticism offered by the Liberal Party during the present war, has not passed these tests: it has been inconsistent and merely embarrassing, it has become malevolent and unscrupulous.

A charge such as this must not be directed against a whole body without discrimination: but discrimination while it frees the many, presses more heavily upon the few. The few in this case are the leaders belonging to what has been called "the main stream," and the pro-Boers.

It is futile to deny that there are both in the House of

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Commons and in the country those who have merited the name of pro-Boer. The term has been much misused: it has often been flung unjustly at all who differ from the majority as to the origin or inevitability of the war: but it has a meaning. It is legitimately applied to a spirit and a method. The spirit that cannot engage in controversy without hatred, the method of gaining an end by foul and reckless means—these are always evil, but they are at least human evils: such a spirit and method when turned against a man's own country and countrymen, are a horrible form of unnatural crime, and do more harm to the welfare of the world than many wars. The man of liberal mind does not easily quarrel for a difference of opinion; he remembers both the liberty of others and his own dignity. Even when he would give much to influence the action of his fellows, he will only attempt it by ways that are honourable both to them and to himself; if he fails he bows without bitterness to the will of the majority, until the wheel shall turn. There may come a crisis when he must resort to force in the defence of sacred rights, which are not matters of opinion: but it will be the force of arms and not of calumny or curses, and he will stake his own life before he urges others to risk theirs. If the suspicion should be forced upon him that his country is in the wrong, is guilty even of a great crime, he will be slow to convince, he will sift and re-sift every grain of evidence; if in his judgment the proof is irresistible he will strain every nerve to undo the mischief, to reverse the policy, but he will keep silence before the world, he will not use his mother's shame to enforce his own arguments.

The pro-Boer is different: *homo passionatus etiam bonum in malum trahit, et faciliter malum credit; dicit sæpe quod dicere non deberet.* His opinions we regret, but we are not angered by them: if they were dispassionately and scrupulously urged we should not blame him for them. His feelings and tactics are another matter; but even these must be considered historically, and with as little indignation as may be. The pro-Boer, as we know him, may be said to date from the Jameson

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Raid, and he draws his original inspiration from several sources. One is a strong dislike to capitalists, another is distrust of Mr. Rhodes, a third, hatred of Mr. Chamberlain. So strong was the impulse of this current from the first that the natural sympathies of patriotism and Liberalism were, in many minds, speedily submerged and carried away by it; and men like Mr. Labouchere were already belittling the grievances and disabilities of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal at a time when Sir William Harcourt was still in a mood to remind President Kruger of the origin of the Great Trek, and when Mr. Morley was still of opinion that "the Transvaal, in my judgment, cannot withdraw from the five years franchise." The object of the pro-Boers at this time was to "give master Joe another fall"; their methods included advice to the Transvaal upon the invasion of British territory. Their hatred was extended to include Sir Alfred Milner. His appointment the *Daily Chronicle* (Mr. Massingham) had described as "an ideal one," adding that he "may be trusted to do justice, and to do it with firmness, with tact, with good sense." Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* had also declared "that Sir Alfred Milner is the best man for the post there is no manner of doubt . . . a man with a better judgment, a leveller head, and a kinder heart you will not easily find"; yet by September 1899, this unanimously chosen umpire was execrated as "a lost man, a lost mind," because he had given a decision against their views. This was after the dispatch of September 5, and in spite of his applause of the dictum last quoted, Mr. Morley was still urging "this five years franchise without dubious terms" upon the Transvaal Government, adding the words "we must be patient—not too patient: I do not ask it"; and Sir William Harcourt was still of the opinion "that the claim to be a Sovereign International State, put forward on the part of President Kruger, was not justified; that the British Government were right in repudiating it." The pro-Boers, however, immediately afterwards accused Mr. Chamberlain of "going to war for a consonant," though the dispatch of September 22, which contained the "consonant,"

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contained also an offer to guarantee the Transvaal against any attack on its independence. On September 27, Mr. Kruger, without replying to this dispatch, mobilised the Boer commandos; on the 29th he took over the railways and expelled the Uitlanders; on October 7 the Reserves were called out in England; on October 11 the Boer Ultimatum was issued.

The pro-Boers were almost silenced for a time. During the earlier stages of the war their efforts were put forth chiefly in the formation of Conciliation Committees and Stop-the-War Societies. Their main line of argument was that war is never necessary, is always unjustifiable; a contention, in any case, discreditable to their intelligence and judgment, and now maintained with a violence which had nothing to do with peace in any true sense of the word. A period of military success followed, and then the General Election. The Liberal Party could never have expected a substantial success, but some impression might have been made upon a majority handicapped by so many miscalculations and disasters. It was a great opportunity for leaders, and the leaders failed lamentably. Mr. Morley had by June come to believe that our Government had practically declared war by calling out the Reserves. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had not yet come to believe anything definitely. The result was that the Government gained the unparalleled success of a second term of office with an undiminished majority, not as the reward of merit, but in recognition of the fact that there was no possible alternative party.

The pro-Boers, exasperated by this failure, passed into a frenzy of unreason; they held meetings at which De Wet was cheered and English generals were hissed; they boasted that they preferred the title of pro-Boer to that of Christian; their Press grasped unscrupulously at the most palpably false accusations not of our politicians but of our soldiers. Anonymous statements were printed alleging orders for "no prisoners" from Lord Kitchener; a proclamation that the nation was "wearying of the war" was founded on a letter from a single Noncon-

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formist minister; Mr. Stead published, under the sensational heading "Has the Army broken in our Hand?" a garbled letter taken without inquiry by another paper from yet another in America; inferring to the satisfaction of himself and our worst enemies that our soldiers were mutinying against orders of policy, and this from a single unsifted piece of what would have been third-hand evidence if it had not been practically a forgery. It is unnecessary to speak of Mr. Frederic Harrison's intemperate manifesto or to do more than mention the visit of Messrs. Sauer and Merriman; their mission now looks childish in view of subsequent disclosures, but it was the occasion of some disgraceful proceedings and ended in a farewell banquet at which, to our profound regret, Mr. Courtney is reported to have again spoken of Lord Milner in a manner unworthy of his better self.

So far we have not attempted to be exhaustive in any way; we have merely set down a few phrases and events which have remained in our memory and seem sufficiently typical for our purpose. They show that up to the moment of the outbreak of war the Liberal Party had on the whole fulfilled honourably and without excesses its legitimate function of criticism. They do not show that during the first eighteen months of the war, while the pro-Boers were giving lamentable proofs of passion and unreason, they were receiving from the responsible chiefs of the Liberal Party any open countenance or support; the programme of hatred aud unscrupulousness had not become official; the Party might be weakened by inconsistent leading, and discredited by some of its associates, but its honour as a whole was uncompromised.

Suddenly, however, without any warning, the situation was entirely changed. By a succession of blows which had almost the appearance of being concerted, Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman shattered the mosaic which they had been hitherto so careful to put together and keep undisturbed, and cast into the deepest doubt the Party's hopes of future usefulness. On June 14, at a banquet given by the National

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Reform Union, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke of the policy of the concentration camps as one of "punishing" our enemies "now that we have got them down," and added that a war was not a war "when it was carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa." Mr. Morley followed with his now famous speech on "the main stream of Liberalism." This, in Mr. Asquith's view—and we think his view justified—was "a challenge deliberately and even defiantly thrown down. It gave an impression that those members of our Party who have taken the view which I have taken of the war, are henceforth to regard themselves as definitely and authoritatively branded as schismatics and heretics—that we had placed ourselves in antagonism with the predominant and authorised creed of the Liberal Party."

These speeches seemed startlingly like an adoption of the spirit and methods of the pro-Boers, and they certainly tended to disunion and the degradation of political life; the sinister impression was quickly deepened by the events which followed. On June 17, in a debate on the same subject of Concentration, Mr. Lloyd-George, after speaking of the high death-rate among the refugees, added "no doubt what had happened in these camps had entitled Sir Alfred Milner to his peerage." He then compared the policy of the Government to that of General Weyler in Cuba; and moved the adjournment of the House.

This motion was not in any sense an official one; the Party Whips were not telling in the division; but the titular Leader of the Liberals went into the lobby with Mr. Lloyd-George.

Mr. Labouchere was sufficiently encouraged by this success to proclaim at the Queen's Hall meeting two days afterwards that "Never had such barbarous acts been done by a civilised nation as had been done by England in the present war;" while Mr. Lloyd-George himself, in the part of an "honest, single-minded, and sane patriot," declared that "we had had disaster and defeat in South Africa, but he felt none of them so much as he did the torture of one little child," and described Mr. Chamberlain as "Herod's modern imitator." An amendment

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was then proposed and carried by acclamation in favour of such terms of settlement "as shall include the complete independence of the two Republics."

It might have been thought after this that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would see the danger before him. On the contrary, he rushed more violently down the steep place, and upon an occasion which made his action more marked than before. Coming late into the House on July 4, and hearing only the conclusion of a speech by Mr. Lloyd-George, he endorsed it blindfold as "a moderate statement of those common-sense views which . . . are the views of the great majority of the people of this country." He went on to deliver a speech himself, which was rightly described as "frankly pro-Boer." The phrase has been warmly repudiated by Sir William Harcourt, but Mr. Balfour, who used it, had already set out the indictment more fully, and we think unanswerably. "Though the party of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman regards himself as the representative has done great things for the Empire in the past, it is open to the charge, on more than one occasion, of having had certain members who have sometimes openly ranged themselves with the enemies of their country, and at other times, without ranging themselves with the enemies of their country, have done all they could to blacken the character of their country in the face of the world and to encourage by their opposition and their criticisms those who were fighting against us in the field." That has been true all along; but it was now necessary to add that the leader of that party himself had adopted methods and used language which "would be shocking in the most irresponsible politician."

It is this condition of things, now definitely ascertained, that was left entirely untouched by the meeting at the Reform Club. With much energy and goodwill, that good ship, the Liberal Party, was then overhauled in mid-ocean and reported still seaworthy; but no one pointed out the vital fact that instead of holding a straight course through the rougher water,

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her steersman has crept to leeward of a reef cumbered with wreckage and hitherto universally avoided: she is making, and is likely to make, no headway; she has fouled her propeller. The man who is responsible for this may have and is acknowledged to have many good qualities; he is genial and hard-working, he has accepted with devotion a hard and thankless task: but he cannot steer. He might well have been the subject of Burke's famous contrast:

> The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our Government, and the Pilot and the Minister are in similar circumstances. It seldom happens that either of them can steer a direct course, and they both arrive at their ports by means which frequently seem to carry them from it. But as the work advances, the conduct of him who leads it on with real abilities clears up, the appearing inconsistencies are reconciled, and when once it is consummated, the whole shows itself so uniform, so plain, and so natural, that every dabbler in politics will be apt to think he could have done the same.
>
> But on the other hand, a man who proposes no such object, who substitutes artifice in the place of ability, who instead of leading parties and governing accidents, is eternally agitated backwards and forwards, who begins every day something new and carries nothing on to perfection, may impose awhile on the world, but a little sooner or later, the mystery will be revealed, and nothing will be found to be concealed under it but a thread of pitiful expedients, the ultimate end of which never extended farther than living from day to day.

Can any one believe that the conduct of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Morley will ever clear up, that their appearing inconsistencies can ever be reconciled? Has their ultimate end ever extended farther than living from day to day, and is not their latter conduct indeed a thread of pitiful expedients?

The views here put forward do not, we are glad to find, lack support, and that from the most desirable quarter of all, from the one sane and temperate organ of the Opposition. Throughout these troubled times the editorial articles of the *Westminster Gazette* have been honourably distinguished by an honest desire to face facts and by a self-restraint which has forbidden party spirit to seek a triumph at the expense of

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patriotism. They have not presumed to thrust advice upon the leaders of the Liberal Party, but as each stage has been passed in the development of the crisis they have offered comments which have constantly formed a rebuke—possibly unintentional, but none the less effective—to the utterances of those in the more responsible position. The following words are among many which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Morley have no doubt read lately, and by which we can only regret that they have not profited.

> As Liberals we must have a certain respect for men who are fighting thus bravely for their independence. But as Englishmen, we cannot forget that the triumph at which thay aim would be fatal to the British Empire in South Africa, and perhaps beyond South Africa. If then we are not prepared for any such catastrophe, we may keep the olive-branch ready, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman says, but while the war lasts, and while the Boers reject all possible conciliation, we must be in favour of carrying on the war vigorously, that it may be speedily concluded. The logic of war admits of no halfway house. . . . Therefore it is useless to declaim against war until and unless we are prepared to make peace, as at present we are not.
>
> The root fact is that after nearly two years of war the Boers, according to our information, want the condition precedent of peace to be a recognition that they are a sovereign international State.

There has been hardly any time during the later stages of the war when these words would not have been in season: those which follow are for the present crisis.

> We believe, as we have often said, that this war has been as humane as any war could possibly be.
>
> We cannot acquit the Boers of responsibility, nor have we any sympathy with a line of criticism which confuses soldiers with politicians, and fulminates against both as if, in making war, they were guilty of a crime.
>
> But the extreme sections who act thus are . . . a very small minority, and the duty of leaders is not to side with them but to control them.

Here we have the groundwork of our argument laid for us with no uncertain hand: nothing further is needed but to add the inevitable conclusion. The responsibility is great, and personal loyalty pulls at this son of Issachar as at so many others: "if a third leader were to be sacrificed in five years the

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loss of confidence would we fear be irreparable." No such fear troubles us, no such fear troubles the cool and impartial onlooker; he sees only that the main stream of a great Party, "forgetting the bright speed it had," is stagnating in a shallow and contaminated course. The moment has come for a Liberal definition of Empire, for a Liberal declaration of faith in "the greatest and most fruitful experiment that the world has yet seen in the corporate union of free and self-governing communities." The moment has come for the declaration of a new and positive Liberal policy: one by which a party "purged from all anti-national elements, and confident therefore of the support of the country in regard to Imperial and foreign questions" may proceed in the work of domestic reform. In the deep and clean channel of such a policy, and in no other, may waters from different sources once more unite to flow "brimming and bright and large": and, called or uncalled, elected or unelected, the man who is strong enough to furrow that channel will be the leader of the Liberal Party, for the stream will follow him.

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ON THE LINE

A DELIGHTFULLY-WRITTEN memoir of two illustrious English musicians is published by Methuen & Co. (6*s*.) with the title **Brother Musicians**; it is by Miss Constance Bache, and tells the story of the lives of her two brothers, Edward and Walter Bache. The elder was one of the most original of the English composers of his time, and we may be sure he would have accomplished much, both in the direction of creating new music and of helping forward the work of reviving music in England, had he been spared a little longer. He was born in 1833 and died of consumption in 1858. His brother, who was nine years younger, lived till 1888, and in the thirty years that divided the death of one from the death of the other, the whole aspect of music in England had undergone a complete change. The brothers seem not to have been much alike; the elder had the faculty of humorous observation, the younger indomitable perseverance. Edward's letters from abroad tell of amusing experiences, and show only too bitterly how difficult it was for a young composer to get a hearing; Walter lived through the early struggles of the renaissance of music, and was himself instrumental in bringing about the change. Through good report and evil report he persisted in the self-imposed task of bringing the more advanced compositions of Liszt before the British public, and his annual concerts cost him sums which were only made up by months of arduous teaching. One may wish that the cause he took up

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had been better worthy of his devotion, but that devotion must command our respect. Miss Bache has accomplished her work with skill, taste, and enthusiasm, and the book is altogether worthy of the attention of all who really care for music.

Treason and Plot. By Martin S. Hume. (Nisbet. 16*s.* net.)—Major Hume's intimate acquaintance with the Spanish papers of the latter years of the sixteenth century gives importance to all that he writes on the subject. He has chosen a sensational title for a book which is written for students of history. His detailed accounts of assassination plots, and the minings and counterminings of the Jesuit, Scotch-Catholic, English-Catholic and Spanish factions are prolix and sometimes unreadable: but when he ascends from details to history, he is interesting as well as instructive. History is literature; material for history should be tabulated and illustrated by *pièces justificatives*, and a good deal of this volume would be better published as separate studies in the *Historical Review* than included in a narrative of events. Few readers will spend much time upon the question whether Lopez was more or less a traitor than Andrada or Tinoco, all well hanged and quartered long ago.

The principal factors in the history of England at this time are the following. First, as always, the mutual jealousies of European states, especially the growing animosity between France and Spain; the decay of Spain and the disruption of Charles V.'s empire; Philip's delay and incompetent laboriousness, for though he spoke of Time as his ally, Time was always his worst enemy; the English succession and the shifting of parties who did not know their own mind; the little band of Jesuits who did; the English priests and Roman Catholic laymen who had prayed and fought against the Armada; the Puritans, headed by Essex and leaning to the Scottish pretender; and the personal character of Elizabeth. Out of this tangle of contrarieties some leading features come to light, Philip II., whose hope of maintaining the ancient friendship

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between England and the Netherlands was frustrated by Elizabeth's adoption of the Protestant cause, and whose design of conquest, when that was forced upon him, was so often baffled by the winds and the English sailors, cared more for the dominion of Spain than for the Catholic cause. He would help no Catholic pretender whom he could not trust to be subservient to Spain, and he was unable to impose a sovereign upon the English by force of arms. The English people, Catholic and Protestant alike, determined to preserve their national independence: and the succession of James VI. was accepted by all Englishmen who wished to avoid civil war or foreign domination. The only way to prevent this was for the King of Spain to support the most popular English Catholic claimant, and thus, at all events, keep out the King of Scots. So counselled Olivarez when Elizabeth was dying (p. 488), but the new Philip was as leaden-footed as his father, and had neither ships nor money nor a policy.

Who was the candidate of the English Roman Catholics? Major Hume calls the roll of the possible claimants and decides in favour of one of the sons of Lord Beauchamp (grandson of Lord Hertford). The boy was to marry his cousin, Arabella Stuart, thus combining the lines of Suffolk and Stuart. Such a combination, if it had been well prepared and supported, might have succeeded. But nothing was ready, Cecil knew everything, and had full control of the executive power. James's succession was acquiesced in by the majority of the nation, and Jane Grey's fate had shown how hopeless it is to rush a plan of this magnitude in England. Had the plot come to anything, James would have put it down without difficulty, and Lady Arabella and the Seymours would have gone to the scaffold. All this is well brought out in the later chapters of the book.

The affairs of Ireland are the only part of the sorry story of events in which there is any heroism and romance. True, the Irish as shown here are shifty, selfish, and incapable of a broad or consistent policy, but they are capable of loyalty

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to persons, patriotism and devotion to their national creed, and the fate of the O'Donnells and O'Sullivans gives something of pathos and dignity to a drama many of the actors in which play a sordid game of personal advantage and unscrupulous plotting.

Children, and the finest kind of missionary, are the only people who could understand St. Louis were he now alive. The Crusades are the wars of great-hearted children—the heaven for which this true Crusader looked was the glassy-gold heaven of the child. He is the Parsifal of the time, the fool of purity, wise in that he could feel. They are wrong who think that wisdom is the monopoly of serpents; the harmless dove, to the no small surprise of the consistent snake, is out-and-out as wise as he. The worldly success of Louis IX. astonished human beings who were not so pious.

> From this time the barons of France undertook nothing against their anointed Lord, seeing that God was with him.

The drama of his reign, set forth well and clearly in Mr. Perry's charming book—(**St. Louis**. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *5s.*)—forces upon us once again the odd reflection that Greeks and Romans are less remote than the Christians of the Ages of Faith. Scourges, hair-shirts, and so on, create a more impenetrable barrier than the doctrines of Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius. (Mr. Perry inflicts them sparingly, and there is one delightful penance contrived for himself by the Most Christian King, "Not to laugh on a Friday if he could help it.") The *rôle* of king-philosopher is difficult, but, to judge by rare examples, it must be easier than that of saint-and-king. The latter is only possible among a nation of children—for a nation of Christians the world has not yet seen, so that they do not come within practical politics. Here are the children quarrelling—about clothes, of course. Said Robert of Sorbonne, the founder of the famous college, to Joinville, the seneschal:

> "If the king sat down and you sat in a higher place, would you not be to blame?"
> "Yes," said Joinville unsuspectingly. "Then you are much to blame for clothing

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yourself more richly than the king; for you are wearing green cloth and fur, which he never does." This made Joinville angry and he retorted, "Master Robert, saving your grace, I am not to blame if I clothe myself in green cloth and fur, for that dress was left me by my parents. But you are to blame, for you, who are a serf's son, have abandoned the dress of your parents and wear finer cloth than the king." "And I took the lappel of his surcoat and that of the king," the narrator goes on, "and said, 'See if it is not true.'"

This is the invariable *Tu quoque* of babes. Enter the saint, who is rather more grown up than the other children, as the good and wise child always must be.

"Then the king began to speak for Master Robert and to defend him with all his might. Afterwards he called Joinville and some others apart, and said that he had called me to confess that he was wrong in his defence of Master Robert. 'But,' said he, 'I saw him so confused that he needed my aid. But let none of you stick at what I said in defending him; for, as the seneschal says, you should dress well and neatly, and your wives will love you the better for it, and your people respect you more.'"

Pathetic with the deep pathos of a childishness almost divine is the story of that awful crusade in which, of the two thousand eight hundred knights who followed their leader, not one hundred escaped. The king plays the terrible game with boyish dignity. The Sultan having named a million gold bezants, or £500,000 French money, as the price of his ransom,

"I will give that willingly for my people," said Louis, "and Damietta for myself, since I am not one to be ransomed with money."

He feels the part as the most simple-minded of living princes could not.

"Seneschal, God has shown us His great power, since one of His little winds, not one of the four master-winds, went near to drown the King of France, his wife and children and all his company."

Not one of the four master-winds—what a touch is that! His wife was worthy of him. The nurses had come to her to ask whether, in the event of shipwreck, they should wake the children. "No," she answered, "let them go to God sleeping."

St. Louis never swore unless by his own name, and he never

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mentioned the devil, "except in reading some book, such as the lives of the saints, where it was necessary." His advisers urged him to permit the Jews to continue their trade of usury, since—Jews being damned already as a matter of course—it could not matter much if they sinned, and the money was convenient for Christians. But the king was as uncompromising as people of ten years old generally are. Usury was wicked—the Jews were usurers—*argal*, the Jews must go, unless they chose to turn Christian or to work with their hands. Who can wonder at Ruskin's devotion to such a ruler as this? He died singing the hymn to the tune of which his whole life was set, "*Nous irons en Jérusalem.*"

The **Memoirs of the Countess Potocka**—(Authorised translation by Lionel Strachey. Grant Richards.)—are light, bright, full of the easy charm of a little great Polish lady with strong French sympathies, who describes the bewildered interval between 1794 and 1818 with no more effort than it cost her to do her hair. Astonishingly high spirits they had in those days! They thought it worth while to spend money and time on amusing themselves, and they amused themselves well, though little wit was lost on their practical jokes, and they sacrificed refinement to a robust sense of mirth which would be out of place nowadays at a dance on the green. Yet the Countess could be politic.

"How do you think I dance?" Napoleon asked me, smiling. "I suspect you have been laughing at me."

"In truth, sire," I replied, "for a great man your dancing is perfect."

He confided to her that he had wept over a novel called *Le Comte de Comminges*. She could not get it for some time afterwards, but when she did, she wept also. *Corinne* arrived at Osterode in the night, with a heap of despatches. Napoleon ran through the most important, and then insisted on waking Talleyrand that he might read aloud to him.

"You like this woman," said he; "let us see if she has common sense." After listening for half an hour he became impatient.

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"That is not sentiment; it is a hash of phrases—a head, front-side, back. Don't you see she thinks she loves this Englishman because he shows himself cold and indifferent? Go to bed—it's time wasted. Whenever an author personifies herself in a book it is a failure. Good-night."

He was a stern critic on other themes beside sentiment. He did not think even Polish gentlemen patriotic enough.

"There must be devotion and sacrifices and blood; otherwise you will never come to anything!"

As for Marie Louise, she is far more dull and stolid than she appears to be in *L'Aiglon*, yet she weeps on seeing the Emperor depart for the last time. The story of the Countess's own girlhood forms one of the most attractive portions of this book. She warns all mothers not to allow their daughters of fifteen to read the *Génie du Christianisme*, because the author quotes a passage from Rousseau, in which his Julie "complains of the void the heart experiences after the most deceptive emotions of life are exhausted." "M. de Châteaubriand, I do not doubt, had the best of intentions . . . but," &c. The portraits with which the volume is adorned are very interesting.

Les Amazones. Par Paul Lacour. (Librairie Académique. Perrin et Cie. 3*fr.* 50*c.*)—Women are nearly always an interesting subject; but soldierly women are as little interesting as the feminine sex can be. We suspect them of crudity and emotional limitations, and Boadicea and Joan of Arc suggest the *tableau-vivant* and the walls of the Academy. M. Lacour has surmounted this difficulty. In "Les Amazones" he has given us a series of fascinating portraits: studies of historical women who have been generals in the battlefield as well as on the hearth. Most impressive among them is, perhaps, Matilda of Tuscany, "the Egeria" of the great Pope Gregory VII., his friend, his correspondent, his guide, his tool—the third actor in the tragi-comedy which Pope and Emperor composed, and played to the gallery of Europe. Or there is Hedvig, Princess of Poland, who at the end of the fourteenth century fore-

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shadowed the woman of the Renaissance: one day meeting her betrothed, a prince of Austria, secretly in a convent; marrying her Pagan bridegroom, Duke of Lithuania, the next; converting her husband and her kingdom; fighting hard with one hand, giving alms with the other, and building universities with the third hand that seems to have belonged to most ladies between fourteen and sixteen hundred. Stirring, too, is the life of a later heroine from Lithuania, Emily Plater, who, a century ago, inspired by Joan of Arc, fought for the freedom of Poland. Her short story, of a high heart and forlorn hope, sounds like a wild, sweet, mournful mazurka of Chopin, which begins with the rush of wings and ends with the wail of a ghost.

Jacqueline of Hainault and Margaret of Anjou are striking but better known figures. The only sketch that fails to satisfy us is that of Louise Labé, the soldier-poetess of Lyons. Why does M. Lacour make her into a model of domestic virtue and suppress her drastic love-affair with Olivier de Magny? It is not for the historian to consider the cheek of the young person. But the defect springs from an excess of chivalry, and we can forgive it in a writer who has the Frenchman's gift of being grave and vivid—a gift which belongs to the land of memoirs.

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MR. BRODRICK'S LOST OPPORTUNITIES

WHEN an engineer is requested to erect a bridge or any other similar structure, he first collects accurate data as to the soundness of his foundations, and then calculates the strength of his girders, with due reference to the maximum stress each member will have to bear; and having multiplied these by four or five to allow a sufficient margin of safety for all contingencies, he then designs the distribution of his metal in such manner as to get the best value out of the material he is obliged to employ in its construction.

As far as I am aware, no one has as yet attempted to apply these simple rules to the designing of that far more important structure which is to carry us safely over the gulf of war. Some neglect the foundations altogether, and propose to build on what does not exist. They demand, for instance, an unlimited supply of men of a physique and age which the vital statistics of every country show cannot be found in sufficient quantity. Others, ignoring the girders as a whole, lose themselves in the detail of the struts, ties and rivets; and all, as far as the perusal of countless essays and papers on the subject enables me to judge, make no attempt whatever to determine the maximum strain we may have to face, viz., the natural course and incidence of a great European struggle.

That this last and greatest factor should be so universally overlooked, I attribute to the absence of serious study of

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military history, and the part that War has played in forging and welding together our Empire; for our military history, carefully considered, provides sufficient data for the preparation of an accurate estimate. The modifications which the progress of invention, and the means of raising armies now in force on the Continent, have introduced, are all susceptible of fairly precise calculation, while the ultimate human nature factors involved remain practically unchanged.

Victory or defeat in War are not the consequence of the tactical accidents of a single day, as many writers appear to imagine, but the final summing up and balancing of the thousand causes which for many years have been silently at work, building up or undermining the manhood of the nations engaged.

The central fact disclosed by the history of our last great War with France remains unchanged. "Ironclads cannot climb hills," as the Sultan of Turkey remarked on the occasion of the Dulcigno affair; and this being the case, it is tolerably evident that no naval victory alone can ever bring a European enemy to his knees. On the other hand, the pressure of our naval power properly employed (though in these days of railways it can no longer be relied on to starve Europe into submission) may well suffice to so far loosen the national cohesion of our adversaries, that a final blow by forces relatively small may suffice to bring their whole social structure about their ears.

Starvation would tell heavily upon us too, though I imagine not to the extent generally imagined, for whatever the coalition arrayed against us must be, it is certain that our ships will not go to the bottom without taking at least one of their enemies with them, and when we have matched ship for ship all down the list of our probable enemies, it will be found that the balance remaining will be far too small to blockade our coasts and harbours effectually. But much suffering there must undoubtedly be, and it is on that certain fact that I would found our whole scheme of army organisation.

We must be prepared to face the conditions of a beleaguered

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fortress, and as every fortress commandant has been compelled to do, we shall have to enrol into our army every able-bodied man capable of bearing arms in the country, in order to diminish the pressure on the labour market, and to enlist the best elements of the country on the side of law and order.

Given the conditions of our imported food supply and our system of marine insurance, it is a necessary consequence of our situation that the outbreak of war will be followed by an enormous rise in the price of provisions. The corn merchants frankly admit that they will seize their opportunity, and the human nature element must be singularly lacking at Lloyds if the underwriters do not follow their example. There will at the same time be a heavy fall in all marketable securities, and practically speaking every employer of labour (except the great manufacturers of war material) whose margin of credit will not stand a reduction of say twenty-five points will be ruined and his workpeople turned out to shift for themselves. All this will happen within a few weeks of the commencement of hostilities, and it is important that a scheme to deal with these multitudes should be kept ready at the War Office for this emergency.

The exact number that will be without employment cannot be calculated with accuracy, but all who have considered the matter, from whatever standpoint they approach it, agree in placing the figure as between three and four millions, which would involve four-fold that number of women and children, or a total of from fifteen to twenty millions who will require relief, and there will be no solvent ratepayers to assist them. In an exceedingly able paper read before the Royal United Service Institution last February by Major Stewart Murray, 92nd Gordon Highlanders, it was shown that a rise in the price of necessaries of 30 per cent. would throw an equal number of persons on the rates, and in the discussion which followed, in which some of the leading grain factors of London, Liverpool and Chicago took part, it was openly stated that wheat might well go at first as high as 200*s.* a quarter.

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Exclusive of the men legally liable to service in the regular army, militia and volunteers, there are at least 240,000 ex-reservists under the age of forty-five, with 80,000 pensioners and others still fairly active under sixty. Of the number who have passed through the militia it is not easy to obtain information, but I should consider 100,000 as a low figure. Of ex-volunteers under forty-five there are said to be not less than 1,000,000. So that of men more or less trained to bear arms, including men actually now serving, we have a gross total of not less than 2,000,000, whilst of men physically fit but untrained, adopting the French figures as a basis, we must have at least another 2,000,000.

In proportion as we can enrol these men we shall diminish the pressure on the labour market, and since we must feed that number of mouths anyhow, we may as well get some return for our money.

That return we certainly should get—when our reconstructed fleet had reasserted our supremacy at sea—for by that time social conditions would be in a very shaky state across the Channel, and the existence of at least 1,000,000 picked fighting men with reserves behind them would form a very important card in the hands of our diplomatists when it came to discussing peace. It is not likely we should ever need to embark such an army. The essential thing is that it should be known to exist; such a power facilitates marvellously the art of graceful concession.

Now, if forty years ago the Northern States raised, out of a population not exceeding 20,000,000 wholly untrained to arms, 2,000,000 fighting men in less than four years and within eighteen months made infantry of a quality which has never been surpassed in history, infantry which would still go on in face of losses which have never since been equalled; it seems to me that for us to create out of 2,000,000 part-trained men an army quite capable of holding its own against any troops in Europe would be a relatively light task, provided always we prepare the framework for expansion in time of peace, and this

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brings me to the immediate question of the day, the reform of our peace-time organisation.

At the present moment it is accepted as a fundamental point of our whole military structure, that the strength of our army is primarily conditioned by the number of battalions required to garrison India, our Colonies, and coaling-stations. These make such a demand on our recruiting resources that practically speaking no addition to the other arms, cavalry and artillery is possible.

But the power of expansion to meet a great emergency depends principally, one might with truth say, altogether on the strength of these arms, which cannot be improvised rapidly, and without which a real army, fit to encounter continental troops cannot be conceived—for an army without cavalry and artillery is powerless to fulfil the tasks for which armies exist, viz., the winning of decisive victories.

The question then arises, whether under the existing conditions of India and our Colonies, this number of battalions actually is required or not, whether in fact a redistribution of the proportions of the three arms cannot be arranged without any diminution of our local striking power.

I venture to suggest, that a consideration of the conditions which prevailed at the time when our Indian garrison was fixed—*i.e.*, just after the Mutiny—and those prevailing now, will lead to an important modification of existing opinion.

In those days the idea of employing cavalry for any other work but charging, was foreign to the whole spirit of the army —and the British cavalry throughout the Mutiny had given such a poor account of itself, that its potential striking power was completely ignored. Yet it might have been remembered that it was the prompt action of Colonel Gillespie at the head of the 19th Light Dragoons that quelled the Mutiny at Vellore, which might well have assumed proportions as wide and far reaching as the outbreak at Meerut, and that even at Meerut a resolute man and a couple of good mounted regiments might have prevented a single mutineer from ever

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reaching Delhi. But time was not ripe for a step forward, and conditions of economy were allowed to outweigh all others.

The primary consideration in the matter was the difficulty of finding forage for the horses in the vicinity of the large stations—people who do not know our Indian life have no conception of the trouble involved in finding grass for 500 horses. But nowadays, after the introduction of grass farms and the spread of railways, there should be no more trouble in providing green food or hay for the horses than there is at home.

Next comes the question of expense to the Government of India, but against that must be set the imperial aspect of the matter. Is it expedient that to suit the convenience of the Indian taxpayer, we should be saddled with a drain upon our recruiting resources which we are practically unable to meet and an army system which is badly adapted for expansion? The matter is one for adjustment, and if India cannot pay, then we must—with us it is not so much a question of money as of men. It is impossible to go into the detail of redistribution in a paper of this nature, but let it be assumed for the sake of argument, that we can dispense with 12 white battalions in India, which would mean a corresponding reduction at home of another 12 = 24 in all. Now one cavalry regiment and four batteries of artillery require only the same number of recruits as a single battalion of infantry. So as far as the supply of men goes, we could, by a re-arrangement of the 3 arms in India alone, maintain 24 cavalry regiments and 96 batteries, or 12 cavalry regiments and 144 batteries, without any additional strain on our recruiting resources. Similarly in South Africa, to which 12 battalions are allotted under the new scheme, we might replace 6—entailing a corresponding reduction in England—by 12 cavalry regiments and 48 batteries or 6 cavalry regiments and 72 batteries for the same number of men, giving us either 36 cavalry regiments, *i.e.*, 6 divisions and 144 batteries or 18 regiments and 216 batteries according to the proportion adopted to form the framework for expansion of our home army, and not only would all three

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forces, the home army and the garrisons of South Africa and of India, gain enormously in striking power, but because cavalry and artillery are more attractive to the possible recruit, there would be less difficulty in obtaining the men.

It will be as well at this point to clear up the question of the amount of raw material of suitable physique, and military inclinations that actually exist in the nation. It is of no use proposing higher rates of pay for a better class of men, if no better class exists, neither is it of much avail to try conscription if a sufficient number of men are willing to come forward voluntarily.

In round numbers there are in the United Kingdom about 2½ million males between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, nearly 15 per cent. of whom are actually serving in the regular army or navy.

Every man who wishes to serve his country is, however, by no means necessarily accepted—on the contrary at least half who get as far as the medical inspection are rejected, and very many indeed never reach the doctor at all, but are weeded out by the recruiting officers. It is reasonably certain that at least 100,000 apply for the 40,000 vacancies which, roughly, have annually to be filled.

The militia enlist about 80,000 a year and reject half as many. The volunteers reject very few, not more than 10 per cent. perhaps, but they enlist a very great many, say altogether 60,000. The navy about another 20,000, and reject at least twice that number.

So it appears that somewhere about 265,000 men a year voluntarily come forward desiring to serve, and it is well known and perfectly obvious to even the casual observer, that age for age, the regular soldiers are physically much superior to either the volunteers or the militia.

Now, there is no reason whatever to suppose that patriotism and the desire for a soldier's career are only found in the physically unfit, and since the recruiting market is fed by not more than 360,000 a year, it is impossible to believe that all

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the military virtues and physique are centred in the odd 95,000 who do not even approach the recruiting offices.

In Germany from 1880 to 1890 with a total population of 45,000,000, the annual contingent averaged about 880,000, of which about 161,000 were actually enrolled, or about two-thirds of the number who voluntarily offer themselves for service in our country every year. Making every allowance for the men who being rejected by the army enlist either in the volunteers or militia, the result is still sufficiently surprising and makes it quite certain that conscription would not materially better our position.

It also finally settles the idea that higher pay would attract an older or physically better class, for practically all the men of sufficient physique and military aptitudes are already serving in some branch of the service, and the pick of them in the regular army or navy.[1]

If we had a regular army of not more than 20,000 men, requiring only 4000 recruits a year, then no doubt, as in America, 1*s.* 9*d.* a day might for a time attract a very fine average of men out of the recruiting pond—there would be some 860,000 still to draw on—but with our navy and army of 330,000 in round numbers the best of the men are already enrolled.

We must simply face the fact that the supply of men of suitable quality is strictly limited, and cut our coat according to our cloth.

So far I have not alluded to the cost of the scheme I advocate. I have kept back this point because I wish to develop a view of this question of the cost of national defence, and which in England at least is, I venture to submit, quite unusual.

In a pamphlet entitled "Voluntary *versus* Compulsory Service," I published some years ago the results of an inquiry I had been making in Germany as to the true incidence of compulsory service and military taxation on that country—an

[1] From the annual returns on the state of the Army it appears that the "mean" height of the typical British soldier is 5 ft. 7½ in.; age, 22 years 6 months; chest measurement, 38 in.; a very fair sample of a man.

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inquiry which led me to the ultimate conclusion since formulated by General von Schwarzkoppen at the Hague Conference, viz., that so far from compulsory service having drained the life-blood of the country, it was in fact the true mainspring of her growing commercial greatness.

To the best of my recollection no proof whatever of this statement was adduced before the conference; it may, therefore, tend to clear up the situation if I interpolate here some of the facts which I was able to ascertain.

In a long conversation, held at Berlin in 1892, the Head of the Statistical Bureau of Prussia admitted to me that the question had never yet been considered in the form I have above suggested, but that given a sufficient staff of clerks and adequate time, a national capital account could be compiled, which would show very remarkable results on the following points:

(1) The insecurity on the frontiers due to distrust of the power of the national armaments kept back the influx of capital in those districts which happen to be of chief manufacturing importance—the Rhine Valley and Silesian frontier—till after the events of 1866 and 1870 had proved their adequacy.

(2) The difference in the yearly increment of public credit between 1815–66 (due to normal expansion of population and improving quality of labour, a consequence of national education and the military training in the national university, *i.e.*, the army), and the stimulus to normal expansion conferred by the sense of security resulting from the victories of 1866–70, marks the direct consequence of the capital sunk, and "blood tax" expended in military preparation and fighting.

(3) The increment in the value of landed property throughout the empire, due to increased security of tenure resulting from the removal of the dread of invasion. In some districts this has been fabulous. I have been shown plots in the suburbs of Frankfurt-am-Main, which in 1865 would hardly have fetched £50 an acre, now worth £10 a square yard, and Frankfurt is no isolated instance.

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(4) The advantage of free education, originally introduced into Prussia solely for military reasons, together with the suppression of an idle aristocracy, whether of birth or wealth.

(5) The addition to the labour power per head of the population, due to military training in youth, giving a better expectation of life in those who have been through the ranks, generally estimated in Germany as not less than five years per head. Since 1815 approximately 20,000,000 Germans have passed through the military mill, and, allowing for the normal death-rate of males over twenty years of age, the excess of deaths in action and from disease does not exceed 40,000—that is 2 per 1000. But as every man passing through the ranks has a better expectation of life by five years than the normal, and as about 250,000 revert to civil life annually, there must be roughly at any given moment 1,250,000 men alive, and creating wealth at the rate of £70 a year per man, or a total addition to the capital of the country of £87,500,000 per annum, but the cost of the army is only £22,000,000 a year.[1]

Since 1835 £800,000,000, in round figures, has been sunk in military preparations and annual maintenance, and £87,500,000 is more than 10 per cent. return. In the same period in England about £1,000,000,000 have been sunk in railroad construction, and the return is only a bare 3·5 per cent. In the process of working and construction these railways have claimed on a broad average 500 lives a year, so that for the whole sixty-five years our railways have cost us 32,500 lives, to say nothing of the maimed and crippled, for the percentage of permanent injuries to cases is far greater in railway working than in war, and if we measure the risks in percentages of deaths to men employed we lose as high a proportion of traffic workers in every ten years as the Germans lost of their soldiers in the campaign of 1870—roughly 3 per cent.

[1] See Mulhall's estimate of the earning power per head of population in Germany: "Wealth and Industries of the World," 1894.

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Which is the best investment of national wealth? Money spent in military preparations, which returns 10 per cent. per annum, and secures the inestimable advantage of peace and security from invasion, or money sunk in railways which pay only 3·5 per cent., the average "blood tax" on the railway workman being some five times as heavy in the latter case as in the former. I have lived much in conquered countries, and well know which I should prefer to pay for.

Though the figures I have given can only be regarded as approximations, no one who has studied the evolution of industry in Germany since 1815 can doubt that it is scientifically inaccurate to speak of money sunk in military preparations as wasted resources; and if Herbert Spencer's analogy drawn between the State and the living organism is correct, then it logically follows that in a healthy state the growth of fighting force must proceed in direct proportion to the growth in power and wealth of the whole body.

This is obviously the law in the animal world, each creature's means of offence and defence grows with its growth, and the animal is healthy or the reverse in precise proportion to its means of obtaining its prey and retaining it when acquired.

Trade is the food of the State considered as an organism, and its power of obtaining it and retaining it undisturbed, varies with its credit which again depends on the security afforded by the possession of fleets and armies. Capital did not flow to the valley of the Rhine until the victories of 1870 removed all prospect of a change of possession. We should not long remain the chief ocean carriers of the world but for the fighting reputation we acquired in the days of Nelson.

If, therefore, the analogy is correct, there must be some solution of the problem of imperial defence which will make the investment of money and effort productive of a return to the country, precisely as a similar expenditure has been shown to be remunerative to Germany.

In spite of the far greater complexity of the problem in our

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case, I am of opinion that such a solution can be attained, and, indeed, in a measure, is already attained.

The chief difficulty lies in the preparation of a national balance-sheet, a difficulty which arises from the fact that many of the very real advantages we derive from military expenditure—such as the sense of security, the absence of foreign dominion, &c.—cannot be converted into terms of pounds, shillings and pence.

According to Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," we have spent 1,265,000,000 in money in the prosecution of War from 1700–1860, and setting aside the moral qualities, the spirit of duty, and self-sacrifice developed in a portion of our population, on which, though incommeasurable in terms of cash, our commercial prosperity can be shown to depend, our return has been the acquisition of our Colonies and dependencies throughout the world and our position as ocean carrier all over the globe.

The capitalised value of the former, according to the same authority, amounts to not less than 8,000,000,000, and who can estimate the amount of their hitherto undeveloped resources, or the vital consequence to us in the future of the trade their loyalty ensures us.

We can put no money value on the lives they have cost us, neither can we assess the priceless value of the examples of fortitude and endurance with which our forefathers have so abundantly endowed us, but even the most commonplace every-day business undertakings involve risk to both life and limb, as I have pointed out above, and what great engineering undertaking can show a better return for the loss of lives they annually claim.[1]

[1] The cost of life in great engineering undertakings is frequently conveniently ignored, and I can find no statistics of our earlier railway undertakings. Some of the early tunnelling in England was very dangerous. As a special case, the number of officers employed on the Hurnai Railway was, to the best of my recollection, fifty-two, of whom three died, twenty-seven were invalided, and all suffered pretty severely. Of the natives no count could be kept—there were many fatal accidents in Mud Gorge and the tunnelling on the Chupar

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This is a point of view too often neglected; accidents in our factories are taken far too much as a matter of course, and but rarely is a voice lifted to proclaim the blood-guiltiness of the employers and directors who directly profit by them. Yet, let but a few hundreds of men once in every decade lose their lives in the execution of those duties in which our policy from time to time involves them, and every newspaper rings with diatribes on the horrors of War and the terrible suffering it involves.

It is a curious fact that it is precisely from amongst those classes who shrink most from the blood-guiltiness of War that opposition to military expenditure mainly arises. Yet were they logical they should be the first to support it—for it is only the knowledge of preparation for War that at present determines the maintenance of peace and their supine security.

To secure their support, they must be brought to understand the strict analogy which exists between business firms competing for custom and nations competing for trade which means the daily bread and general welfare of the whole population.

If public opinion condones the annual expenditure of life and limb involved in the maintenance of our railways, in consideration of the benefits conferred thereby on the community in general—not the least of which is the steady employment of labour they afford, by which not less than 1,000,000 of men, women and children are supported—how much more should it condone the cost in life of our fighting services on whose efficiency the food supply of these islands, at any rate, undeniably depends.

The trouble here is to convince them that we should lose our trade in the event of defeat.

Modern trade depends on national credit, which in its turn

Rift—and they died like flies from cholera and fever. The Sues Canal was also a costly affair, and as for the lives lost on the Panama Canal no estimate has ever been attempted.

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depends in our case on our command of the sea, and our consequent security from invasion.

If consols fell to 50, and as the result of defeat we were saddled with an indemnity of one thousand millions, practically every firm in England would be ruined, and if we ever recovered the blow, the transfer of our carrying trade to our rivals' flags would cripple all our efforts to force an entry for our goods against the prohibitive tariffs which we should find everywhere imposed against us.

Let us push the analogy of business competition a step further.

A chord line of railway will increase earnings—but cost men and money; does a directorate hesitate if the return is satisfactory?

Of late we have witnessed an awakening of the national conscience to the risks run by our working classes—and this has resulted in the Employers' Liability Act, the cost of which in practise falls ultimately upon the consumer.

Cannot we now go a step further, adopt a policy of adequate national insurance, and charge the cost on the consumer likewise?

These results have been attained in Germany, because in that country the army has become the national university of the whole race, in which those qualities of obedience, punctuality, duty, &c., on which ultimate success in business concerns is based, have been acquired by them.

Is there any reason why these same qualities should not prove remunerative in this country? I believe not; on the contrary I believe that even now, before the full consequences of the change from long to short service have had time to evolve themselves, we can show returns most creditable to the men and officers engaged. For the first few years after the great change was made, and before the principles on which short service must work to be effectual were understood, it was difficult to find work for our reservists; not only was there a very strong prejudice against them, but as a fact the habits of

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idleness which become inherent in all long-service peace-trained armies, and the system of mutual hypnotisation which in those days was considered as drill, sent the men out into the world by no means well qualified to hold their own in the market. They were wanting in perseverance and self-reliance, and the failure of some of them gave a bad name to the whole —but by degrees short service is working out its own salvation, the methods of training are undergoing an immense revolution which is still far from completion, and the psychical element in the making of a soldier is every year becoming better understood.

Even before the war a great improvement in the status of the reserve man had taken place, as all who can recall the successive mobilisations of 1878, 1882 and 1899, can witness, and in some districts, the West Riding in particular, the employers were beginning to find out that the reserve man was as a fact worth higher wages than the average.

In 1897 a report was called for by Mr. Arnold Foster, designed to show that the short-service system was crowding our workhouses with broken-down soldiers and constituted a serious menace to the State; but the report when presented proved the exact opposite,[1] for it showed that out of the 80,000 reserve men only 1 in 256 was in receipt of relief, and of pensioners only 1 in 42. Whilst of the 407,784 men who had served in the army—exclusive of reserves and pensioners—only 1 in 61 was a charge to the public; summing the whole together 1 in 176 came on his parish, whilst of the whole male population of the country 1 in every 45 found his way to the workhouse.

If we consider the classes from which our recruits mostly spring—or rather are believed to spring—this reduction in liability to become a charge against the public, represents a very large annual saving indeed.

I hold it therefore proved that even in the stage of development we have now reached, service in the ranks is

[1] War Office Return, December 1897.

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an unqualified benefit calcuable in terms of £ *s. d.* to the individual, and if to the individual therefore to the State.

That an efficient army pays in war time is self-evident; our Colonies and their vast potential wealth are there as a proof of the fact, and that the knowledge of the existence of a thoroughly efficient fighting force is the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace, the present condition of Europe testifies.

I hold therefore that it is as much to the interest of the State to pass as many men as possible through the ranks, as it is to the interest of a country like India to irrigate every acre of land that she can, provided always the stream of irrigation is directed to the best advantage.

Hitherto, in the army this has not been the case, there has been an immense waste of energy on overcoming internal friction; and we have been very far indeed from making the most of the opportunities the nature of our Empire affords us.

What are the needs of the Empire as a whole, and what those of our soldiers? Cannot the two be combined in some working harmony? Is it not indeed probable that the true line of progress lies in the direction of the solution of both?

These are the questions I will endeavour to answer.

The essential need of the Empire is a far more rapid and fuller circulation of its units to its extremities. Our arteries are constricted, and we do not send out sufficient healthy blood. We have to face the probability of a wall of tariffs around us, and we need to populate our Colonies so thickly that our inter-Imperial trade will suffice to maintain our joint population, and the prime need here is the development of every acre of wheat-bearing soil in the Empire, particularly in Canada.

The needs of the army, on the other hand, are these: training in surroundings such as it is practically impossible to obtain in our overpopulated islands, and a life varied and attractive enough to induce our best blood to offer itself. We want, too, sanataria to undo, or at least to mitigate, the evil of our Indian life. We need India for the sake of the evolution

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of character induced by service in that climate, and for that grip of the bedrock facts of human existence that is soon acquired by even the youngest soldier, who has fought and seen pestilence and famine at close quarters. Such knowledge is not learnt from books, but it is an essential part of the education of a race that means to bear the white man's burden worthily. Still, it is a terrible counterweight in the scales of recruiting, and it needs something very substantial in the other scale to balance it.

I propose, therefore, that Canada should be offered as a counter attraction, and that all our regiments should in turn—horse, foot, gunners, and engineers—pass two years of their round of service in that healthiest and most enjoyable of all our possessions. We cannot send all our men through it, as their term of service is far too short, but we can pass the headquarters of each regiment and battery successively westward so that each man shall get his chance according to the luck of the service.

Every year, early in the spring, 12 battalions of infantry, 7 regiments of cavalry, 12 batteries of artillery, and 6 companies of engineers, organised as a strong division, would embark for the North-West Provinces of Canada, passing up the St. Lawrence, and landing at Port Arthur. Here, in the district between Winnipeg and Lake Superior, a series of large camping-grounds, to be developed later into townships, would have been laid out by the Canadian Government, and the infantry and engineers would set to work to clear the land, lay out roads, sink wells, erect huts, &c., all the work, in fact, that troops nowadays have to do in the field when they are not either marching or fighting, which is generally nine-tenths of the time.

The cavalry and artillery would be sent further up country into districts more suitable for their special work, the building, &c., being done for them by the engineers.

One half of the total strength would be regularly available for tactical training, musketry, &c., and for a month every

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autumn the troops would be brought together for combined manœuvres.

Practically, the course of instruction would be the same as that which has been in force in the Royal Engineers for years, and experience has abundantly proved that this combination of hard manual work and drill combined, in which men are associated together in the execution of permanently useful work which they see growing before their eyes, has the very best effect on their health, discipline and conduct.

During the winter months work must cease, out of doors; but the long winter evenings give opportunities for the indoor training of the men, and very slight expense in workshops would suffice to teach every man the rudiments of a trade. It is only in a country where lumber is cheap that you can afford to allow recruits to carpenter.

Next spring the troops would move on into new country amongst the foot-hills of the Rockies for further training and less digging, and in the Fall they would embark for India, taking with them health, the habit of work, and a degree of training such as we have never sent out to that country yet.

Thus, year after year a constant stream of men would flow westward, clearing and developing new districts, and learning by personal contact what colonial life really means. Some, no doubt, would shrink from its loneliness and hardship, but very many after their Indian experience and the disillusionment which usually awaits the homecoming soldiers, who finds his place filled by others and his friends too occupied with their own affairs to give him assistance, would turn with longing to the country where he first learnt the absolute happiness of a completely healthy life.

The loneliness is the great stumbling-block; for the soldier, after his life in barracks, feels the absence of congenial comradeship more than most men, but this difficulty can be overcome if the following suggestion is carried out.

Each regiment as it arrives in the country should receive an allotment of ground in the district it assists to develop, and on

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this the nucleus of a regimental reserve settlement should be erected. This would consist of some married quarters, a club-house, canteen, &c., and reserve or ex-reserve men with their families should be encouraged to come out and settle, the men being employed at further clearing, building, and so forth. In time, when the service of the men with the colours expired, land and houses in these districts should be offered them, and it is to be expected that many would avail themselves of the opening.

Money would be advanced to them on the security of their holdings by county regimental funds, in accordance with a scheme worked out by Mr. Colley-Bromfield for land colonisation, the chief feature of which is, that whilst every inducement to remain in the district is offered to the men, their holdings are still a marketable security which they are free to deal with as they please, should a better opening present itself; thus all sense of compulsion is avoided, and the society which advances the money, and is in fact the landlord of the district, earns an ample income to cover its expenses.

What a boon such a chance of settling in a new country amongst friendly surroundings and old regimental associations would prove to the thousands of our men, who with every desire to raise themselves, are yet lacking in any highly specialised gifts of hand or eye, which alone nowadays ensure high rates of wages.

That men would come out and throw up their chances without due provision for the future, it is only in human nature to expect, but the long winter days and the absence of congenial surroundings would soon tell upon all but the fittest, and then the attraction of the old regimental home, the bugles at *reveille* and retreat, the cheerful gatherings at the club-house or canteen would soon assert their power. And there would always be a welcome for the prodigals, for the society for years to come would always have work and pay to offer.

If it pays the Canadian Government to offer land to the casual settler, how much more would it pay them to assist

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these bodies of trained "pioneers," for that is what all regiments under my system would become, whose labour could be directed to one common object consistently pursued, and whose location could be determined by that government itself in accordance with a well-considered plan of development.

That it would pay the home government there can be no doubt. Not only would the outlook attract better recruits, but it would train better and healthier soldiers, and ultimately plant out upon at least one of our exposed frontiers several thousand thoroughly trained men, to be incorporated as a backbone to the very excellent Canadian Militia.

The scheme can, of course, also be applied to South Africa, and had it been adopted twenty years ago, so that in 1899 some 20,000 trained fighting-men had been planted out along the Natal and Cape frontiers it is at least doubtful whether the present unfortunate war would ever have broken out.

There are, however, strong objections to the employment of this scheme on a large scale in South Africa. First contact with the native races, which breeds in the white man a repugnance to hard manual labour, the bed-rock of my proposal; secondly, the proximity of the goldfields; thirdly, endemic typhoid fever; and fourthly, the great distance from home, which precludes the possibility of taking the two years' tour of service out of the usual home service regimental tour on the roster. Canada to count as home service, the officers would willingly stand, if liberal leave and cheap passages were granted at the end of the drill season, but the time of transit to South Africa curtails the leave too much, and the expense would be prohibitive to all but the rich.

I would, however, strongly advocate on grounds of economy and efficiency that at least half a dozen battalions, together with cavalry and artillery on the Indian establishment, should be quartered in Natal, not only on the score of health, but because there are always a certain number of units in India further away from the frontier in point of time, owing to deficient road and

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railway transport provision, than they would be if kept in Natal and sent straight by sea to Kurrachi.

My proposal, therefore, would work out thus: In peace time a total reduction of 86 battalions, and an increase of 18 cavalry regiments and 216 batteries, which would require slightly fewer recruits, and retain them with less wastage, and being more popular services would be more likely to get them.

A strong army corps with a cavalry division always in Canada, and a reduction in the home establishment of infantry of 42 battalions, whose presence in this country could be easily dispensed with, if, to guard against the possible surprise raid to which Mr. Balfour alluded in his speech on the Army Estimates on May 16, and in which, I firmly believe, half the troops from Aldershot, and the infantry garrisons of Chatham and Shorncliffe were moved to a new camp at Ashdown forest, money being found for the purchase of a new site by the sale of the improved W.D. property at all three places (at Aldershot land bought for £7 an acre will now fetch £500).

The permanent garrison of this camp should be reinforced during the "dangerous" months (*i.e.*, those during which the French army has all its recruits in the ranks, and can move at a moment's notice without waiting to call up its reserves) by militia battalions and volunteers whose camping-out periods would be worked in to fit a general scheme.

And, lastly, peace in South Africa being arranged on such a basis that Baden Powell's police and the local forces will suffice to crush out all fresh revolt—all other colonial garrisons to be left on their present footing, 6 infantry battalions alone of the Indian garrison being quartered in Natal for the reasons already given.

F. N. MAUDE,
Lt.-Col. late R.E.

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THE TACTICS OF THE SUBMARINE

THE successful attack made by the *Gustave Zédé* on the *Charles Martel* during the French manœuvres in the Mediterranean affords one more striking proof that the submarine-boat has at last become an effective and reliable element in naval warfare. The *Gustave Zédé* had been towed from Toulon to the neighbourhood of Ajaccio, where she entered the harbour under water and remained in ambush watching for her opportunity. As Admiral de Maigret's squadron put out to sea all unconscious of the lurking enemy, the *Gustave Zédé* selected her victim and made a fair hit with a Whitehead torpedo on the most powerful battleship in the fleet. Of course the conditions of manœuvres and of actual war are never quite the same, but, after making all allowances for this necessary difference, it must be admitted that the officers and men of the *Gustave Zédé* have proved that the submarine is not a mere weapon of defence, but can take her place in offensive naval warfare.

Only a few months ago our Admiralty, after long delays, made up its mind that the submarine-boat was something better than a toy for Frenchmen to play with, and ordered five vessels of the *Holland* type. It is strange that in matters of naval inventions we have so often been several years behind other countries. The self-satisfied conservatism of the Admiralty rejected, for year after year, screw-propellers,

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armoured ships, breech-loading guns, and mastless ironclads. Thanks to this attitude, forty years ago, in the early days of the ironclad, the French navy was for a short time more formidable than our own. Thanks to it, at this moment, several of the ships on the Navy List have still for their main armament obsolete muzzle-loading guns! Thanks to it, France already possesses a whole flotilla of submarines, while English sailors will only begin to experiment with the new weapon some time next autumn!

Much of the opposition to the submarine-boat has resulted from mistaken ideas as to how it would be used in actual warfare. Its inventors, in France and elsewhere, have naturally been anxious to prove practically that it can be used below the surface. But though the power of completely disappearing under the water is of great importance, the probability is that most of the work of the submarine will be done, and even its attacks on hostile ships will be made, not completely below the surface, but with the central dome just awash. In this position the captain of the boat will be able to see what he is doing without having to make use of the periscope tube or other optical devices. The name "submarine" is, in fact, a little misleading. It would be better if the new craft had been called "submergible boats." Their strong point really is that they can be easily manœuvred while exposing to the possible view of an enemy's look-outs a surface less than three feet long and rising only a foot above the water.

I have once been under water in a French submarine-boat. However interesting this experience was, I do not pretend, on the strength of it, to pose as an authority on the probable tactics of the submarine in warfare. But I venture to make some suggestions which are the result of a study of some of the early attempts to use the submarine, and of conversations with French engineers who have given their attention to such matters for years, and have been engaged in practical experiments in the use of such boats.

The most interesting episode in the history of the submarine-

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boat is the successful attack on the *Housatonic*, a Federal iron-clad engaged in the blockade of Charleston, which was sunk by a Confederate boat on February 19, 1864. In connection with this incident, the fact which mostly impressed the public mind was that the attacking boat—the *David*—sank, and drowned all her crew; and this is too readily accepted as a proof that the submarine is at least as dangerous to those who use her as to the enemy against whom she is employed. If we look into the details of the affair we shall see that this is an unwarranted conclusion. The sinking of the *Housatonic* is really a proof that the submarine is a most formidable engine of warfare.

In 1864 the electric motor was still a scientific toy. The modern submarine of the French type, with her electric driving gear, is not encumbered with a funnel projecting several feet above the water. In order to get rid of the funnel and to avoid the noise which would be made by a steam-engine, the designers of the Confederate submarine-boat *David* had to be content with a propeller worked by the crew with the help of hand-cranks and treadles. This meant slow speed and great exhaustion to the men. Compared to the modern submarine, the *David* laboured under another disadvantage. Her torpedo was a small iron cylinder carried on a spar rigged out from the bow, and containing only a comparatively small charge of gun-powder. To make a successful attack she had to come within thirty feet of her enemy and bring the head of the torpedo into actual contact with the ship's side. The weapon of the modern submarine is a Whitehead torpedo carrying a high explosive charge of gun-cotton, and having a range of some hundred yards. It will be seen that, compared to the sub-marines of to-day, the *David* was very heavily handicapped. This makes the lessons derived from her success all the more important. The modern boat has at least a hundred times the chance that she had of striking a successful blow.

The *David* was built at Mobile towards the end of 1863, and brought, partly by river, partly overland, to Charleston.

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Experimental trials were made in Charleston Harbour. Her general shape was very like that of the boats of to-day. She was cigar-shaped, and had, at the highest part of her curving surface, a hatchway covered by a dome, which was to be closed when she went under water. But here again she was at a terrible disadvantage compared with the submarines of to-day. The modern boat takes down with her a reserve of air compressed in tubes, by means of which, when her dome is closed, the air-supply can be renewed, the vitiated air in the interior being pumped out by a watertight revolving valve. Thus, three men have spent eighteen hours under water in a French submarine-boat and been none the worse for the experience. The *David* had no reserve of air, and as she required a crew of seven or eight men, the dome could only be kept closed for a very short time.

The experiments in the harbour were carried out at a terrible cost of life, but, nevertheless, there was no difficulty in finding crew after crew to face the imminent risk of death. On her first trial the whole of the crew of eight was drowned; on her next attempt, which was made flush with the water and with the dome open, she was sunk by the wash of a passing steamer. Only one man escaped, by climbing out of the little hatchway as she went down. He was an officer of the Confederate navy, and nothing daunted, he took her out for a third time, after she had been raised, only to see her sink again. He escaped with two of his men; five others were drowned. Again she was raised, and the officer who had twice so narrowly escaped from death found a fourth crew for her. This time the dome was closed and an under-water voyage was attempted. But her trim was so defective when under way that, instead of sinking horizontally she went down diagonally, bow foremost, and stuck her sharp cigar-point in the muddy bottom. All on board were dead when she was brought to the surface.

After this it was decided that she could only be safely manœuvred with her hatchway awash. Notwithstanding all her failures, a crew, made up of two officers of the Confederate

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army and five sailors, volunteered to take her out and attack some ship of the blockading fleet. The attempt was made on the night of February 19, 1864. The ship attacked—the *Housatonic*—was lying about four miles out from the harbour mouth. The following is a Federal account of what occurred:

> About 9 P.M. an object was seen moving towards the ship, supposed one hundred yards distant; it had the appearance of a plank on the water; in two minutes it had reached the ship. Within this time the crew had been called to quarters, the chain-cable slipped and engine backed. The torpedo-boat—for such she proved to be—struck the ship on the starboard side, forward of the mizzen-mast, and the *Housatonic* sunk almost immediately, the hammock-nettings being just awash when the keel rested on the bottom. The crew ascended the rigging, and were soon taken off by other vessels blockading. Ensign Hazeltine and four of the crew were missing; they had been either stunned by the explosion or drowned as the vessel went down. Pickering, who commanded the *Housatonic*, was severely bruised by the explosion.[1]

The *David* sank at the same time as the *Housatonic*, and her crew of seven were all drowned. The boat was raised after the fall of Charleston. She had been in no way structurally injured by the explosion. Her dome was opened, and it was evident that she had been swamped by the wave caused by the firing of her torpedo and the sinking of the ship she had successfully attacked. If her crew had only trusted their boat so far as to screw down the roof of the dome immediately before the actual attack the chances are that the wave would have washed harmlessly over them, and they would have returned in triumph to Charleston. Had they done so the development of the submarine-boat in the world's navies would not have had to wait so long.

Let us further consider the light that this trial in active warfare throws upon the tactics of modern submarine-boats. First it will be noted that the approaching enemy was not seen by the look-outs of the *Housatonic* till she was only a hundred yards off. But they were on the alert, for not only

[1] "The Navy in the Civil War." II. The Atlantic Coast. By Rear-Admiral Ammen, U.S.N. P. 147.

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were blockade-runners to be expected once the sun had gone down, but also previous attempts had been made by the defenders of Charleston to attack the blockading fleet with torpedo-boats. The *David* had to come on in order to strike the *Housatonic's* side with her spar torpedo. She took two minutes to cover the hundred yards. This gives her roughly a speed of about a knot and a half an hour, even when her crew were working their hardest, as they would be at this critical moment, a speed far inferior to that of the slowest of modern submarines. But the submarine-boat of to-day, if she found herself a hundred yards from an enemy, need not come any nearer, unless she wished to make assurance doubly sure, for at a hundred yards she would be at very short range for the improved Whitehead torpedo, and she would have at least two of these weapons ready to be discharged, while the *David* had to peril everything upon the successful contact explosion of her single torpedo.

Compared with the *David*, therefore, the modern submarine, attacking awash, would have these advantages: She could approach silently at a speed of about seven knots an hour instead of one and a half. She could keep her dome closed so as to be safe from the danger of being swamped. She could use two Whitehead torpedoes instead of a spar torpedo, and need not therefore come close under the side of the hostile vessel. If discovered, she could disappear under the surface, alter her position, come up at some other point, and creep quietly in to make a second attack.

Compared with the destroyer or first-class torpedo-boat, the submarine would have these advantages: Although she would have to approach at a much lower speed, her chance of avoiding premature discovery would be enormously greater. While the destroyer or torpedo-boat has an exposed surface, seen from the broadside, of 100 to over 200 feet in length and 4 or 5 feet in height to the deck-line, and, seen bow on, a width of from 10 to 22 feet, and the same height to the deck-line, with, in both cases, the further height of funnels, conning-

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tower, and the gun with its shield mounted on top of it in case of destroyers—the submarine, seen from any point of view, would only show a length of about 8 feet and a height of not more than 18 inches above the water, everything but the dome being below it. Moreover, the approach of the submarine would be absolutely silent. The destroyer or torpedo-boat has always to run the risk of discovery through the noise of her engines, and the further risk of betraying her presence by sparks or even flames from her funnels. At the actual moment of attack, if the enemy are on the alert and open fire, the torpedo-boat, and still more the destroyer, present a large target, and their thin plating and unprotected steam-tubes make them particularly vulnerable. On the other hand, the submarine presents an insignificant target, and by turning a couple of levers can, in a few seconds, seek safety below the surface.

Returning to the attack on the *Housatonic*, we must now consider the defensive advantages possessed by a modern warship in a blockading squadron, compared to those of the ships of 1864. The modern ship is able to turn on one or more searchlights and to bring a number of very handy quick-firing and machine guns into action against the attacking boat. Against both these means of defence the submarine is in a better position than either the modern torpedo-boat or the old *David*. The points of this superiority have been already indicated. Even when the blockading ships have their searchlights at work, the chance of their sighting so small an object during its stealthy approach is very slight. The submarine can reasonably hope to get safely within close torpedo range. As soon as she discharges her torpedo she can disappear. If the enemy has his searchlights at work when she goes out to attack, this will be a help rather than otherwise, and it will enable her to direct her course more certainly.

During one of the trials of the first *Holland* boat, she failed to find the steamer which was to serve as a target, "because the ship did not light up." Some of the New York papers made very merry over this failure. They forgot that a block-

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ading squadron, lying off a harbour in which it is known that there are torpedo craft, is *always* lighting up. The crews get anxious and "jumpy," turn on their searchlights night after night, and even open fire on false alarms. Twice at least during the blockade of Santiago the American fleet turned on all its searchlights, and opened fire with quick-firers, and even heavier guns, against imaginary destroyers. Elaborate accounts of the "fighting" appeared in the New York papers. One of the cruisers claimed to have sunk a two-funnel destroyer close under her bows. The battleship *Oregon* claimed to have cut a Spanish destroyer in two with a 13-inch shell while the boat was trying to escape back to the harbour. On both occasions the Spanish destroyers were lying quietly at anchor, and as Lieutenant Fremont, the commander of the U.S. torpedo-boat *Porter*, puts it, the fleet was firing at "caves in the shore-line, moving trains on shore, and the tops of big waves." These incidents are interesting as showing the nervous state of the crews of even a well-disciplined fleet under the trying conditions of a modern blockade.

In connection with them, I may refer to a plan of attack suggested to me by a French engineer when discussing the probable tactics of the submarine. "If I were acting," he said, "against a blockading squadron, I should like to employ, say, a couple of good torpedo-boats and a couple of submarines. I should send the submarines out first to approach the fleet, and if possible to creep out to the seaward side of it. I would give them a good start, and, at an hour previously agreed on, I would send out the torpedo-boats to make a false attack. The object of this would be to make the ships light up and divert their attention from the real danger. I would see that, while they were firing at my torpedo-boats at long range, and while all their attention was riveted on them, the submarines would close in on the other side and do their work." The plan looks feasible enough.

The method of employing the submarine with everything but her dome immersed, in night attacks, disposes at once of

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all the difficulties urged against the possibility of her finding her way under water and reconnoitring only through the periscope. One or two other points must be considered in connection with the attack on a blockade. It is to be presumed that, in the presence of torpedo-boats, even if the depth of the water permitted of anchoring, the ships would be kept under way at slow speed during the night, and could immediately increase their speed on an alarm. How, then, it will be asked, could the comparatively slow marine get within striking distance of her swifter victim? I would suggest that it is here that the submarine's power of lurking in the neighbourhood of an enemy's ships would have especial value. She could watch for a favourable chance of placing herself upon or close to the actual line of movement of a hostile cruiser. She could even risk placing herself almost directly ahead of her enemy, for she could avoid collision by rapidly sinking. With this power of lying hid on or below the surface, her crew could reasonably hope to manœuvre so that one or other of the enemy's ships would place herself within striking distance.

Other possibilities of attack, perhaps even in the daylight, are opened up by a method with which the French fleet has lately been experimenting. The submarine is towed behind an armoured cruiser or battleship, with which she is also connected by a telephone wire. For night work a smaller ship would be used to do the towing. There is nothing on the surface, even in broad daylight, to reveal the presence of the submarine. The ship that tows her casts her off when she is already at close quarters with the enemy, who has so far been given no reason to suspect the presence of this second adversary. If the attack fails the submarine endeavours to come up on the sheltered side of her consort, and is again taken in tow.

For aggressive purposes it has also been proposed to convey small submarine-boats, of the improved *Goubet* type, on board of cruisers. These boats weigh about eleven tons. They are lighter and less bulky than the old torpedo-boats, which were conveyed by Russian cruisers in the same way to various

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points of attack in the Black Sea during the last war with Turkey. Arrived near the place of action, the submarine would be lowered into the sea and go to work. In connection with harbour defence there is another French invention of which very little has been heard in England. It is recognised that, in a narrow tideway at a harbour mouth anywhere in the Channel, a submarine, at certain states of the tide, would work under conditions of great difficulty and find it no easy matter to keep her course. It has been proposed, therefore, to arrange for the patrolling of such channels by submarines by laying down a cable, with which the boat would be connected, her movement being backwards and forwards along it, the method of connection allowing her to vary her distance from the bottom. She would be connected by telephone with an observing-station on shore, and could thus receive orders as well as information to supplement what her captain could observe for himself. It is considered by the advocates of the plan that a small boat thus equipped could make an attempt at counter-mining very dangerous for the attacking party, if she took up her station each night at a point commanding the approach to the mine-field.

I may note another point of interest to the soldier rather than the sailor. I believe there is at present a small submarine told off for work in the Seine in connection with the defence of Paris. She would be used for the destruction of bridges above and below the city, in the event of another siege. But she is also available for operations in other rivers. She is small enough to be transported by rail, and might prove a formidable means of attack against an enemy's permanent or temporary bridges. If the Turks had had such a boat on the Danube in 1877, especially if its presence were not known to the Russians, the floating-bridge at Simnitza, on which the existence of their army in Bulgaria depended, could have been attacked with good prospects of success.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE future of our two political parties has, perhaps, never been more completely shrouded in uncertainty than it is at the present moment; but no one can doubt that there will always be in England an active desire for reform, and that this desire will sooner or later seek once more to gratify itself by dealing with the House of Lords. This is certain, if only because the Upper House is one of the most ancient and most effective constituents of the Government of this country. So much the more desirable is it that we should make ourselves familiar with its real position and working in what I may call time of peace, when the heat of controversy is not developed on this subject, and when a cool judgment is possible here if not elsewhere.

The House of Lords is next to the king the oldest part of our Constitution, and the Lords Spiritual form the oldest part of that body.

The Lords Spiritual are called Lords of Parliament and are supposed to hold certain ancient Baronies under the Crown. For William the Conqueror thought proper to change the spiritual tenure of *Frank-almoign* (or free alms), under which the Bishops held their lands during the Saxon government, into the Feudal or Norman tenure of Barony.

It is generally agreed that the main constitution of Parliament, as it now stands, was marked out as long ago as the 17th of King John A.D. 1215. In the Great Charter granted by that Prince wherein he promises to summon all Archbishops and Bishops, Abbots, Earls, and greater Barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown to meet to assess aids and scutages, &c.

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And there are still extant writs of Henry III. A.D. 1266, to summon Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses to Parliament.[1]

There is no doubt that the bishops and the barons from their different standpoints were a powerful help in keeping in check any autocratic power attempted to be exercised by our feudal kings, and were the moving agents for obtaining from King John this Great Charter of our liberties, securing the freedom of the Church and of the people.

Our Constitution is the envy of all nations because of its known stability. This stability has been secured by the fact that alterations from time to time to reconcile the different parts of it to each other, in their new relationships from the increasing growth and intelligence of the nation, have generally been carried out by reformation and not by revolution. And this very gradually, not necessarily by Act of Parliament, but by the alteration of tone and conduct on the principle of *solvitur ambulando*. It is therefore evident that the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords—or for the ruthless dismemberment of any part of it—would go directly against all the experience of the past, and would go far to undermine the basis of that Constitution whose stability has been our boast. The experience of the past witnesses to this fact in the history of the great rebellion. For the people soon tired of a military republic; and neither Cromwell's Protectorate nor his new House of Lords found favour with the nation at large.

But because our reforms are of slow growth it does not follow that they are not very real. In all parts of our Constitution this statement holds good. The king from being feudal lord had to alter his position to that of a constitutional monarch ruling over a free people.

As an example: the idea which induced George III. to act according to his conscience, in refusing Pitt's Catholic Emancipation Bill, was modified afterwards by the common-sense

[1] See Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. pp. 350 and 358.

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view that all private feelings must give way to the consideration of what was really best and most expedient for the good government of the people.

Later on the House of Lords had to pass through a similar experience. At the time of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the Reform Bill and Catholic Emancipation Bill, many peers, on George III.'s principle, refused to vote against their own private views, and by their conduct very nearly brought about that revolutionary action which, if again resorted to, would have upset for ever the stability of our Constitution. Happily they came to a better mind, and, as our kings had done before, recognised their new position and accepted the *rôle* of acting as a controlling power over hasty legislation, but in no way claiming the right permanently to withstand the clearly expressed opinions of the people. Even in our unreformed state the House of Lords could never have been in a worse state than the unreformed House of Commons with its rotten boroughs, and the manufacturing towns without any direct representation; yet the common sense of the nation got us out of this difficulty, and has continued its work gradually until we are safely landed in household suffrage and the ballot.

The House of Lords has never shown itself to be that stereotyped body which some people suppose it to be. In Queen Anne's reign (6 Ann. cap. 23) by the election of sixteen peers for each Parliament, and in George III.'s reign (39, 40, cap. 67) by the election of life peers to represent the peerage of Ireland, the principle of election was introduced. I venture to think that this principle of election is a mistake, although I am well aware that one of the first reforms which many would propose would be to extend this principle of election to the British peerage. I have a very strong opinion against this, and the first of my suggested reforms would be to do away with election altogether and, by creating no new Scotch or Irish peers and giving those that remain English peerages, to make them one hereditary body. Practical experience, as an assistant

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Whip in the House of Lords, has convinced me that the system of election is wrong. It is a direct incentive to party voting and does away with the independent spirit which should be one of the main justifications for an hereditary peerage.

It stands to reason, if a certain number of peers are elected —whether for a Parliament or for life—to represent certain political opinions, they very naturally vote solid on all party questions; and the elected peers were some of the surest cards which the Tory Whip possessed.

Again, as regards the spiritual peers, great alterations have taken place. When the Irish Church was disestablished the number of spiritual peers attending the House was permanently decreased. And, when it was found necessary to increase the number of English bishops, the House, to avoid an increase in the numbers of spiritual peers attending the House, accepted the rota system so that, with the exception of the two Archbishops and the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham, all the other bishops take their seats by rota as vacancies occur.

Here, again, we come across a reform which I think was made on wrong lines.

I am aware that one of the first reforms generally proposed is to turn the bishops out of the House altogether. This, of course, could not be done until the Church was disestablished; but even in that case I think the old principle is a sound one, and should form the foundation of a more extended use.

The appointment of spiritual peers to assist in the great councils of the nation was a necessity at a time when, from the want of education among the laity, the bishops held some of the chief offices in the State. It also came about that with a celibate clergy the appointment of bishops introduced the principle of life peerages side by side with hereditary peers. But, however it came about, the principle remains a part—and the oldest part—of our Constitution, and, instead of throwing it over, I should propose turning it to good account. It is a means by which a democratic influence has been from

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the first introduced into the Upper House, and it is capable of much further development. I should like to see representatives of all the chief religious bodies, the Presidents of the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the Royal Society and the like, thus introducing into the Upper House representatives of all the highest talent of the nation. Of course, they would have to be summoned by writ from the Crown, and the Crown must have some voice in their appointment, but this difficulty could be overcome by the different bodies presenting three names from which a choice could be made.

It would be easy to strengthen the legal powers of the House by attaching peerages *ex officio* to certain judgeships, and in this way we could introduce representatives from the colonies—both legal and others.

I will now come to some of the other popular misunderstandings about the House of Lords. It is supposed by some to be a very aged body, out of sympathy with the masses of the people, and entirely obedient to the call of a Tory Government.

From my personal experience I can remove a good many of these mistaken views, and lighten the article by some reminiscences of my fifty-seven years of membership. To begin with, we cannot be a very aged body, when I, at seventy-seven, find only two peers left who took their seats before I did. I believe that if the ages of the House of Peers and House of Commons were compared the averages would be pretty equal, and I feel sure that by hereditary successions and new creations as much fresh blood comes into the House of Lords as into the Lower House. And, as to independence, until Home Rule was proposed, there was a very equal division of parties in the House; and even in this session and in the last ministers have experienced an adverse vote.

When I first assisted Lord Malmesbury as Under Whip, the Whigs had a certain majority unless *we called Proxies*, and here comes the chief and most happy reform that I can

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remember in our modes of procedure. Our party inherited a lot of proxies given to the Duke of Wellington, with which when we broke with the Peelites he in no way interfered. The consequence was that on an important question fully argued out on both sides, if beaten in the House, the balance in the Proxy book gave the decision in our favour. It was indeed a happy reform when we voluntarily gave up this privilege.

There was another wise reform. For hearing appeal cases two lay peers were told off to make a House in case only one or two law lords were there to hear appeals; it was a delusion and a snare, the peers varied from day to day, and if any attended regularly to hear the case what weight would their decision have had if against that of the Lord Chancellor and other law lords? Now only law lords sit, and it is one of the strongest courts in the world.

In old times we took the numbers on a division by counting them as they sat. I remember on one occasion an old peer, the Whig Government Whip, when counting with me, twice missed out six peers on the Treasury bench. He got rusty and insisted he was right, and the front bench smiled at me in derision, but I did not want to take an unfair advantage and made some of them count with me. It was the end of the old Whip; and of the counting in the House; ever after we went into separate lobbies!

Then, to go from greater things to small we have amended, perhaps not always for the better, I remember seeing Archbishop Howley and some of the other bishops in their wigs. On one occasion I saw Lord Holland come down, to support the Government, on crutches and with his gouty foot tied up with linen, just like the old caricatures; and I have seen the late Duke of Argyle's father sitting in the House in his kilt. When I took my seat in 1844, Crossley Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury, was Chairman of Committees. He was a thorough man of business, though with pretty sharp manners, as the following anecdote will show. He had the same Land

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Agent that I employed, a man of the name of Webb, and the firm still keep the letter which ran as follows:

> Webb,—Damn you why don't you answer my letters?
>
> Shaftesbury.

Nevertheless he never came to the House when there was a Committee without putting on his court dress, and I regretted when Lord Redesdale, his successor, gave up the practice.

Notwithstanding our supposed shortcomings, the House of Lords has always kept up its renown for the power of its debates. We have the advantage of having had it all thrashed out in the House of Commons; but when we reduce a month's debate there to two or at most three nights it requires some little speaking power to put concisely before the public the clear issues on either side. Our style of speaking is of course entirely different from that in the House of Commons. I remember Lord Carlisle (who had just come up from the House of Commons, where as Lord Morpeth he had often encountered Lord Stanley) bringing in the Bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws. I never heard a more able statistical speech, and if he had sat down at once he would have been cheered by both sides of the House; instead of this he put his notes into his hat, threw up his head, and gave us a fifteen minutes' peroration full of poetry and power, but he sat down without a cheer! I did not know what was coming, but I heard Stanley say: "Ah, Morpeth, that won't do here!"

These were the days when Lords Brougham and Campbell were sparring every night, and these were wearisome affairs. I only once heard a good speech from Lord Brougham, in which he quoted scripture. I was sitting next Henry, Bishop of Exeter, and he remarked, "I thought I had stopped him from that." Seeing a sparkle in his eye, I knew I was in for a good story; it was as follows: When Brougham was Lord Chancellor, introducing the Catholic Emancipation Bill to the House, the Bishop of Exeter was his chief opponent. Brougham on one occasion said: "Not that he cared for the poor,"

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whereupon, when he sat down, the bishop pointed out how unfair it was to quote scripture when bishops (who could not do so) were opposed to him. "Why," says Brougham, "what would you have said?" "Oh," said the bishop, "for he held the bag and kept what was put therein," and pointed to the seals on the woolsack.

One of the smartest speakers was Lord Ellenborough, very spirited, very concise, and full of points. I suppose the most powerful speech I ever heard was Bishop Magee's against the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill.

I must tell one more story. Lord Stanley, when he first came up to our House, always spoke in tight mauve-coloured kid gloves. After one of his great speeches, Lord Chelmsford said, "Stanley, why do you always speak in gloves? The glove is a dead thing, but the naked hand is full of power." This led to a correspondence, but afterwards this great and approved orator amended his ways, and we always knew that Stanley was going to speak, because he deliberately took off his gloves.

Lord Lyndhurst used to sum up the work of each session with an attack upon ministers. There was very little action or change of voice; it was like a judge delivering a judgment, and it was so accurately given that it might have been read verbatim. I was proud to hand him a glass of water on the last occasion.

I referred last year, in the House, to the last speech made by the Duke of Wellington, when the Conservatives were in power and had brought in a Militia Bill. The old duke said, "The militia is the constitutional force. The battle of Waterloo, that battle of giants, was fought by militiamen." This is in Hansard, but as he sat down he said, "a very different thing if I had had my old army."

There is one other speech which I must refer to. It was Lord Beaconsfield's last, in which he lamented that the new Government had given up Candahar as an outpost on the frontier, but remarked, "after all the real key of India is the City of London." Lord Granville told us afterwards that he

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had been obliged to let Lord Beaconsfield close the debate early, as he had received a note to say "he must speak then or never, as the sedative he had taken to lull his pain was losing its power." Here was true pluck! We were within an ace of having another great man die in the House, as Lord Chatham had done.

But I must return again for a few last words on the reform of the House of Lords. It is true that a maiden speech is always received with courtesy, and that at any time you have anything to tell them you will be attentively listened to, but there will be few signs of approval or of disapproval during your speech, and as you have no constituency at your back it is difficult for even the most eloquent to make an advance there. The late Duke of Argyle startled us by his great eloquence, but at one time he spoke too frequently, and very nearly lost his influence, though on all great occasions he was always welcomed.

Nevertheless the House of Lords is a terrible place for a young man to begin his career in, and, unless he has exceptional powers, or the help of representing some office under Government, is a bad, an almost impossible, training-ground for a young peer.

On the other side there is many an eldest son, taking a prominent part in the other House, who dreads his father's death, which would compel him at once to our colder chamber.

In my proposed reform I should like to remedy both these drawbacks, and I believe it could be done with the consent of the Crown by a resolution of either House of Parliament.

(1) I would have no peer summoned to the Upper House till he was thirty—a more suitable age for a member of a controlling chamber than twenty-one.

(2) By delaying the issue of the writ I would not compel retirement from the Lower House so long as the constituency which the new peer had represented desired to continue to benefit by his services.

I have, while defending the House of Lords from many

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exaggerated misapprehensions of its inefficiency, ventured to suggest certain very important reforms which would make it still more capable than at present for the fulfilment of its constitutional duties.

I think it of importance

(1) That the hereditary principle should be continued; and my proposal would greatly strengthen it by abolishing the elective element, and by securing that peers of matured age, who had at least sown their wild oats, and as I should hope might have secured a Parliamentary training, should form the hereditary portion of that body.

(2) That different societies and churches should be represented by the extension of the life peer system, through the arrangement of *ex officio* peerages on the same lines of appointment which apply now to our chief spiritual peers. This would introduce into the House a more democratic element, and would thus obviate the necessity of appointing to hereditary peerages for this main purpose. Hereditary honours should be restricted to those who by extraordinary services in military, social, or political life, have won for their families a right to be enrolled among the nobility of the land.

I will conclude my article with a quotation from Stephen's "Commentaries," vol. ii. 860–861.

> The distinction of rank and honours is necessary in every well-governed state, in order to reward such as are eminent for their services to the public in a manner most desirable to individuals, and yet without burden to the community. . . . A body of nobility is also most particularly necessary in our mixed and compound Constitution, in order to support the rights both of the Crown and of the people by forming a barrier to prevent the encroachments of both. It promotes and preserves that gradual scale of dignity which proceeds from the peasant to the prince; rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion that adds stability to any government; for when the departure is sudden from one extreme to another we may pronounce that state to be precarious. The nobility therefore are the pillars which are reared *from among the people* more immediately to support the Throne, and if that falls they must be buried among its ruins.

NELSON.

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FAMINE AND ITS CAUSES IN ITALY

WE have unfortunately become so accustomed to gruesome tales of famine from India and from Russia, from Armenia and from China, that our powers of sympathy in those directions seem almost to have been lulled into comparative indifference, as by the long wailing of a sick child for whom we feel powerless to do anything.

Indeed, the spectre of famine overshadows our conception of some places; we can only think of them as fatally linked together with want and suffering, just as the mere mention of proverbially favoured lands immediately suggests blue skies and waving cornfields, joy and plenty.

Italy, the brightest gem of the "sunny south," has always held a prominent place among these privileged countries of our imagination, and it is therefore with pained surprise that we discover the footprints of grim famine in the legendary home of prosperity. But what astonishes us even more is the fact that these ominous footprints are more clearly discernible and more numerous precisely in those southern provinces hitherto famed for the inexhaustible productiveness of their olive-groves and for the fertility of the undulating vine-clad country — *festante per vendemmia*, as Foscolo beautifully expressed it. Indeed the standard of prosperity steadily decreases as we advance southwards from the Alps, rising a little when Tuscany is reached, only to fall again abruptly in

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Apulia, Basilicata, Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia, the unhappy island which holds the record of Italian misery. And that the standard of Italian prosperity is not a high one, even at its best, may be gathered from the scandalously low rate of remuneration for agricultural labour in Piedmont and Lombardy, the two richest regions of Italy, where the men and women—who work from morning till night in the rice-fields, exposed to the pestilential emanations of the marshy soil, in which they sink knee deep—are content with wages of 60 centimes (about fivepence) a day. Statistics also prove that the terrible pellagra, a malady exclusively due to malnutrition, is, if anything, on the increase among the Lombard peasantry. And if this deplorable state of things exists in provinces where flourishing industries and huge manufactories have arisen, to which the agricultural population may turn to employment and bread, what must be the condition of other regions, the inhabitants of which are wholly dependent upon the products of the soil? We need not dive very deep in recent statistics in order to answer this question. Take, for instance, Sardinia, the unfortunate island which has not inappropriately been called Italy's stepdaughter. During the period ranging from January 1, 1885, to June 30, 1897, no fewer than 52,060 judicial sales of houses and lands took place for non-payment of taxes. If we compare this figure with the number of inhabitants, we come to the astonishing conclusion that one out of every fourteen inhabitants was despoiled by the Government during the above-mentioned period! Nor have things improved during the last three years. In a recent number of the *Nuova Sardegna* I find a list of the judicial sales to take place in one week, the first week of the new century, and in the province of Sassari alone. They amount to 445, all for non-payment of taxes, the sums due to the *fisco* ranging from a maximum of 25 lire (£1) in only four cases, to a minimum of 5 centimes, or ½*d*. In 85 per cent. out of these cases the taxes due were inferior to 1 lira. When it is remembered that the poor huts and hovels and the little fields, though sufficient to maintain the hardy

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mountaineers, are absolutely valueless to the Government, the folly of the authorities in pursuing a cruel policy, which sows the seeds of hatred, revolt and brigandage, surpasses the bounds of comprehension.

It would be absolutely impossible, within the limits of this paper, to give even a remote idea of the distress now prevalent throughout Italy, but it is a curious fact that those regions which have been more plentifully endowed with natural wealth, such as Sardinia, Sicily, Calabria, and Apulia, are those which now suffer most cruelly.

The case of the last-named region is at the present juncture best worthy of attention and study, not only from the economist's point of view, but also, and perhaps principally, from that of the Italian politician. Unfortunately the latter is too deeply engaged in the battle for power at Montecitorio to give a thought to the material or moral wants of the country, and while he neglects useful legislation in order to satisfy the ignoble stimuli of his ambition, Italy suffers cruelly from the abandonment in which she is left by those who style themselves her representatives, and whose duty it would be to safeguard her interests. And yet the situation in Apulia is now infinitely more serious than it was in 1898, when the distress of the agricultural population and the apathy of the authorities led to the revolt of Minervino Murge. How the Apulian peasants' agitation became the first link in that chain of rapid events culminating in the barricades and street fights of Milan, in the overthrow of the Rudini Ministry, and in the fierce repression of Pelloux's military administration, is but the history of yesterday. Since then absolutely nothing has been done to better the fate of the unfortunate Pugliesi, reduced to the verge of starvation by the terrible malady which attacked their olive-groves and vineyards, on the produce of which they are essentially dependent. Nothing but the wholesale arrests of hundreds of peasants, sentenced by the military tribunals to long terms of imprisonment, could have prevented the repetition of the uprising, but underneath

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the embers of apparent quiet the fire of dissatisfaction and despair is smouldering, and may at any moment burst forth into fierce flames.

A brief description of the state of things in Apulia will suffice to give an idea of the terrible gravity of the situation, and of the impending catastrophe, which can only be avoided by a prompt, energetic, and generous intervention on the part of the Government.

Formerly there were few more flourishing or contented regions in Italy than Apulia. The abundant crops of oil and wine were a source of riches to the landed proprietors, who employed thousands of peasants in the cultivation of their vast estates, and peace and plenty reigned supreme. But the appearance of a terrible little insect, the *mosca olearia*, abruptly changed the spirit of this charming dream. Slowly and insidiously at first, then with alarming rapidity, as if carrying out the preconcerted plan of a general attack, the *mosca olearia* fastened on to the magnificent olive-groves. One after another the beautiful trees of Minerva, some of them many hundreds of years old, withered and died, strewing the ground with their grey-green leaves. Some of the most valuable olive-groves, which only three years ago were a sea of luxuriant foliage, now look as if they had been blasted by a breath of fire. A sickly brown colour has taken the place of the soft green tints, and the country, seen from a distance, offers an indescribably bleak and desolate aspect. This wholesale destruction of the olive-groves cannot be attributed to the *mosca olearia* alone, and a Government Commission now studying the question, under Professor Comes, is of opinion that the evil is even more serious, and that a mysterious and hitherto unknown malady has attacked the trees, leaving little prospect of their preservation.

At first the peasantry hoped against hope that the visitation might be a temporary one, but when they understood the real nature of the calamity despair seized hold of their simple, ignorant minds. And it was under the influence of this first

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outburst of frenzied terror and grief that they rose against the authorities, who had turned a deaf ear to their cry of distress. The Draconic repression which followed their movement of revolt, and two years of anguish and starvation, have crushed even the little spirit left in the Pugliese peasantry by centuries of a feudal *régime*, and now thousands of men, women, and children suffer and starve in despairing silence, like helpless animals, among their dead olive-groves and withered vines.

And still it would be difficult to find not only in Europe, but also among the least civilised tribes of Asia or Africa, a people more frugal or more easily satisfied than the Pugliese peasantry. Their ordinary food consists of a mess of beans and Indian corn, often eaten without salt or other condiment, and varied occasionally with baked chestnuts or peas. Real bread is a luxury which they can seldom afford. Some idea of the terrible misery now prevalent in Apulia may be conveyed to our minds by the fact that there are thousands of human beings on the verge of starvation owing to the absolute lack of even this meagre diet which they have hitherto subsisted upon.

Nor can the peasantry be accused of laziness, or of that decided aversion to work so common, for instance, among the Neapolitans. On the contrary, their eagerness to obtain the most laborious employment, provided it give them the means of earning the bare necessities of life, is pathetic in the extreme. The following instances will give an idea of the desperate tenacity with which the peasants seek work. The proprietor of a small estate at Lizzanello engaged six labourers to dig in a field of Indian corn. Next morning, on going down to see how the work was progressing, he was astonished to find sixty men and women busily digging away. "But," he exclaimed in alarm, "I have only engaged six men, and I won't pay for more." "No matter, *signoria*," was the cheerful reply, "we will share the four *scudi* (20 frs.) between us, and our families will not starve to-day."

In another village thirty peasants invaded the vineyard of a well-to-do proprietor and set to work, refusing to leave off

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even when the gendarmes were called by the enraged *padrone*, but declaring, half imploringly and half threateningly, that they would be satisfied with a salary of but 20 centimes, or twopence a day!

I could quote scores of similar instances which have occurred during the last three months at Casarano, Taurisano, Manduria, Cellino, Marciano, Acquarica, Alessano, and other villages situated in the provinces of Lecco and Bari.

"We are willing to work night and day," exclaim the spokesmen of the wan expectant groups, "but save our wives and little ones from starvation!"

It will be seen that the demands of the peasantry are not exaggerated, and that these primeval children of the soil have a natural horror for violence, preferring the most irksome toil to lawlessness. In a few isolated cases, however, the timid descendants of downtrodden serfs have had recourse to the *ultima ratio* from which their very soul revolts, unless they be driven to desperation by cruel hunger. There have been sanguinary encounters between gendarmes and peasantry at Taurisano, where a numerous mob proceeded to fell olive-trees in order to sell the timber, and on December 29 last a crowd of peasants, headed by one Cosimo Micaletti, besieged the municipal palace of Casarano, threatening to destroy it unless the *Sindaco* or mayor found work for the starving people.

How to deal with these rebels and with hundreds of minor delinquents is a grave problem now facing the magistrates in Apulia, for it has been proved that the innumerable thefts and similar crimes which take place towards the end of autumn in a region where crime is almost unknown during the milder weather are prompted by the earnest desire of the delinquents to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment which will enable them to tide over the dreaded winter months, when the terrors of famine are enhanced by ice and snow and the discomforts of a fireless hearth. The praetor of Ugento has a pitiful story to tell about the eagerness with which destitute peasants look forward to a term of imprisonment. Three young women

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from Allisto were brought before him, charged with stealing olives on an estate belonging to the municipality.

The pinched and starving features of the defendants, the eldest of whom was barely twenty-five, their ragged clothes and their half-hopeful, half-despairing expression excited the sympathy and pity of the kind-hearted magistrate, who, though unable to acquit them, sentenced them to the minimum penalty, viz., three days. Then a tragic scene took place. Bursting into tears, the prisoners flung themselves at the magistrate's feet, imploring him to give them the shelter of the prison for at least three months. With the touching ingenuousness of children they told how the theft had been a preconcerted affair in order to escape the terrors which the winter (a particularly bitter one this year) held in store for them, and how they had even consulted a lawyer, who had planned the whole scheme, assuring them that, according to the Penal Code, they would be sentenced to three months at the very least. And now the poor girls saw their dream of prison paradise, with its bed and blankets and daily soup and bread and meat twice a week, a princely fare, vanishing like a mirage before them just as they thought themselves on the point of entering the blessed portals. They were being ruthlessly thrust back into the world of honesty and squalor to slave and starve and suffer, and they made one last desperate stand against their fate. The poor magistrate actually had to sustain a juridical discussion with the would-be victims, who were led away sobbing in a broken-hearted manner, as if they saw stretching before them the long vista of weary winter days with its attendant train of cold, hunger and dishonour. For it would be useless to deny that the present famine exercises a most demoralising influence upon the peasantry, favouring the revival of long-forgotten mediæval rights and customs[1] which the petty lords of the land are nothing loath to exact from their serfs and tenants in return for pecuniary aid or loans in kind. Nor is this anachronism surprising in a

[1] I allude to the *jus primæ noctis*.

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region which holds the third place in Italy's shameful roll of illiteracy, with a proportion of seventy per cent. of illiterates,[1] and where a great number of the inhabitants are hardly aware of the existence of an United Italy with a constitutional sovereign of the House of Savoy at its head.

If the condition of the Pugliese peasantry is pitiful, that of the landowners is hardly less deplorable. Let us take the case of a fairly wealthy proprietor, the owner of 12,000 olive-trees in the province of Lecco, who favoured me with these interesting figures. The average yield of the 12,000 trees in normal years is 550 *quintali*[2] of oil, worth about 50,000 lire (£2000).

During the agricultural year 1900–1901, my informant only got a crop of 20 *quintali*, value 1800 lire. He had to pay 1500 lire for *imposta fondiaria* or land-tax, 180 for feudal tributes, and the cultivation of the estate cost 4200 lire; total, 5880 lire. Deducting the 1800 lire representing the year's crop, his balance-sheet showed a net loss of 4080 lire, and a comparative loss, when we consider the normal income he formerly derived from his property, of 44,120 lire. And this is by no means one of the worst cases. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the landowners cannot give work to the peasantry, for it is sheer loss of time and money to cultivate the olive-groves, as the bitter experience of the last ten years has proved.

Until there was the slightest hope of better times, the landowners went on doggedly and patiently cultivating their estates, firmly convinced of the infallibility of the "agricultural ten years" which must in the end prove profitable. They mortgaged their land, had recourse to the limited *credito fondiario* extended to them by the Banca d'Italia and Banca di Napoli,

[1] The percentage of illiteracy in Italy is as follows: Calabria, 77; Basilicata, 74; Apulia, 70; Sicily, 66; Sardinia, 65; Abruzzi, 63; Campania, 60; Umbria and Marches, 57; Tuscany and Emilia, 42; Venetia, 30; Liguria, 18; Lombardy, 16; Piedmont, 11.

[2] The *quintale* corresponds to 100 kilogrammes. The average value of oil in Apulia is 90 lire per *quintale*.

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and even sold their crops in advance for two or three years to the local Shylocks; and the Shylock of Apulia would deserve an article all to himself, so amazingly rapacious, astute and cruel is he. But the ten years turned out to be all lean kine, the mortgagees foreclosed, the Banca d'Italia and Banca di Napoli absolutely refused to advance a centime more, and Shylock, who had already paid himself thrice over in advance, swooped down on the ruined barons and gobbled up what was left of their shattered fortunes.

I will conclude this very inadequate description of the distress prevalent in Apulia by submitting here some terribly suggestive figures regarding the province of Lecco, compiled by Prof. Marzano, Secretary to the Lecco Chamber of Commerce, and which give a better idea of the appalling misery than all the rhetoric in the world:

Product.	Mean Production (in Hectolitres) and average value.	Production during 1900 and its value.	Loss during 1900.
Corn . .	1,016,000 ...	515,000	
	(It. lire 19,192,000)	(It. lire 9,680,000)	It. lire 9,512,000
Wine . .	1,700,000 ...	150,000	
	(It. lire 45,900,000)	(It. lire 4,050,000)	„ 41,850,000
Oil . .	350,000 ...	100,000	
	(It. lire 35,000,000)	(It. lire 10,000,000)	„ 25,000,000
	Total loss during 1900 . .		„ 76,362,000

It is evident from these official returns that on an average yearly income of It. lire 100,092,000 the landowners of Apulia have lost 76,362,000, or more than 76 per cent. Small wonder, then, that the peasantry starve, and that the branch offices of the Banks of Italy and Naples are full to overflowing with jewels and ancient trinkets which glittered on the sword-hilts of Crusaders, and decked the beautiful Apulian ladies of the Court of Frederic II. Nor is there any prospect of these relics of ancient splendour and prosperity ever being restored to the quaintly carved caskets or to the snow-white necks from which they were taken, not without tears, to appease the inexorable Shylock, or to keep the wolf from the ancestral door.

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Although desperate, the situation in Apulia is not without remedies, but the statesman who would restore the country to its former prosperity, or even to a relative degree of *bien être*, must not be content with half-measures or with those superficial poultices which temporarily relieve local pain, but have no really beneficial effect on the malady. It is precisely this lack of thoroughness which Italian statesmen have always suffered from when dealing with problems of vital importance to the very existence of their country. Witness the interminable delay in carrying out a project which, if effected, would transform Apulia into the most productive region, not only in Italy, but in Europe. I have neglected to mention that Apulia suffers quite as much from water famine as from starvation; indeed, the latter is in a great measure the natural consequence of the former. The region is one of the most characteristic instances of volcanic formation, and water is distressingly scarce. The project I allude to consists in the building of an aqueduct which would carry the pure and abundant waters of the river Sele, which flows above Salerno (on the Mediterranean) to the plains of parched Apulia, the distance, in a straight line across the Apennines, being forty miles, and the approximate cost 200,000,000 of lire. It is difficult to estimate all the benefit that would accrue to this long-suffering region from a similar enterprise, but experts agree in foretelling that its entire cost would be repaid in a few years by the increased production of the land. Water is the one great want of this thirsty soil, parched up by the fierce summer heat of the sunny south, and, in addition to the advantages the country would derive from the irrigation of vast stretches of arid land, the employment of the people in the works of construction would provide immediate relief to the starving peasants.

Another beneficial reform would be to discourage viticulture, which has been rendered unprofitable since the war of tariffs with France began, and to give every facility to corn-growers, even going so far as to advance the necessary seed, for Apulia is an eminently cereal-producing country, and would be able to

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export large quantities of cereals, especially those used in the production of alcohol, the corn produced here being much richer in saccharine matter than the Russian corn now used in the manufacture of corn brandy.

Among the evils to be checked, or rather suppressed with a firm hand, not only in Apulia but throughout Italy, are usury, the odious vampire which sucks the heart's blood of the Italian agriculturists, and which would have no *raison d'être* if the Government were to open a sensible credit to landowners, exacting proper guarantees and receiving a moderate interest; red-tapeism[1] with all its attendant evils and odious *fiscalism* which profits no one, and is one of the most real causes of dissatisfaction; and emigration, which is stimulated more by the nefarious activity of unscrupulous agents than by economic causes, and deprives the country of its best and most stalwart labourers.

But all these reforms are impossible without a radical change in the parliamentary and political systems which have hitherto obtained in Italy. The country has little to expect from political parties, whose chief aim is their own aggrandisement, or from Ministers, who think their only duty consists in demolishing the work of their predecessors.

It is not necessary to be possessed of extraordinary perspicacity to see that Italy is tired of the highly unsatisfactory systems of government to which her present misery is in a great measure due. The formation of the present Cabinet was only possible thanks to an almost servile alliance with the Socialists of the Extreme Left, and it is symptomatic of the state of feeling now prevalent in Italy that those regions where suffering is the most intense, such as Apulia, are sending Republican deputies to Parliament.[2] The new Administration, therefore, would do well to remember the somewhat materialistic but eminently true German aphorism: *Sozialfrag*,

[1] There are 100,000 Government employees and 300,000 municipal employees in Italy.

[2] Corato, Andria, Minervino Murge and Molfetta are represented by Republicans in the Chamber of Deputies, Signor Bovio being one of the number.

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Magenfrag. The popular Cerberus is beginning to bay ominously, and history has shown time and again that it is much wiser and cheaper to appease his hunger with bread, especially when that bread has long and unjustly been withheld from him, than to excite his fury with the prodding of bayonets. Therefore, *caveant consules* ere it be too late.

EDWARD C. STRUTT.

[Since writing this article, events in Italy have more than justified the somewhat pessimistic tenor of its closing lines. The struggle between labour and capital has reached an acute stage, the worker of the cities has stretched an encouraging hand to the worker of the soil, both are busily engaged in perfecting a formidable organisation under the red banner of Socialism, and the Zanardelli-Giolitti Government is practically a hostage in the hands of the Extreme parties. King Demos is master of the situation, and, what is more, he knows it. From a political, as well as from a social and economic point of view, Italy has never yet traversed so important and highly interesting a period of evolution as the one which we are now watching.—E. C. S.]

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A JESUIT PLEA FOR JESUITS

IT will hardly be questioned that a recent writer spoke not without warrant when he averred that by a multitude of excellent people Jesuits are regarded "with a mingled feeling of fear and loathing." They are almost universally assumed by our countrymen to be, of their very essence, underhand, treacherous, and unscrupulous, to hate enlightenment, liberty, and all good things, and to spend their lives contriving tortuous plots and schemes for the keeping of mankind in slavery, whether intellectual or political. In particular, is it not written again and again by our own correspondents in great capitals how Jesuits are pulling the strings of public affairs, making some statesmen dance to their reactionary tunes, and thwarting the wise policy of others, till these are compelled in self-defence to forget Liberal principles, and invoke arbitrary force as the only bulwark of freedom against adversaries so insidious and implacable?

No other feeling could induce Englishmen, of all men, to condone the action taken by the chiefs of the French Republic against Religious Orders. Were such legislation directed against any other class of men, it is awful to think of the tempest of indignation which such an outrage on the rights of subjects would arouse. But as it is, these Orders being what they are—bodies of men bound together for the service of God and the Church—the State, we are told, finds itself compelled by sheer necessity to seize any weapon which promises to be

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effectual. In this instance, to be sure, not only Jesuits are concerned; but it can scarcely be doubted that the popular conviction of their notorious knavery goes far to forfeit the character of those associated with them. "We firmly believe," writes a journal of most eminent respectability, "that the Jesuits have always been a grave danger to national independence, liberty of conscience, and true religion, and that they are quite as dangerous to-day as during any period of their existence," which pronouncement it anticipates will be taken by the Jesuits themselves as a tribute to their Order. If Jesuits are wronged, the same authority goes on, they have no one to blame but themselves. "It is a wholesome instinct which warns men and women to regard with suspicion religious societies that do not dare to divulge their vows and proceedings. In the history of the world there is no parallel to the abhorrence and dread which the Jesuits have excited."

Such is the notion formed of us Jesuits by a large number, not to say a large majority, of our fellow countrymen. As may well be imagined, it is far from agreeable to know and feel that it is so; but another thing would be immensely worse —to be conscious that in the smallest degree we resembled the descriptions we read of ourselves. As it is, any sentiment of annoyance is swallowed up in wonder that persons of intelligence, who for the most part would not knowingly malign anybody, should believe, generation after generation, what to ourselves appears so preposterous.

It will, perhaps, be allowed that we ought to know something about ourselves, our aims, and the methods we employ to accomplish them. At any rate, we ourselves fancy that we do. We go so far as to believe that we have better opportunities for forming an opinion than those who pronounce against us verdicts such as we have heard, and the result is, that however admirable the intentions which prompt them, we feel that the one element is lacking which alone could render them formidable, since they are based upon no knowledge of the matter with which they deal; in fact, the positiveness of our

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assailants is, as a rule, in inverse proportion to their acquaintance with Jesuits in the flesh.

I myself, for example, have been a Jesuit for forty-five years; for a quarter of a century I have been admitted amongst the "Professed" who form the very core of the Society; I have been placed in an office in which any secrets of policy must necessarily be known to me; I have been in constant and confidential communication with the General of the Order himself, both written and verbal, and can say with confidence that I fully know his mind on all points. As the result of my experience, I *know* that were we to do any of the things alleged against us, we should flagrantly disobey both the rules which we have pledged ourselves to observe, and the peremptory commands of the superiors whom we have vowed to obey. I know that neither I myself, nor any Jesuit I ever knew, would continue in the Order for half an hour did we find it to be in any respect what it is represented as being; and I am quite sure that all would be utterly at a loss to comprehend how men could be induced to renounce all that is most attractive upon earth by the prospect of thereby becoming children of perdition tenfold beyond the rest of men.

And what, I would ask, is the evidence on the other side? We might suppose that those who utter accusations so grave had availed themselves of every source of information within their reach; that so far as possible they might fully understand their subject. Amongst such sources of information, by far the most important is the official Institute of the Society, containing its constitutions and all other authoritative documents; of which, to name no other library, that of the British Museum contains several copies, so that all who choose can know all on this subject that is known to the Jesuits themselves. What do we find there? And first as to the burning question of politics?

On this point the Fifth General Congregation (1593) made the following Decree (No. 47), which may be left without any comment:

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Inasmuch as our Society which was raised up by our Lord for the propagation of the Faith and the gaining of souls, can happily attain its end under the banner of the Cross, with advantage to the Church and good example to our neighbour, by those means which are proper to our Institute; and as she would prevent such good and expose herself to grievous dangers, were she to meddle with secular matters and such as appertain to Politics and the government of States; therefore hath it been most wisely enacted by our predecessors, that, fighting God's battle, we should never mix ourselves up with things that do not concern our profession. Since, however, in these most perilous times especially, in various places and by various Princes (whose love and charity our Father Ignatius thought it important to cultivate for God's service), our Order is ill spoken of, perchance through the fault, the ambition, or the indiscreet zeal of some; and since the good odour of Christ is requisite for the bearing of fruit; it hath seemed good to the Congregation that we must abstain from every appearance of evil, and, as far as possible, we must guard against complaints grounded even upon false suspicions. Wherefore by this present Decree, it gravely and severely forbids all of Ours to meddle with such public affairs, on any pretext whatsoever, even though they be invited and urged to do so, nor on account of any entreaties or persuasions let them disobey the Institute.

The authority of a General Congregation is supreme, there is none above it within the Society; but to lend additional weight to this solemn injunction it was further incorporated in a Bull of Pope Paul V., in the year 1606.

There will, no doubt, be many who will declare that manifestly such utterances as the above cannot be taken seriously. No sane man, they will aver, can be expected for a moment to believe what "everybody" knows to be so contrary to the plainest facts of history. I can only reply that we Jesuits take the prohibition very seriously indeed, being firmly persuaded that we are strictly bound in conscience to observe it to the letter. If at any time any members of the Society have meddled with politics, it has been in defiance of their duty, and a body commonly reproached with the absolute obedience it exacts, has been compromised by the disobedience of self-willed members. As to the question how far there have, in fact, been such breaches of duty in the past, I will at present only say that there seems to be no evidence whatever of any but purely individual transgressions, and that, according to my

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own experience of documents in which evidence is to be sought, the law, as we have heard it laid down, has been observed with extraordinary fidelity.

Is it not true, however, that in our own day there can be no doubt whatever about the matter; that the intrigues of the Jesuits are so notorious as to be within the knowledge of every one who so much as reads a newspaper? Well, it certainly is true that this is said so constantly and so confidently that ordinary readers can scarcely be blamed who take for granted that it is undeniable and undenied. If assertions were the same as proofs, then should we be convicted beyond redemption, and the correspondents of the *Times* in Rome and Vienna would obviate the necessity of seeking any other witness; while if they should be silent, would not the very stones of Paris cry out? But I would observe in the first place, that, so far at least as we in this country are concerned, the scene of these machinations is always laid somewhere else. We are not aware that amongst ourselves anybody really believes Jesuits to be a peril to society, or that the government and the police find it necessary to keep the eye of vigilance upon them. It is elsewhere that they do such terrible things, like the traveller who jumped so wonderfully when he was in Rhodes. Even in countries where the scene of Jesuit offences is laid, the tale of what there is said to have occurred evokes public protests to the contrary whereof we hear nothing. And it would appear always to have been much the same.

The evidence of the Jesuit Father Argenti, early in the seventeenth century, is interesting. Having been sent on an official mission of inspection to Poland and Lithuania, he addressed a little book to King Sigismund, detailing the results of his experiences. In this, after observing that before his entrance into the Society he heard many grave charges brought against it, which his own subsequent experience proved to be utterly groundless, he thus continues:

> And now, what had happened to me in my youth in Italy, happens to me in Poland in my declining years. For albeit I had always held our Institute

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for very holy, nevertheless hearing that in Poland it was opposed by so many, and men of such note, and that it was assailed not merely in trivial lampoons, but also, and most bitterly, in well-known books, I could not but fear that some occasion was given, if not through the fault, at least through the indiscretion of Ours. But having come to these provinces and traversed all their length and breadth, having visited our houses, having examined every individual, having inquired into all that has been done, and having convinced myself that no cause has been given for all these denunciations, so vehement, bitter and sweeping, I could only address my brethren in the words of Christ to His disciples: "Blessed are ye when men shall speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake."[1]

Still more worthy of attention is the character of the evidence upon which we are expected to form our judgment. As I have already intimated, it seldom gets beyond assumptions and assertions, and when it does get farther, can hardly, I venture to think, be said to better itself. Thus, a few months ago, the representative of an English newspaper had a conversation with M. Yves Guyot, one of the most violent assailants of everything Catholic, the object of the interviewer being to discover on what plea the new French legislation, already spoken of, is to be justified.[2] M. Guyot had abundance to say. The problem now attempted to be solved is, he declared, no new one; it has stared him and his friends in the face ever since the Third Republic came into being. The religious congregations are a state within a state, and something more; "they also possess a terrible solvent force, and, like the strong vinegar which bursts granite rocks, are capable of undermining

[1] *Ad Sigismundum III. . . . Liber*, p. 10. Farther on (p. 60) Fr. Argenti explains that there is a sense in which it may be truly said that Jesuits *do* meddle with politics; for they endeavour to instil into their pupils principles of justice, prudence, and religion, which are the basis of all sound statesmanship. This rather harmless observation Mr. Pollard dismisses in his usual summary fashion as a "characteristic *Distinguo*," and quietly remarks, "In spite of denials it is fairly certain that the Society did take an active part in politics" ("The Jesuits in Poland," Lothian prize essay, 1892). Mr. Willert, reviewing Mr. Pollard's book (*English Historical Review*, vol. ix.), considers that the evidence of Argenti, whom he calls Argenton, is "perhaps the strongest proof of the political activity of the Society."

[2] See the *Daily Telegraph*, February 26, 1901.

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the most solid edifice raised by the most united people." Consequently, "we Republicans" have only just managed with the aid of uncommon luck to defeat their malign endeavours; but such a state of things cannot go on, the strain is far too great. Statesmen are forced to expend all their time, thought, and toil in thwarting these schemes, instead of turning their hands to something really productive and beneficial to the country at large—with a good deal more of the same sort of thing. The interviewer, not unreasonably, asked whether he could be supplied with some facts to substantiate so tremendous an indictment. By all means, replied M. Guyot, "We have abundant and convincing proofs, and they are at your service whenever you like." And thereupon he proceeded to trot out certain ancient allegations, which, if they were never so true, would afford but a flimsy foundation for statements so grave and so sweeping, and which would certainly not be produced if the British public had any opportunity of knowing the truth concerning them.[1]

Unless M. Guyot's object was to show his contempt for the intelligence of the British public for whom his remarks were destined, by offering stuff like this for its consideration, he must at least have felt well assured that for this particular purpose he could safely use any weapon, and repeat any old calumnies however frequently disproved. But he might have

[1] M. Guyot's "facts" are, as a rule, nowise distinguishable from the rest of his declamation. The following charges, however, are made more or less definitely: That a M. Odelin, who at one time had a business connection with the fathers of the Rue des Postes, had a share in the *Libre Parole* newspaper. That Jesuit pupils were alleged to have got (on one or two occasions) to know beforehand the questions about to be set in public examinations. That the Jesuit Père du Lac read the proof-sheets of a book by M. Drumont. Of these charges, the first and second have been repeated for years, with a persistence which bears witness to the singular importance attached to them. Their malicious unfairness has been exposed again and again, and without at present entering upon any further examination of what does not appear to deserve serious attention, I am prepared, if required, to show exactly what they are worth.

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seemed to exceed the limit even of such licence when he went on to suggest that the ribald blasphemer of everything Christian, Rochefort, is probably a tool of the Jesuits. This may serve to illustrate what is meant by saying that in proportion as such accusations become more definite, they do not become more convincing.

Another count in the indictment we have heard is that Jesuits hate and shun the light, that they do not dare to let the world know by what obligations they bind themselves, and that they are thus self-convicted of dark and discreditable practices. It is not very easy to understand what this means. It is perfectly true that the whole world is not invited to listen to all the rules and regulations of the Society, which its members hold to be of no practical concern, and extremely little interest, for any but themselves. But there is nothing they would shrink from having "read at the cross," and published to all mankind. There is nothing, in fact, which has not been perfectly well known to all that chose to use the means of knowing, since the very earliest period. As to the vows, for example, which, as we have been told, Jesuits dare not divulge, here is the formula of the most solemn and comprehensive of them all, those taken by the Professed, of whom I have already spoken. The original is in Latin, but the version here presented will probably be considered beyond suspicion, being that published by an associate of Titus Oates during the frenzy of the Popish Plot. The translation, though somewhat stiff and awkward and not quite grammatical, is perfectly fair, but I must leave the reader to determine the justice of the description attached to the document by the scribe who publishes it, "that primitive foundation of villainy."[1]

I., N., make my profession, and promise to the Omnipotent God, before His Virgin Mother and all the whole Court of Heaven, and all that here stand

[1] See "The Papists' Oath of Secrecy," &c., *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vii. p. 287.

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by, and to you our reverend Father-General of the Society of Jesus, God's lieutenant, and to your successors (or, to you Rev. Fr. ——, in place of the General of the Society, God's lieutenant, and to his successors), perpetual poverty, chastity, and obedience, and accordingly, peculiar care in the erudition of youth, consentaneous to the form of living contained in the Apostolic letters of the Society of Jesus and in the Constitutions thereof. Moreover, I promise special obedience to the Pope concerning missions, as contained in the same Apostolic letters and Constitutions.[1]

Here we have the awful secret in its naked simplicity. These are the most solemn and special engagements which any Jesuit takes. Whether those will be satisfied who have expressed so great a longing to see a copy of them is another matter.

There remains, however, a question the gravity of which is not to be gainsaid. If the Jesuits are so blameless a race, how comes it that they have acquired so evil a name amongst so large a proportion of the peoples who know their name at all? Why has that name become a synonym for all that is crafty and disingenuous? To what is due the fact, which I began by admitting, that in the mind of most Englishmen, the bare notion of a Jesuit is accursed?

To such questions I must frankly confess that I have no answer to offer. I can no more account for this widespread and persistent belief concerning us, than for foreign ideas about the perfidiousness of Albion and the profound Machiavelianism of her policy. Knowing what I do of my own knowledge concerning the Society, the idea formed of it by so many is amongst the most unintelligible of human phenomena. Nothing appears to me more extraordinary than the furious storms of obloquy which from the first have raged around the body to which it is my highest privilege to belong. Despite graver considerations which cannot fail to suggest themselves, there is hardly any reading that I find so ludicrous as the many pages of the British Museum Library Catalogue, which

[1] Should any one wish to see the full text of all vows ever taken by Jesuits, they are to be found in the *Institutum Soc. Jesu* (British Museum, press mark 1230 h.—Vol. i. pp. 403–4).

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are headed "Jesuits." There, dating from all periods, and in all tongues, are the titles of works imputing to the Order every species of iniquity. Were it not for what I know, I should doubtless be impressed as others are. As it is, my only feeling is wonder and bewilderment.

But one thing appears to be certain: as things have been from the beginning, so will they continue to the end, and "the wily Jesuit" will remain as good a stock epithet as "the swift-footed Achilles" or "the pious Æneas." How small are the chances of any evidence affecting the popular creed on the subject is well illustrated by a story told me by a very near relative almost fifty years ago. She had met at dinner a gentleman who was full of a most extraordinary and interesting book which he had been reading, "The Constitutions of Ignatius Loyola." "And, do you know?" he continued, "to read those Constitutions, you would think that he had no other object but the honour and service of God. I give you my word, you really would." "Well, perhaps," she suggested, "he *had* no other object." "Ah, well," he replied, "of course, you know, I can't quite believe *that*."

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

(*Sometime Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England.*)

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THE COMPARATIVE ABILITIES OF THE FAIR AND THE DARK

WE know something concerning the hair-colour and eye-colour of the general population. Many observations have been made on this point during recent years, not only among continental nations but in all parts of the British Islands. It may indeed be said that it was an Englishman, Dr. John Beddoe, the *doyen* of British anthropologists, who first realised the interest of such observations, and carried them out on a wide scale. To him chiefly we owe the map which shows the relative fairness and darkness of the population of our islands. When we look at this map we see that there is a certain order in the distribution of the fair population and the dark population, that the fair people are, on the whole, arranged along the eastern sides of the two islands and the dark people along the western sides, so that in each island as as we go from east to west the population tends to become darker.

At this point, however, it may be said that our knowledge ends. We know which districts of the country are mainly fair and which mainly dark; we even know where particular types of fairness and darkness are chiefly to be found, but we do not know how different classes of the population differ from each other in this respect. It is true that certain results have been reached here too, and for these also we are indebted to Dr. Beddoe, though they were not obtained by the method of

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direct observation. Dr. Beddoe found, by examining a very large number of the descriptions of "Persons Wanted" in the *Police Gazette*, that there is a great difference in average degrees of fairness between people of different avocations, more especially that while men connected with horses and cattle, such as grooms and butchers, are notably fair, shoemakers and tailors tend to be notably dark. No doubt such observations will in time be made directly on the general population, and we shall know the relative proportions of the fair and the dark among people following every occupation.

I have not attempted any inquiry of this kind. But I have endeavoured to carry out a somewhat allied inquiry by examining the portraits of eminent persons, and comparing the fairness or darkness of different groups of such persons. The National Portrait Gallery contains portraits of several thousand persons who in some way or other have acquired eminence during the past six hundred years, and I therefore selected this Gallery for study as furnishing a specially favourable field for the investigation of the question.

This inquiry was by no means so easy as it might appear at the first glance. I have spent many hours in the Gallery, during a period extending over nearly two years, in making the necessary observations. I cannot regret the hours spent in the company of so many wise and noble and gracious personages. But I have acquired a certain scepticism as to the fidelity both of those who paint and those who write portraits. In many cases the painted statements concerning the same person are absolutely unlike; in many cases the painted statements are absolutely unlike the written statements of those who knew the originals. In other cases the discrepancies, though less marked, are still sufficiently considerable to be painful to a careful investigator. I soon realised that the artist was on the whole much more reliable than the literary observer, but, on the other hand, if the artist happens to be dominated by the desire to obtain his own effects at all costs to truth, he may lead us hopelessly astray. An amusing

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instance of the confusion thus produced may be seen in the neighbouring National Gallery, where Millais in his portrait of Gladstone has represented one eye blue, the other brown. Nor are these the only difficulties with which the anthropologist must contend in the National Portrait Gallery. The age of a picture may dim or discolour what was once clear and definite, and the same result is attained when a picture is hung high up on the walls in the murky London air. Again, the age of the sitter often enables us to do no more than guess at the probable colour of his hair, or the fashion of his time may have covered it with a wig. Yet when all allowance is made for these causes of error, and a certain amount of care and discretion has been exercised, dubious cases severely disregarded, differing portraits of the same person duly compared, it is still possible to obtain fairly reliable results in the majority of instances.

I decided to take eye-colour as the chief criterion of pigmentation, in preference to hair-colour, mainly on the ground that the eyes were visible in a larger number of cases than the hair. At the same time, hair was also taken into consideration as a secondary criterion, and the judgment as to fairness or darkness obtained from the eyes was modified, if necessary, by that obtained from the hair; thus a person of the so-called "Celtic" type, with light eyes and dark hair, would be classed as medium. It was scarcely practicable to take into account the actual complexion, and as the depth of colouring of the skin on the whole follows that of the hair and the eyes, it was unnecessary. I found that the degree of precision attainable with my material enabled me to classify my subjects into three classes: light, medium, dark.

The ordinary words used to describe the colour of the eyes, it may not be unnecessary to remark, are very vague and inaccurate. In reality the iris varies from blue (in which case there is a total lack of pigment), through blue-yellow, blue-orange, blue-orange-brown in various combinations, to brown (in which case there is full pigmentation). I find that descrip-

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tive writers speak of "blue" eyes with considerable licence, even when the eye is only very partially blue, while they use the unsatisfactory word "grey" to describe what is really a blue-yellow eye; "black" is also liberally applied, usually to brown eyes. There are in reality no black eyes; in examining portraits, however, one sometimes meets with apparently black eyes, which may either be brown or blue, a serious source of confusion, for we thus run the risk of making a totally wrong classification. Thus the eyes of Charles I. sometimes seem to be black; in reality they were dark blue. I have of course omitted the cases in which this important distinction cannot be made with fair probability. Of the three classes—light, medium, dark—into which I have classified all those individuals in the National Portrait Gallery whose portraits enable us to classify them, the first class contains those with completely or almost completely blue eyes and fair or brown hair; the last class includes those with completely or almost completely brown eyes and brown or black hair; the medium class includes those whose eyes are of intermediate colour and who usually have brown hair. As already mentioned, any striking contrast between hair-colour and eye-colour involved some shifting of class.

In this way it was possible to ascertain that so many among the distinguished persons represented in the Gallery were fair, so many dark, and so many of intermediate colouring. This result, however, was obviously of no very extraordinary interest. To realise its significance we should have to obtain for comparison a corresponding series of undistinguished persons, and even then we should have to recognise that the personages represented in the Gallery are an extremely miscellaneous collection. In order to obtain results that are really of interest we must break up our data into groups. I have therefore divided the individuals whose colouring I have been able to ascertain into sixteen different groups, according to social rank, avocation, &c., these groups in some cases overlapping, so that one individual sometimes

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appears in more than one group. It was then possible to ascertain the number of fair, medium, and dark persons in each of the sixteen groups. But it was still necessary to find a convenient method of comparison by reducing the three figures in each group to one figure. To attain this I divided the medium persons in each group equally between the fair and dark persons, thus reducing the three figures to two, and then I multiplied the fair persons in each group by 100 and divided by the number of dark persons. Thus—in accordance with a method well recognised in anthropology and by which, for instance, the cephalic index is ascertained by measuring the breadth and length of the head—I obtained what may be called the index of pigmentation.[1]

With these preliminary explanations I can present the results of my investigation. In the following enumeration the groups are arranged in the order of decreasing fairness:

Group with Number of Individuals.	Index of Pigmentation.
Political Reformers and Agitators (20)	233
Sailors (45)	150
Men of Science (53)	121
Soldiers (42)	113
Artists (74)	111
Poets (56)	107
Royal Family (66)	107
Lawyers (56)	107
Created Peers and their Sons (89)	102
Statesmen (53)	89
Men and Women of Letters (87)	85
Hereditary Aristocracy (149)	82
Divines (57)	58
Men of Low Birth (12)	50
Explorers (8)	33
Actors and Actresses (16)	33

[1] It was not possible for me to adopt Beddoe's index of nigrescence, used for tabulating the results of direct observation of hair-colour on living persons, since I had not found it feasible to make hair-colour the primary basis of classification.

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An index of more than 100 means that the fair element predominates over the dark in that group, an index of less than 100 means that the dark element predominates. I may add that the lists include persons of both sexes.

The results presented in this simple table—results which in part give precision to recognised tendencies and in part are entirely novel—might well be expounded at considerable length. It will, however, be enough to comment on a few of the conclusions which most clearly emerge.

In the first place, as regards the royal family and the aristocracy, it may seem that the prevalent belief which credits the upper classes with a pronounced tendency to blondness—and which finds expression in the ancient belief, of Spanish origin, in the "blueness" of noble blood, *sangre azul*, because the veins of fair people are blue—is here shown to be fallacious. That, however, is not the case. It must be remembered that the ordinary population of the middle and lower classes is only slenderly represented in the National Portrait Gallery. It is, however, noteworthy that the small group of persons springing from the working classes is among the darkest of the groups, decidedly darker than any of the aristocratic groups. As regards the royal family, it has also to be remembered that the results have been affected by perpetual infusions of foreign blood from nearly every European country, and as most European populations are darker complexioned than the English, it is not surprising that the tendency of the royal family to fairness has thus been somewhat reduced. The study of the physical characteristics of the royal family through many centuries is of considerable interest. The early tendency was towards fairness, but by late Tudor times there was a tendency towards darkness, for Henry VIII. seems to have inherited his mother's dark eyes, and though Mary I. possessed the blue-grey eyes of her Spanish mother and Edward VI.'s light eyes were presumably inherited from Jane Seymour, Queen Elizabeth inherited brown eyes, probably from both parents. James I. brought in a muddy blue Scotch eye, which was probably

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derived from his father, but Charles I.'s dark blue eyes were apparently identical with those of his Danish mother. Charles married Henrietta Maria, whose eyes were a clear brown, and two of the children followed the father, two the mother, while two others, in early life at all events, apparently possessed an eye of intermediate colour. The last representatives of the Stuart family were brown-eyed, for though James II. (unlike his brother Charles II.) inherited his father's eyes, he married a dark Italian wife, whose influence was impressed on all the descendants. William III. (like most of the Dutch Orange family) was very dark, and so was Mary II. George I., with his mixed German, Stuart, and Orange blood, brought in a type of mixed eye which had hitherto been apparently rare in the royal family; in his case it was a dark greenish-brown eye; he married a French wife who appears to have been dark, but while his daughter inherited his eyes, his son, George II., though still showing a mixed eye, is unaccountably fair. This is one of the few slight anomalies we meet with in studying the royal family, and perhaps indicates a return to the fair German grandfather. This light mixed type of eye, usually blue-yellow, has remained persistent, accentuated or increased by German intermarriages, and still prevails at the present day.

The study of the royal family in the National Portrait Gallery is of considerable interest, for, except during the early periods, few links are missing, and it is easy to see how strictly eye-colour is inherited, the rule being—as was noted by Galton and is familiar, indeed, to every observant person—that the eye-colour of the child follows that of one or other of the parents and is very seldom a blend of both parents.

The review of these facts clearly shows also that the average blondness of the English royal family has been modified mainly by intermixture with darker foreign royal stocks, though it may well be that those stocks were fairer than the average population of the countries they belonged to. Our evidence, therefore,

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indicates that the blondness of the English royal family has been maintained at a considerable height in spite of opposing foreign influences.

If we turn to the hereditary aristocracy, we again find a lower index of pigmentation than we should have been inclined to expect. Foreign intermixture here also may have had some influence. I think it probable, however, that another cause has come into operation; peers have been in a position to select as wives, and have tended to select, the most beautiful women, and there can be little doubt that the most beautiful women, at all events in our own country, have tended more to be dark than to be fair. This is proved by the low index of pigmentation of the famous beauties in the Gallery, the selection being made solely on the basis of reputation, independently of any personal judgment of the portraits; while women of letters (fifteen in number) are inclined to be fair and have an index of 100, the index of thirteen famous beauties is as dark as 44. The same tendency is, indeed, illustrated by any series of famous beauties by Reynolds or Romney, and has probably been an important factor, though not the only one, in darkening the old aristocracy.

Our index of pigmentation shows, however, that the new aristocracy is fairer than the old. This seems to be one of the most novel and interesting facts revealed in the whole of this investigation. It answers the question: Why are the aristocracy fair? We see that the aristocracy tend to be fairer than the ordinary population because it is from the fair elements in the ordinary population that the aristocracy is chiefly recruited. In other words, the fair tend to attain greater success than the dark in those careers which most frequently lead to the peerage. Thus it is that both created peers and their sons (whether taken together or in two separate groups) are decidedly fairer than the old aristocracy. For the same reason lawyers, soldiers and sailors, who all tend towards the peerage, more especially lawyers, also markedly tend to be fair; statesmen, it is true, are not much fairer than the old

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aristocracy, but that is because they are largely taken from that very class.

A very significant fact, it seems to me, is the extremely high index of pigmentation of the group of political reformers and agitators. These are not persons who reach the House of Lords; their opinions are too radical, they are too violently opposed to the powers that be. But they possess in an extreme degree the sanguine irrepressible energy, the great temporal ambitions, the personal persuasive force, the oratorical aptitudes that in a minor degree tend to mark the class that rises to the aristocracy; it is therefore a notable and curious fact that their index of pigmentation should be as extreme as their mental attitudes and convictions.

If we turn away from these groups which are or tend to become aristocratic, we find that men of science (among whom are here included philosophers and inventors) present a strikingly high index. This seems to be due to the fact that scientific aptitude occurs with especial frequency in the north of England and in Scotland, the most peculiarly fair region of Great Britain, the region, it may be noted also, which has contained the most progressive and successful populations. The fairness of the group of artists, again, must be associated with the fact that artists tend largely to come from among the fair populations along the east coast of England and Scotland. I have noted a similar fairness in an even more marked degree among modern artists in France, who also tend to come from the fairest parts of their country. The fairness of the group of poets can scarcely be put down to a similar cause, for poets are produced by every part of the country.

The large and important group of men of letters, on the other hand, cannot be called predominantly fair; the divines are still darker, and this is so even as regards those among them (like Knox) who were reformers and agitators. The class of men of low birth (including numerous persons of

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intellectual distinction) is very dark. The actors and the explorers are the darkest of all.

If for the present we neglect the consideration of separate groups and seek to look more broadly at the matter, it seems to me that we may find one or two tendencies fairly well marked. It is clear that a high index of pigmentation, or an excess of fairness, prevails among the men of restless and ambitious temperament, the sanguine energetic men, the men who easily dominate their fellows and who get on in life, the men who recruit the aristocracy and who doubtless largely form the plutocracy. It is significant that the group of low-class men—artisans and peasants—and the men of religion, whose mission in life it is to practise and preach resignation to a Higher Will, are both notably of dark complexion.

While the men of action thus tend to be fair, the men of thought, it seems to me, show some tendency to be dark. This latter tendency is by no means so clear from the data before us as the other tendency. Still it is indicated, and it would be still clearer if we were to subdivide our groups according to the intellectual eminence of the individuals comprised within them; it would then generally be found, I believe, that in each group the more intellectual showed a somewhat lower index of pigmentation. It is noteworthy that the men of letters, whose intellectual achievements are on the whole decidedly greater, if less brilliant, than those of the poets, show a lower index of pigmentation. It may be said, also, regarding the men of low social class, that though their darkness is partly explainable, as we have seen, on other grounds, they are mostly men of marked intellectual force. If this is so, the dark people may be said to have their consolations; they are by no means lacking in intellectual force, and probably possess such power in a higher average degree than the fair men. The latter, by virtue of their greater executive energy, are often able to achieve success in the world with the possession of a comparatively minor, though often very considerable, inheritance of intelligence. But the dark men

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are better able to learn that wisdom that teaches the vanity of worldly success.[1]

I have hitherto said nothing concerning two groups which may seem somewhat anomalous. I refer to the two darkest groups of all, the explorers and the actors. It may be thought that the darkness of the explorers contradicts the conclusion we have just reached that the people of restless energy tend to be dark. But here a totally new consideration enters into the question. Pigmentation, it is well recognised, is a protection. The veil of dark pigment which the organism weaves for itself against the sun in summer bears evidence to this fact, and there is some reason to believe also that dark persons resist disease better than the fair. The pioneering exploits of sailors, being aided by the climatically modifying influence of the sea and being mostly in cold climates, involve no selection of dark persons. Our group of explorers, however, mostly travellers in the extremely trying climates of tropical lands, especially Africa, have needed all the assistance that constitutional peculiarities furnish; and the life has proved too arduous for the fair, who have mostly succumbed or been discouraged. Thus it is that our most eminent and experienced explorers in hot climates are mostly men of dark eyes and hair.

I cannot furnish so unquestionable an explanation of the darkness of actors, though the phenomena are here at least equally well marked. There have been a few moderately fair actors and actresses of eminence, but scarcely any of them have been of the highest eminence. The Kemble family, to which Mrs. Siddons belonged, was dark, and Garrick was extremely dark. So far as I am aware, no really fair person has ever risen to the highest dramatic eminence in this country, and so far as I have been able to observe, it is equally rare for

[1] As a reader is apt to suspect that any writer on such points as this is moved by personal bias, it may, perhaps, be well to state that the present writer belongs to the medium group, and is therefore able to view this series of phenomena with, as Huxley expressed it, the serene impartiality of the mongrel.

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fairness to be associated with histrionic ability in Europe generally. It may certainly be said that in our own country the darkest populations are those most fertile in ability of this kind, and also that actors tend, to a considerable extent, to spring from the lower, and darker, social classes. Whether these facts suffice to account for this phenomenon, or whether we must go deeper and assume that the special metabolic processes associated with the organic manufacture of pigment are also associated with dramatic faculty is not clear. I am not at present disposed to accept it, though it is scarcely beyond the bounds of possibility that, other things being equal, a certain kind of nervous texture, involving a predisposition to certain intellectual aptitudes, may be directly connected with the greater or less tendency to manufacture pigment. It is necessary to introduce the proviso, "other things being equal," for we certainly could not assert generally that the unpigmented person or albino shows a native tendency to enter the aristocracy (notwithstanding the case of Lord Sherbrooke), while the existence of highly pigmented lower races suffices to show that pigment alone will not confer intellectual aptitude.

The more reasonable supposition at present seems to be that the relation between pigmentation and mental aptitude is chiefly indirect, and due to race. In other words, the fair man tends to be bold, energetic, restless and domineering, not because he is fair, but because he belongs to an aboriginal fair stock of people who possess those qualities; while the dark man tends to be resigned and religious and imitative, yet highly intelligent, not because he is dark, but because he belongs to a dark stock possessing those characteristics.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on this question by considering the phenomena as they exist in a country having a racial composition in some respects comparable to Great Britain, and, without doubt, closely related to ourselves. In Norway there are, as in Great Britain, fair and dark stocks, the former usually long-headed, the latter broad-headed, and there also the darker stock is, on the whole, placed more to the south and

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west of the country. It so happens that a very interesting and acute psychological study of the fair and dark populations of Norway has lately been made by Dr. A. M. Hansen. This investigation has revealed differences even more marked between the fair and the dark than may easily be discovered in our own islands, and this is not surprising since our racial elements have been more thoroughly mixed. The fair population, he tells us, is made up of born aristocrats, active, outspoken, progressive, with a passion for freedom and independence, caring nothing for equality; the dark population is reserved and suspicious, very conservative, and lacking in initiative, caring little for freedom, but with a passion for equality. The fair people are warlike, quarrelsome when drunk, and furnish, in proportion to numbers, three times as many men for the volunteer force as the dark people; the latter, though brave sailors, abhor war, and are very religious, subscribing to foreign missions nearly three times as much per head as is furnished by the fair people, who are inclined to be irreligious. The fair people value money and all that money can buy, while the dark people are indifferent to money. The reality of the mental distinction is shown by the fact that a map of the proportion of Conservative voters in elections to the Storthing exactly corresponds to an anthropological map of the country, the Conservative majority being found in the dark and broad-headed districts. While, however, the fair population is the most irreligious and progressive, the dark population is by no means behind in the production of intellect, and the region it inhabits has produced many eminent men.

I have referred to Hansen's remarkable study of Norwegian psychology because it shows that, in a country somewhat allied to our own in racial composition, much the same tendency for definite intellectual aptitude to be associated with definite physical types may be traced. There are some discrepancies, it is true; our dark population is not attracted to seafaring and is by no means specially apt to take the Conservative side in politics. It is probable, indeed, that while the fair population

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of Norway is without doubt closely allied to our own fair population, the dark population may only be remotely related to ours, which is not broad-headed. Thus, this parallel by no means proves conclusively that the association between special mental aptitudes and pigmentary tendencies can be resolved entirely into a question of race. It may also be remarked that the characteristics of the fair population are especially masculine qualities, while the characteristics of the dark population are more peculiarly feminine qualities; it so happens also that women, as is now beginning to be generally recognised by anthropologists, tend to be somewhat darker than men. Even this fact, however, may possibly receive a racial explanation.

It would, in any case, be rash to state any broad and far-reaching conclusions concerning an inquiry which is still so novel. It is enough for the present that, when we carefully study so large a collection of the representations of eminent British persons as that constituting our National Portrait Gallery, it is possible to show that in the different classes of mental aptitude the proportion of fair and dark persons varies widely, and in some cases to indicate why this is so.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

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IN PRAISE OF WALKING

AS a man grows old, he is told by some moralists that he may find consolation for increasing infirmities in looking back upon a well-spent life. No doubt such a retrospect must be very agreeable, but the question must occur to many of us whether our life offers the necessary materials for self-complacency. What part of it, if any, has been well spent? To that I find it convenient to reply, for my own purposes, any part in which I thoroughly enjoyed myself. If it be proposed to add "innocently," I will not quarrel with the amendment. Perhaps, indeed, I may have a momentary regret for some pleasures which do not quite deserve that epithet, but the pleasure of which I am about to speak is even obtrusively and pre-eminently innocent. Walking is among recreations what ploughing and fishing are among industrial labours: it is primitive and simple; it brings us into contact with mother earth and unsophisticated nature; it requires no elaborate apparatus and no extraneous excitement. It is fit even for poets and philosophers, and he who can thoroughly enjoy it must have at least some capacity for worshipping the "cherub Contemplation." He must be able to enjoy his own society without the factitious stimulants of the more violent physical recreations. I have always been a humble admirer of athletic excellence. I retain, in spite of much headshaking from wise educationalists, my early veneration for the heroes of the river and the cricket-field. To me they have still the halo which

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surrounded them in the days when "muscular Christianity" was first preached and the whole duty of man said to consist in fearing God and walking 1000 miles in 1000 hours. I rejoice unselfishly in these later days to see the stream of bicyclists restoring animation to deserted high roads or to watch even respected contemporaries renewing their youth in the absorbing delights of golf. While honouring all genuine delight in manly exercises, I regret only the occasional admixture of lower motives which may lead to its degeneration. Now it is one merit of walking that its real devotees are little exposed to such temptations. Of course there are such things as professional pedestrians making "records" and seeking the applause of the mob. When I read of the immortal Captain Barclay performing his marvellous feats, I admire respectfully, but I fear that his motives included more of vanity than of emotions congenial to the higher intellect. The true walker is one to whom the pursuit is in itself delightful; who is not indeed priggish enough to be above a certain complacency in the physical prowess required for his pursuit, but to whom the muscular effort of the legs is subsidiary to the "cerebration" stimulated by the effort to the quiet musings and imaginings which arise most spontaneously as he walks, and generate the intellectual harmony which is the natural accompaniment to the monotonous tramp of his feet. The cyclist or the golf-player, I am told, can hold such intercourse with himself in the intervals of striking the ball or working his machine. But the true pedestrian loves walking because, so far from distracting his mind, it is favourable to the equable and abundant flow of tranquil and half-conscious meditation. Therefore I should be sorry if the pleasures of cycling or any other recreation tended to put out of fashion the habit of the good old walking-tour.

For my part, when I try to summon up remembrance of "well-spent" moments, I find myself taking a kind of inverted view of the past; inverted, that is, so far as the accidental becomes the essential. If I turn over the intellectual album

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which memory is always compiling, I find that the most distinct pictures which it contains are those of old walks. Other memories of incomparably greater intrinsic value coalesce into wholes. They are more massive but less distinct. The memory of a friendship that has brightened one's whole life survives not as a series of incidents but as a general impression of the friend's characteristic qualities due to the superposition of innumerable forgotten pictures. I remember him, not the specific conversations by which he revealed himself. The memories of walks are all localised and dated; they are hitched on to particular times and places; they spontaneously form a kind of calendar or connecting thread upon which other memories may be strung. As I look back, a long series of little vignettes presents itself, each representing a definite stage of my earthly pilgrimage summed up and embodied in a walk. Their background of scenery recalls places once familiar, and the thoughts associated with the places revive thoughts of the contemporary occupations. The labour of scribbling books happily leaves no distinct impression, and I would forget that it had ever been undergone; but the picture of some delightful ramble includes incidentally a reference to the nightmare of literary toil from which it relieved me. The author is but the accidental appendage of the tramp. My days are bound each to each not by "natural piety" (or not, let me say, by natural piety alone) but by pedestrian enthusiasm. The memory of school days, if one may trust to the usual reminiscences, generally clusters round a flogging, or some solemn words from the spiritual teacher instilling the seed of a guiding principle of life. I remember a sermon or two rather ruefully; and I confess to memories of a flogging so unjust that I am even now stung by the thought of it. But what comes most spontaneously to my mind is the memory of certain strolls, "out of bounds," when I could forget the Latin grammar, and enjoy such a sense of the beauties of nature as is embodied for a child in a pond haunted by water-rats, or a field made romantic by threats of "man-traps and spring-guns." Then,

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after a crude fashion, one was becoming more or less of a reflecting and individual being, not a mere automaton set in movement by pedagogic machinery.

The day on which I was fully initiated into the mysteries is marked by a white stone. It was when I put on a knapsack and started from Heidelberg for a march through the Odenwald. Then I first knew the delightful sensation of independence and detachment enjoyed during a walking tour. Free from all bothers of railway time-tables and extraneous machinery, you trust to your own legs, stop when you please, diverge into any track that takes your fancy, and drop in upon some quaint variety of human life at every inn where you put up for the night. You share for the time the mood in which Borrow settled down in the dingle after escaping from his bondage in the publishers' London slums. You have no dignity to support, and the dress-coat of conventional life has dropped into oblivion, like the bundle from Christian's shoulders. You are in the world of Lavengro, and would be prepared to take tea with Miss Isopel Berners or with the Welsh preacher who thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Borrow, of course, took the life more seriously than the literary gentleman who is only escaping on ticket-of-leave from the prison-house of respectability, and is quite unequal to a personal conflict with "blazing Bosville"—the flaming tinman. He is only dipping in the element where his model was thoroughly at home. I remember, indeed, one figure in that first walk which I associate with Benedict Moll, the strange treasure-seeker whom Borrow encountered in his Spanish rambles. My acquaintance was a mild German innkeeper, who sat beside me on a bench while I was trying to assimilate certain pancakes, the only dinner he could provide, still fearful in memory, but just attackable after a thirty-miles tramp. He confided to me that, poor as he was, he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. He kept his machine upstairs, where it discharged the humble duty of supplying the place of a shoeblack; but he

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was about to go to London to offer it to a British capitalist. He looked wistfully at me as possibly a capitalist in disguise, and I thought it wise to evade a full explanation. I have not been worthy to encounter many of such quaint incidents and characters as seem to have been normal in Borrow's experience; but the first walk, commonplace enough, remains distinct in my memory. I kept no journal, but I could still give the narrative day by day—the sights which I dutifully admired and the very state of my bootlaces. Walking tours thus rescue a bit of one's life from oblivion. They play in one's personal recollections the part of those historical passages in which Carlyle is an unequalled master; the little islands of light in the midst of the darkening gloom of the past, on which you distinguish the actors in some old drama actually alive and moving. The devotee of other athletic sports remembers special incidents: the occasion on which he hit a cricket-ball over the pavilion at Lord's, or the crab which he caught as his boat was shooting Barnes Bridge. But those are memories of exceptional moments of glory or the reverse, and apt to be tainted by vanity or the spirit of competition. The walks are the unobtrusive connecting thread of other memories, and yet each walk is a little drama in itself, with a definite plot with episodes and catastrophes, according to the requirements of Aristotle; and it is naturally interwoven with all the thoughts, the friendships, and the interests that form the staple of ordinary life.

Walking is the natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted). Shakespeare, besides being a sportsman, a lawyer, a divine, and so forth, conscientiously observed his own maxim, "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way"; though a full proof of this could only be given in an octavo volume. Anyhow, he divined the connection between walking and a "merry heart"; that is, of course, a cheerful acceptance of our position in the universe

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founded upon the deepest moral and philosophical principles. His friend, Ben Jonson, walked from London to Scotland. Another gentleman of the period (I forget his name) danced from London to Norwich. Tom Coryate hung up in his parish church the shoes in which he walked from Venice and then started to walk (with occasional lifts) to India. Contemporary walkers of more serious character might be quoted, such as the admirable Barclay, the famous Quaker apologist, from whom the great Captain Barclay inherited his prowess. Every one, too, must remember the incident in Walton's "Life of Hooker." Walking from Oxford to Exeter, he went to see his godfather, Bishop Jewel, at Salisbury. The bishop said that he would lend him "a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease," and "presently delivered into his hands a walking staff with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany." He added ten groats and munificently promised ten groats more when Hooker should restore the "horse." When, in later days, Hooker once rode to London, he expressed more passion than that mild divine was ever known to show upon any other occasion against a friend who had dissuaded him from "footing it." The hack, it seems, "trotted when he did not," and discomposed the thoughts which had been soothed by the walking staff. His biographer must be counted, I fear, among those who do not enjoy walking without the incidental stimulus of sport. Yet the "Compleat Angler" and his friends start by a walk of twenty good miles before they take their "morning draught." Swift, perhaps, was the first person to show a full appreciation of the moral and physical advantages of walking. He preached constantly upon this text to Stella, and practised his own advice. It is true that his notions of a journey were somewhat limited. Ten miles a day was his regular allowance when he went from London to Holyhead, but then he spent time in lounging at wayside inns to enjoy the talk of the tramps and ostlers. The fact, though his biographers are rather scandalised, shows that he really

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appreciated one of the true charms of pedestrian expeditions. Wesley is generally credited with certain moral reforms, but one secret of his power is not always noticed. In his early expeditions he went on foot to save horse hire, and made the great discovery that twenty or thirty miles a day was a wholesome allowance for a healthy man. The fresh air and exercise put "spirit into his sermons," which could not be rivalled by the ordinary parson of the period, who too often passed his leisure lounging by his fireside. Fielding points the contrast. Trulliber, embodying the clerical somnolence of the day, never gets beyond his pigsties, but the model Parson Adams steps out so vigorously that he distances the stage-coach, disappears in the distance rapt in the congenial pleasures of walking and composing a sermon. Fielding, no doubt, shared his hero's taste, and that explains the contrast between his vigorous naturalism and the sentimentalism of Richardson, who was to be seen, as he tells us, "stealing along from Hammersmith to Kensington with his eyes on the ground, propping his unsteady limbs with a stick." Even the ponderous Johnson used to dissipate his early hypochondria by walking from Lichfield to Birmingham and back (thirty-two miles), and his later melancholy would have changed to a more cheerful view of life could he have kept up the practice in his beloved London streets. The literary movement at the end of the eighteenth century was obviously due in great part, if not mainly, to the renewed practice of walking. Wordsworth's poetical autobiography shows how every stage in his early mental development was connected with some walk in the Lakes. The sunrise which startled him on a walk after a night spent in dancing first set him apart as a "dedicated spirit." His walking tour in the Alps—then a novel performance—roused him to his first considerable poem. His chief performance is the record of an excursion on foot. He kept up the practice, and De Quincey calculates somewhere what multiple of the earth's circumference he had measured on his legs, assuming, it appears, that he averaged ten miles a day. De Quincey himself, we are told,

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slight and fragile as he was, was a good walker, and would run up a hill "like a squirrel." Opium-eating is not congenial to walking, yet even Coleridge, after beginning the habit, speaks of walking forty miles a day in Scotland, and, as we all know, the great manifesto of the new school of poetry, the Lyrical Ballads, was suggested by the famous walk with Wordsworth, when the first stanzas of the "Ancient Mariner" were composed. A remarkable illustration of the wholesome influence might be given from the cases of Scott and Byron. Scott, in spite of his lameness, delighted in walks of twenty and thirty miles a day, and in climbing crags, trusting to the strength of his arms to remedy the stumblings of his foot. The early strolls enabled him to saturate his mind with local traditions, and the passion for walking under difficulties showed the manly nature which has endeared him to three generations. Byron's lameness was too severe to admit of walking, and therefore all the unwholesome humours which would have been walked off in a good cross-country march accumulated in his brain and caused the defects, the morbid affectation and perverse misanthropy which half ruined the achievement of the most masculine intellect of his time.

It is needless to accumulate examples of a doctrine which will no doubt be accepted as soon as it is announced. Walking is the best of panaceas for the morbid tendencies of authors. It is, I need only observe, as good for reasoners as for poets. The name of "peripatetic" suggests the connection. To it may be justly ascribed the utilitarian philosophy. Old Jeremy Bentham kept himself up to his work for eighty years by his regular "post-jentacular circumgyrations." His chief disciple, John Mill, walked incessantly and preached as he walked. John Stuart Mill imbibed at once psychology, political economy, and a love of walks from his father. Walking was his one recreation; it saved him from becoming a mere smoke-dried pedant; and though he put forward the pretext of botanical researches, it helped him to perceive that man is something besides a mere logic machine. Mill's great rival as

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a spiritual guide, Carlyle, was a vigorous walker, and even in his latest years was a striking figure when performing his regular constitutionals in London. One of the vivid passages in the "Reminiscences" describes his walk with Irving from Glasgow to Drumclog. Here they sat on the "brow of a peat hag, while far, far away to the westward, over our brown horizon, towered up white and visible at the many miles of distance a high irregular pyramid. Ailsa Craig we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder." The vision naturally led to a solemn conversation, which was an event in both lives. Neither Irving nor Carlyle himself feared any amount of walking in those days, it is added, and next day Carlyle took his longest walk, fifty-four miles. Carlyle is unsurpassable in his descriptions of scenery: from the pictures of mountains in "Sartor Resartus" to the battle-pieces in Frederick. Ruskin, himself a good walker, is more rhetorical but not so graphic; and it is self-evident that nothing educates an eye for the features of a landscape so well as the practice of measuring it by your own legs.

The great men, it is true, have not always acknowledged their debt to the genius, whoever he may be, who presides over pedestrian exercise. Indeed, they have inclined to ignore the true source of their impulse. Even when they speak of the beauties of nature, they would give us to understand that they might have been disembodied spirits, taking aerial flights among mountain solitudes, and independent of the physical machinery of legs and stomachs. When long ago the Alps cast their spell upon me, it was woven in a great degree by the eloquence of "Modern Painters." I hoped to share Ruskin's ecstasies in a reverent worship of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. The influence of any cult, however, depends upon the character of the worshipper, and I fear that in this case the charm operated rather perversely. It stimulated a passion for climbing which absorbed my energies and distracted me from the prophet's loftier teaching. I might have followed him from the mountains to picture-galleries, and spent among

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the stones of Venice hours which I devoted to attacking hitherto unascended peaks and so lost my last chance of becoming an art critic. I became a fair judge of an Alpine guide, but I do not even know how to make a judicious allusion to Botticelli or Tintoretto. I can't say that I feel the smallest remorse. I had a good time, and at least escaped one temptation to talking nonsense. It follows, however, that my passion for the mountains had something earthly in its composition. It is associated with memories of eating and drinking. It meant delightful comradeship with some of the best of friends; but our end, I admit, was not always of the most exalted or æsthetic strain. A certain difficulty results. I feel an uncomfortable diffidence. I hold that Alpine walks are the poetry of the pursuit; I could try to justify the opinion by relating some of the emotions suggested by the great scenic effects: the sunrise on the snow fields; the storm-clouds gathering under the great peaks; the high pasturages knee-deep in flowers; the torrents plunging through the "cloven ravines," and so forth. But the thing has been done before, better than I could hope to do it; and when I look back at those old passages in "Modern Painters," and think of the enthusiasm which prompted to exuberant sentences of three or four hundred words, I am not only abashed by the thought of their unapproachable eloquence, but feel as though they conveyed a tacit reproach. You, they seem to say, are, after all, a poor prosaic creature, affecting a love of sublime scenery as a cloak for more grovelling motives. I could protest against this judgment, but it is better at present to omit the topic, even though it would give the strongest groundwork for my argument.

Perhaps, therefore, it is better to trust the case for walking to where the external stimulus of splendours and sublimities is not so overpowering. A philosophic historian divides the world into the regions where man is stronger than nature and the regions where nature is stronger than man. The true charm of walking is most unequivocally shown when it is obviously dependent upon the walker himself. I became an

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enthusiast in the Alps, but I have found almost equal pleasure in walks such as one described by Cowper, where the view from a summit is bounded, not by Alps or Apennines, but by "a lofty quickset hedge." Walking gives a charm to the most commonplace British scenery. A love of walking not only makes any English county tolerable but seems to make the charm inexhaustible. I know only two or three districts minutely, but the more familiar I have become with either of them the more I have wished to return, to invent some new combination of old strolls or to inspect some hitherto unexplored nook. I love the English lakes, and certainly not on account of associations. I cannot "associate." Much as I respect Wordsworth, I don't care to see the cottage in which he lived: it only suggests to me that anybody else might have lived there. There is an intrinsic charm about the Lake Country, and to me at least a music in the very names of Helvellyn and Skiddaw and Scawfell. But this may be due to the suggestion that it is a miniature of the Alps. I appeal, therefore, to the Fen Country, the country of which Alton Locke's farmer boasted that it had none of your "darned ups and downs" and "was as flat as his barn-door for forty miles on end." I used to climb the range of the Gogmagogs, to see the tower of Ely, some sixteen miles across the dead level, and I boasted that every term I devised a new route for walking to the cathedral from Cambridge. Many of these routes led by the little public-house called "Five Miles from Anywhere": which in my day was the Mecca to which a remarkable club, called—from the name of the village—the "Upware Republic," made periodic pilgrimages. What its members specifically did when they got there beyond consuming beer is unknown to me; but the charm was in the distance "from anywhere"—a sense of solitude under the great canopy of the heavens, where, like emblems of infinity,

> The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

I have always loved walks in the Fens. In a steady march

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along one of the great dykes by the monotonous canal with the exuberant vegetation dozing in its stagnant waters, we were imbibing the spirit of the scenery. Our talk might be of senior wranglers or the University crew, but we felt the curious charm of the great flats. The absence, perhaps, of definite barriers makes you realise that you are on the surface of a planet rolling through free and boundless space. One queer figure comes back to me—a kind of scholar-gipsy of the fens. Certain peculiarities made it undesirable to trust him with cash, and his family used to support him by periodically paying his score at riverside publics. They allowed him to print certain poems, moreover, which he would impart when one met him on the towpath. In my boyhood, I remember, I used to fancy that the most delightful of all lives must be that of a bargee—enjoying a perpetual picnic. This gentleman seemed to have carried out the idea; and in the intervals of lectures, I could fancy that he had chosen the better part. His poems, alas! have long vanished from my memory, and I therefore cannot quote what would doubtless have given the essence of the local sentiment and invested such names as Wicken Fen or Swaffham Lode with associations equal to those of Arnold's Hincksey ridge and Fyfield elm.

Another set of walks may, perhaps, appeal to more general sympathy. The voice of the sea, we know, is as powerful as the voice of the mountains; and, to my taste, it is difficult to say whether the Land's End is not in itself a more impressive station than the top of Mount Blanc. The solitude of the frozen peaks suggests tombstones and death. The sea is always alive and at work. The hovering gulls and plunging gannets and the rollicking porpoises are animating symbols of a gallant struggle with wind and wave. Even the unassociative mind has a vague sense of the Armada and Hakluyt's heroes in the background. America and Australia are just over the way. "Is not this a dull place?" asked some one of an old woman whose cottage was near to the Lizard lighthouse. "No," she replied, "it is so 'cosmopolitan.'" That was a simple-minded

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way of expressing the one charm in Milton's wonderful phrase—

> Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
> Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.

She could mentally follow the great ships coming and going, and shake hands with people at the ends of the earth. The very sight of a fishing-boat, as painters seem to have found out, is a poem in itself. But is it not all written in "Westward Ho!" and in the "Prose Idylls," in which Kingsley put his most genuine power? Of all walks that I have made, I can remember none more delightful than those round the south-western promontory. I have followed the coast at different times from the mouth of the Bristol Avon by the Land's End to the Isle of Wight, and I am only puzzled to decide which bay or cape is the most delightful. I only know that the most delightful was the more enjoyable when placed in its proper setting by a long walk. When you have made an early start, followed the coastguard track on the slopes above the cliffs, struggled through the gold and purple carpeting of gorse and heather on the moors, dipped down into quaint little coves with a primitive fishing village, followed the blinding whiteness of the sands round a lonely bay, and at last emerged upon a headland where you can settle into a nook of the rocks, look down upon the glorious blue of the Atlantic waves breaking into foam on the granite, and see the distant sea-levels glimmering away till they blend imperceptibly into cloudland; then you can consume your modest sandwiches, light your pipe, and feel more virtuous and thoroughly at peace with the universe, than it is easy even to conceive yourself elsewhere. I have fancied myself on such occasions to be a felicitous blend of poet and saint—which is an agreeable sensation. What I wish to point out, however, is that the sensation is confined to the walker. I respect the cyclist, as I have said; but he is enslaved by his machine: he has to follow the high road, and can only come upon what points of view open to the commonplace tourist. He

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can see nothing of the retired scenery which may be close to him, and cannot have his mind brought into due harmony by the solitude and by the long succession of lovely bits of scenery which stand so coyly aside from public notice.

The cockney cyclist who wisely seeks to escape at intervals from the region "where houses thick and sewers annoy the air," suffers the same disadvantages. To me, for many years, it was a necessity of life to interpolate gulps of fresh air between the periods of inhaling London fogs. When once beyond the "town" I looked out for notices that trespassers would be prosecuted. That gave a strong presumption that the trespass must have some attraction. The cyclist could only reflect that trespassing for him was not only forbidden but impossible. To me it was a reminder of the many delicious bits of walking which, even in the neighbourhood of London, await the man who has no superstitious reverence for legal rights. It is indeed surprising how many charming walks can be contrived by a judicious combination of a little trespassing with the rights of way happily preserved over so many commons and foot-paths. London, it is true, goes on stretching its vast octopus arms farther into the country. Unlike the devouring dragon of Wantley, to whom "houses and churches" were like "geese and turkies," it spreads houses and churches over the fields of our childhood. And yet, between the great lines of railway there are still fields not even desecrated by advertisements of liver pills. It is a fact that within twenty miles of London two travellers recently asked their way at a lonely farmhouse; and that the mistress of the house, seeing that they were far from an inn, not only gave them a seat and luncheon, but positively refused to accept payment. That suggested an idyllic state of society which, it is true, one must not count upon discovering. Yet hospitality, the virtue of primitive regions, has not quite ceased, it would appear, even from this over-civilised region. The travellers, perhaps, had something specially attractive in their manners. In that or some not distant ramble they made time run back for a couple of centuries.

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They visited the quiet grave where Penn lies under the shadow of the old Friends' meeting-house, and came to the cottage where the seat on which Milton talked to Ellwood about "Paradise Regained" seems to be still waiting for his return; and climbed the hill to the queer monument which records how Captain Cook demonstrated the goodness of Providence by disproving the existence of a continent in the South Sea—(the argument is too obvious to require exposition); and then gazed reverently upon the obelisk, not far off, which marks the point at which George III. concluded a famous stag hunt. A little valley in the quiet chalk country of Buckinghamshire leads past these and other memorials, and the lover of historical associations, with the help of Thorne's "Environs of London," may add indefinitely to the list. I don't object to an association when it presents itself spontaneously and unobtrusively. It should not be the avowed goal but the accidental addition to the interest of a walk; and it is then pleasant to think of one's ancestors as sharers in the pleasures. The region enclosed within a radius of thirty miles from Charing Cross has charms enough even for the least historical of minds. You can't hold a fire in your hand, according to a high authority, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus; but I can comfort myself now and then, when the fellow passengers who tread on my heels in London have put me out of temper, by thinking of Leith Hill. It only rises to the height of 1000 feet by help of the "Folly" on the top, but you can see, says my authority, twelve counties from the tower; and, if certain legendary ordnance surveyors spoke the truth, distinguish the English Channel to the south, and Dunstable Hill, far beyond London, to the north. The Crystal Palace, too, as we are assured, "sparkles like a diamond." That is gratifying; but to me the panorama suggests a whole network of paths, which have been the scene of personally conducted expeditions, in which I displayed the skill on which I most pride myself—skill, I mean, in devising judicious geographical combinations, and especially of contriving admirable short cuts. The persistence of some companions in

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asserting that my short cuts might be the longest way round shows that the best of men are not free from jealousy. Mine, at any rate, led me and my friends through pleasant places innumerable. My favourite passage in "Pilgrim's Progress" —an allegory which could have occurred, by the way, to no one who was not both a good man and a good walker—was always that in which Christian and Hopeful leave the highroad to cross a stile into "Bypath Meadow." I should certainly have approved the plan. The path led them, it is true, into the castle of Giant Despair; but the law of trespass has become milder; and the incident really added that spice of adventure which is delightful to the genuine pilgrim. We defied Giant Despair; and if our walks were not quite so edifying as those of Christian and his friends, they add a pleasant strand to the thread of memory which joins the past years. Conversation, we are often told, like letter-writing, is a lost art. We live too much in crowds. But if ever men can converse pleasantly, it is when they are invigorated by a good march: when the reserve is lowered by the long familiarity of a common pursuit, or when, if bored, you can quietly drop behind, or perhaps increase the pace sufficiently to check the breath of the persistent argufier.

Nowhere, at least, have I found talk flow so freely and pleasantly as in a march through pleasant country. And yet there is also a peculiar charm in the solitary expedition when your interlocutor must be yourself. That may be enjoyed, perhaps, even best enjoyed, in London streets themselves. I have read somewhere of a distinguished person who composed his writings during such perambulations, and the statement was supposed to prove his remarkable power of intellectual concentration. My own experience would tend to diminish the wonder. I hopelessly envy men who can think consecutively under conditions distracting to others—in a crowded meeting or in the midst of their children—for I am as sensitive as most people to distraction; but if I can think at all, I do not know if the roar of the Strand is not a more favourable environment

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than the quiet of my own study. The mind—one must only judge from one's own—seems to me to be a singularly ill-constructed apparatus. Thoughts are slippery things. It is terribly hard to keep them in the track presented by logic. They jostle each other, and suddenly skip aside to make room for irrelevant and accidental neighbours; till the stream of thought, of which people talk, resembles rather such a railway journey as one makes in dreams, where at every few yards you are shunted on to the wrong line. Now, though a London street is full of distractions, they become so multitudinous that they neutralise each other. The whirl of conflicting impulses becomes a continuous current because it is so chaotic and determines a mood of sentiment if not a particular vein of reflection. Wordsworth describes the influence upon himself in a curious passage of his "Prelude"; he wandered through London as a raw country lad, seeing all the sights from Bartholomew Fair to St. Stephen's, and became a unit of the "monstrous ant-hill in a too busy world." Of course, according to his custom, he drew a moral, and a most excellent moral, from the bewildering complicity of his new surroundings. He learnt, it seems, to recognise the unity of man and to feel that the spirit of nature was upon him "in London's vast domain" as well as on the mountains. That comes of being a philosophical poet with a turn for optimism. I will not try to interpret or to comment, for I am afraid that I have not shared the emotions which he expresses. A cockney, born and bred, takes surroundings for granted. The hubbub has ceased to distract him; he is like the people who were said to become deaf because they always lived within the roar of a waterfall: he realises the common saying that the deepest solitude is solitude in a crowd; he derives a certain stimulus from a vague sympathy with the active life around him, but each particular stimulus remains, as the phrase goes, "below the threshold of consciousness." To some such effect, till psychologists will give me a better theory, I attribute the fact that what I please to call my "mind" seems to walk more continuously and coherently in a

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street walk than elsewhere. This, indeed, may sound like a confession of cynicism. The man who should open his mind to the impressions naturally suggested by the "monstrous anthill" would be in danger of becoming a philanthropist or a pessimist, of being overpowered by thoughts of gigantic problems, or of the impotence of the individual to solve them. Carlyle, if I remember rightly, took Emerson round London in order to convince his optimistic friend that the devil was still in full activity. The gates of hell might be found in every street. I remember how, when coming home from a country walk on a sweltering summer night, and seeing the squalid population turning out for a gasp of air in their only playground, the vast labyrinth of hideous lanes, I seemed to be in Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night." Even the vanishing of quaint old nooks is painful when one's attention is aroused. There is a certain churchyard wall, which I pass sometimes, with an inscription to commemorate the benefactor who erected it "to keep out the pigs." I regret the pigs and the village-green which they presumably imply. The heart, it may be urged, must be hardened not to be moved by many such texts for melancholy reflection. I will not argue the point. None of us can be always thinking over the riddle of the universe, and I confess that my mind is generally employed on much humbler topics. I do not defend my insensibility nor argue that London walks are the best. I only maintain that, even in London, walking has a peculiar fascination. The top of an omnibus is an excellent place for meditation; but it has not, for me at least, that peculiar hypnotic influence which seems to be favourable to thinking, and to pleasant day dreaming when locomotion is carried on by one's own muscles. The charm, however, is that even a walk in London often vaguely recalls better places and nobler forms of the exercise. Wordsworth's Susan hears a thrush at the corner of Wood Street and straightway sees

> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees,
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

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The gulls which seem lately to have found out the merits of London give to occasional Susans, I hope, a whiff of fresh sea-breezes. But, even without gulls or thrushes, I can often find portents in the heart of London for recalling the old memories, without any definable pretext, little pictures of scenery, sometimes assignable to no definable place, start up invested with a faint aroma of old friendly walks and solitary meditations and strenuous exercise, and I feel convinced that, if I am not a thorough scoundrel, I owe that relative excellence to the harmless monomania which so often took me, to appropriate Bunyan's phrase, from the amusements of "Vanity Fair" to the "Delectable Mountains" of pedestrianism.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

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THE CASTELLO OF MILAN

WHEN we see the havoc wrought by modern vandalism in many parts of Italy, when we lament the wanton destruction of the most picturesque quarters of mediæval Rome and Florence and the disappearance of Gothic houses and bridges in Venice, it is pleasant to find one instance in which the preservation of an historic building has been successfully accomplished and a noble monument of the past restored, as far as possible, on the old lines.

During the last eight years the restoration of the Castello of Milan has been effected with admirable energy and perseverance by the distinguished architects Luca Beltrami and Gaetano Moretti under the auspices of the Commune, ably supported by the Sindaco Giuseppe Vigoni and a few other Milanese gentlemen who have generously devoted time and money to this patriotic task. Among the subscribers we find the familiar names of Signor Gustavo Frizzoni and the Marchese d'Adda, while Signor G. B. Vittadini has taken a prominent part in the direction of the work, and deserves our especial thanks for his courtesy in supplying information. The labours of these public-spirited citizens have been attended with signal success. The vast precincts of the Castello, which, up till 1893, served as barracks for a garrison of several thousand men, have already been cleared of the ugly modern buildings which defaced their courts. In many cases, loggias and arcades were concealed by blocks of masonry, in one instance a two-storeyed

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house was built up by the Austrians under a grand portico. Frescoes and carved capitals which lay hidden under successive coats of plaster, lofty windows with Lombard-Gothic traceries and rich terra-cotta mouldings, are now brought to light. The towers at the angles of the Castello are again crowned with battlements and adorned with shields bearing the Sforza arms. Colonnades and porticoes have been renewed with the same marbles as those employed by Renaissance builders, and in the decoration of the rooms the original patterns and colouring have been carefully preserved. Last year the doors of the Corte Ducale were thrown open to the public, and before long the restoration of the inner citadel, known as the Rocchetta, may, we hope, be completed. The event will be hailed on all sides with sincere rejoicing, both on account of the historic interest attached to every stone in this ancient pile and of the imposing proportions and genuine beauty of its spacious halls. For the Castello belongs to the proudest age of Milan, when the *gran città* bore the name of the new Athens, and the famous palace of the Sforza Dukes was justly called the eighth wonder of the world; in the words of the chronicler Bernardo Corio—*il più superbo e forte Castello nel mondo*. And to-day, in spite of the many sieges which it has undergone and of the terrible damage wrought by French, German and Spanish invaders, the Castello retains much of its former grandeur. We cannot, it is true, bring back the glories of those days when Foppa and Leonardo's frescoes were fresh upon the walls and the Camerini of the Rocchetta held the choicest treasures of Cristoforo Romano and Caradosso's art; but at least, as we tread these wide courts and stately halls and look up at their vaulted arcades and soaring loggias, we are able to realise something of the vast dreams and noble imaginings that filled the minds of princes and artists in the golden age of the Renaissance.

The origin of the Castello goes back to Roman times, when, in the fourth century, Diocletian's colleague, the Emperor Maximian Jovis, fixed his residence at Milan, and gave his

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ROCCHETTA.

GROUND FLOOR.

State-rooms.

a del Tesoro.

ainetto del Tesoro.

Hall of Audience.

pella.

Guard-rooms.

rtico of Francesco Sforza.

12—Portico of Galeazzo.

13—Portico of Lodovico.

UPPER FLOOR.

5—8, 11—Rooms of Beatrice d'Este.

1, 2, 12—Sala della Palla.

CORTE DUCALE.

GROUND FLOOR.

—State-rooms.

Cetta Negra.

all.

la Verde (lower).

nticella of Bramante.

la della Torre.

la dei Ducali.

la della Colombine.

la della Scarlioni.

ppella Ducale.

urt.

28—Court.

29—Portico or Loggia di Galeazzo.

UPPER FLOOR.

14—17—Cancellaria.

19—Hall.

20—Sala della Caccia.

22—Sala Dorata.

23—25—Ducal Rooms.

26—Sala Verde (upper).

27—Sala dell' Elefante.

29—Loggia di Galeazzo.

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name to the neighbouring gate of the city. *Castrum Portæ Jovis* was the original name of the fortress, and long after the Roman gate had been destroyed the palace of the Sforzas retained its old appellation, and was known in official documents and popular language as the Castello di Porta Zobia. Under the Visconti rule, the Rocca was strengthened and enlarged, but remained purely military in character, since most of these princes preferred Pavia as a residence.

When, in 1447, Filippo Maria breathed his last, the Milanese, in their bitter hatred for his memory, razed the Castello to the ground and vowed that it should never be rebuilt. Three years later, Francesco Sforza, the bold Condottiere, who had wedded the last Visconti's daughter, Bianca Maria, was proclaimed Duke, upon which the fickle citizens petitioned him to rebuild the Rocca Viscontea on the old site, "for the defence and ornament of their town." Francesco lost no time in setting to work. He called together the best Lombard architects, ordered the cities and villages of his duchy to provide oxen and waggons for the transport of building materials, and assigned the Castello a yearly revenue of 36,000 ducats, drawn from the taxes on meat and wine.

The original plan of the building, a quadrangle of brickwork flanked by four massive towers, was probably designed by Giovanni da Milano, while the Tuscan Filarete, who was invited to assist this native master and dedicated his "Treatise on Architecture" to Duke Francesco, gave his name to the lofty keep above the central gateway. So rapidly did the work progress, that in 1451 the *Torre maestra*, at the north-west angle of the Rocchetta, was already standing. Two years later, King Réné of Anjou visited Milan on his way to join Francesco Sforza in his campaign against the Venetians, and inspected the building with Duchess Bianca.

> The King was here this morning [wrote the architect Giacomo da Cortona to his absent lord] and went over the whole of the Castello on foot with the Duchess. He saw the masons and wood-cutters preparing the medallion with the ducal arms which is to be placed on the gateway, and climbed to the top

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of the tower. He was much pleased with all that he saw here, and when he heard that all this had risen from the ground in three years could not contain his amazement, and would hardly believe such a thing to be possible.

But frequent wars exhausted the ducal treasury, and the workmen in the Castello were often in sore need of supplies of food and money. At such times they would sally forth and plunder the orchards and gardens in the neighbouring quarter of Porta Comasina, a high-handed proceeding which led to repeated conflicts between the burghers and the archers of the garrison. Nor were the architects themselves free from reproach. Grave charges of peculation were brought against Giacomo da Cortona and Filippo da Ancona, who were accused of wasting the public money and living in idleness and luxury, and were accordingly dismissed by the Duke.

In 1454, the able and honest Bartolommeo Gadio da Cremona was appointed chief architect, and before the year was over he informed the Duke that the round tower, at the south-east corner of the façade, had been at length completed "with great toil and labour." Another Cremona architect, named Carlo, was employed to lay out the gardens to the north and west of the Castello, and the park was planted with avenues and stocked with deer and game from the ducal preserves. When, in 1461, Francesco was dangerously ill in the old ducal palace near the Duomo, and a report of his death ran through the town, he ordered his horse as soon as he could sit up, and rode to the Castello to show himself to the people and allay the fears of his loyal subjects. Both Duke and Duchess, as we learn from letters that are still preserved in the Archives, took the keenest interest in the progress of the building, and on one occasion Francesco addressed a severe reprimand to a mason who came to work late in the morning and took too long a siesta after his midday meal. But before the new rooms were fit for habitation the good Duke died, in 1466, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Galeazzo Maria.

The new Duke, who inherited the cultured tastes of his Visconti ancestors, as well as their fierce and violent passions,

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applied himself eagerly to the completion of the Castello. Under his reign the citadel, which had been designed to suit his father's lofty ideas and simple habits, was transformed into a splendid and luxurious palace. He hurried on the works in that portion of the building known as the Corte Ducale, ordered windows and chimneys to be put in, and took up his residence there in October 1468 with his newly-wedded wife, Bona of Savoy. Under Galeazzo's orders, a whole army of sculptors and painters were employed to adorn the state rooms on the north side of the Corte Ducale, facing the gardens. These three great halls were decorated in the striking and effective manner that we admire to-day. The *Sala dell' Scarlioni*, or Ribands, was painted in red and white zigzag stripes, the *Sala delle Colombine* was adorned with Bona's favourite device of white doves encircled in flames, and her motto, *A bon droit*, on a crimson ground, while the walls and vaulted roof of the *Sala dei Ducali* were studded over with the Visconti adder and Sforza eagle, painted in black and white on a ground of ultramarine blue. Behind these three halls, opening into the courtyard of the quadrangle, was the *Capella Ducale*, a spacious church dedicated to Our Lady, and adorned, in 1473, with frescoes by Bonifazio Bembo da Cremona and other Lombard masters. An imposing composition of the Risen Christ with rows of saints on a blue ground, and a lunette of the Annunciation, may still be seen on the roof and walls of this chapel, but are too much damaged to allow us to determine their authorship with any certainty. Vincenzo Foppa, Stefano dei Fedeli, Giovanni da Montorfano and Costantino da Vaprio, were among the artists employed by Duke Galeazzo in the decoration of the Castello, but, with the exception of a ruined Crucifixion and Madonna in a hall near the entrance of the Corte Ducale, no other frescoes of this period are now in existence.

The ducal chambers on the upper storey were furnished and decorated with the same splendour. One large hall, the *Sala Verde*, was painted green, and the walls were patterned

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over with the Sforza device of golden buckets; another bore the name of *Sala Dorata*, from the profusion of gilding on vault and doorways; a third room was called the *Sala dell' Elefante;* and a fourth, decorated with hunting scenes, became known as the *Sala della Caccia.*

A grand staircase and vaulted loggia, with lofty columns and richly-carved capitals, leading to these upper chambers, was lately brought to light, bearing the names of Duke Galeazzo and of the architect, Benedetto Ferrini of Florence, who was appointed to assist the aged and infirm Gadio in his declining years. The windows of these halls are all of the same Lombard-Gothic type, enriched with marble shafts and delicately-carved mouldings of fruit and flowers in red terra-cotta, while the ducal monogram and favourite Sforza devices, the dog and adder, the eagle and lion rampant, the buckets and sprinkler, the golden lilies and flaming heart, and the caduceus entwined with dragons, are everywhere to be seen, carved on the capitals of the pillars, or painted on shields along the cornice of the vaulted ceiling.

Galeazzo himself personally superintended these decorations and gave minute instructions to the architects and artists whom he employed. Often in his impatience he would hardly allow the painters to wait for plaster to dry upon the walls, and the terror which he inspired as well as the unreasonableness of his demands gave rise to the story that he ordered one artist, on pain of death, to paint the portraits of the ducal family on the walls of a room in the Castello in a single night. But the haste with which these halls were erected sometimes produced disastrous results. On one occasion, when the betrothal of Galeazzo's little daughter, Bianca, to the son of the Duke of Savoy was being solemnised in the *Sala Verde*, the ceiling of the hall cracked and fell in, to the consternation of the assembled guests, who rushed downstairs in confusion and fled for safety to a hall on the ground-floor. Here the ceremony was duly completed, but ill-luck pursued the bridal pair. The young Prince of Savoy was killed by a fall from his horse, and

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PLATE I. Bianca Sforza. By Ambrogio de Predis.
Pinacoteca Ambrosiana, Milan

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Bianca Sforza's second bridegroom, a son of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, was driven from his throne on the eve of his marriage.

The fame of the Duke of Milan's new palace now began to attract visitors from all parts, and Lorenzo dei Medici and King Christian of Denmark were among the illustrious guests who were entertained in these stately halls. Here, in 1476, the Christmas festival was celebrated with great rejoicing, in spite of certain sinister forebodings which threw a gloom over the Court. A comet had been seen in the sky above the Castello on the night of the Duke's return, and three ravens hovered about Galeazzo's head as he rode into Milan. On Christmas Eve the Duke and Duchess, surrounded by their family and courtiers, set light to the Yule-log on the hearth after a time-honoured Lombard fashion, and sat down to a sumptuous banquet in the Hall of the Doves, where the triumph of the House of Sforza was solemnly proclaimed. On Christmas Day the Duke heard three masses in the chapel and listened to the sweet strains of the ducal singers whom he had brought together from all parts of Europe. Then he went out hunting in the park and flew his favourite falcons till dusk. The next morning snow lay thick on the ground, and Galeazzo threw aside the steel cuirass prepared for him and put on his vest of crimson damask lined with sables. It was the Feast of St. Stephen, on which day the Duke was in the habit of attending mass in the ancient basilica of S. Stefano, but Duchess Bona, haunted by some dim presentiment, begged him to stay at home; Galeazzo consented, but, hearing that his chaplains had already started for S. Stefano, changed his mind and prepared to follow. His two little boys came out to watch their father start, and he was about to mount his horse when a sudden impulse made his pause. Once more he lifted both children in his arms, and after embracing them tenderly placed them on the ledge of the arched window near the door. Then he rode out through the snowy streets, and his secretary, Corio, who had taken a short cut on foot, reached the basilica

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in time to see his master enter the church doors while the choir sang the words *Sic transit gloria mundi*. A moment more and he fell heavily to the ground, stabbed in the back by three courtiers whose kinswoman he had outraged, and who had sworn to avenge her wrongs.

Great was the consternation in the Castello when the fatal news became known. The drawbridges were raised, the trenches fortified, and preparations to resist a siege were hastily made. But that night the city remained quiet, and the next day, Giangaleazzo, the murdered prince's seven-year-old child, was proclaimed duke in his father's stead, with his mother Bona as Regent of the State. Before long, however, this fair and foolish lady, *dame de petit sens*, as Commines justly calls her, quarrelled with her husband's brother, and eventually sacrificed her loyal and able minister, Simonetta, to her infatuation for a low-born minion. When on the night of October 7, 1479, she secretly admitted her brother-in-law, Lodovico Sforza, by the garden door into the Castello, her doom and that of Simonetta were alike sealed. Within a year's time Simonetta was beheaded at Pavia, while Bona, after rejoicing in her newly-found liberty for a few months, saw her lover banished and fled for shelter to the court of her brother-in-law, Louis XI. of France.

During the next twenty years, Lodovico, surnamed "*il Moro*," reigned supreme in Milan, first as regent for his young nephew, afterwards as Duke in his own right. Whatever his moral and political crimes may have been, this remarkable man was the most cultured and enlighted Prince who ruled over Lombardy, and deserved the title bestowed upon him by contemporary poets, who called him the Pericles of the new Athens. In the troubled days of Duchess Bona's regency, little was done to the Castello saving in the way of fortification. The walls were strengthened, new bastions were raised, and one lofty tower, which still bears the name of Bona di Savoia, was erected at the south-east angle of the Rocchetta, commanding the entrance to the Corte Ducale. But the vaulted

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PLATE 2.—Virgin and Child with four Doctors of the Church, and kneeling figures of Ludovico Moro and Beatrice d'Este with the Sforza children.
Ascribed to Zenale Brera, Milan.

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arcades of the new quadrangle and the long gallery, known as the *Sala della Palla*, which Galeazzo had built towards the end of his life, both remained unfinished. There was one of the late Duke's schemes, however, to which Lodovico from the first devoted his attention. This was the colossal statue of his father, Francesco Sforza, which Galeazzo had intended to place on the Piazza of the Castello. As early as 1473 he had written to Gadio, desiring him to consult the Mantegazza brothers and other Lombard sculptors on the subject, but nothing more was done until Lodovico took up the reins of government and asked his friend Lorenzo dei Medici to send him a master capable of executing this important work. In accordance with this request, Leonardo da Vinci was sent to Milan in 1483, and spent the next sixteen years in the Moro's service. Lodovico quickly recognised the Florentine's rare genius, and employed him not only to design models for the equestrian statue and cupola of the Duomo, but to paint altar-pieces and portraits, plan canals and fortifications, and superintend court pageants and masquerades. Many and splendid were the fêtes held in the Castello during the Moro's rule. First came the wedding of young Giangaleazzo, the reigning Duke, with his cousin, Isabella of Aragon, on which occasion the court poet, Bellincioni, composed an operetta called *Il Paradiso*, and Leonardo constructed a celestial sphere with seven planets, represented by actors who each in turn spoke the praise of Madonna Isabella. Two years later Lodovico's own marriage with Beatrice d'Este, the Duke of Ferrara's daughter, was solemnised at Pavia, and both the bride's entry into Milan and the wedding of her brother Alfonso and Anna Sforza, which took place in the same week in the ducal chapel of the Castello, were celebrated by prolonged festivities. All through the summer, painters and goldsmiths were busily engaged upon the suite of rooms on the north-west of the Rocchetta, where the Regent had fixed his residence near the *Sala del Tesoro*, while the reigning Duke and Duchess occupied the Corte Ducale. Under Leonardo's direction the *Sala della Palla* was

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elaborately decorated. The vaulted roof was painted with gold stars on a blue ground, the walls were hung with canvases of Francesco Sforza's battles, and an effigy of the great Condottiere was placed under a triumphal arch at one end of the hall. Here a ball, or *festà per le donne*, was held, and peasant-girls, clad in the Sforza colours of red, white, and blue, danced before the court. This was followed by a three-days tournament, in which the prize was borne off by Galeazzo di San Severino, the husband of Lodovico's daughter Bianca, who appeared at the head of a troop of warriors in Scythian costumes designed by Leonardo. Lodovico and his youthful bride now settled in the Rocchetta, and had gathered a brilliant court about them. In these upper *Camerini*, looking out on the wooded lawns and clear lakes of the Castello gardens, and commanding a magnificent prospect of the snowy Alps, Beatrice spent the joyous days of her early married life. Here, in the boudoir, with the painted Amorini over the mantelpiece, she heard Gasparo Visconti and Niccolò da Correggio recite their verses, and played on the wonderful viols and organs of gold and ebony and ivory which Lorenzo of Pavia fashioned for her use, with skill so rare and taste so perfect. Here she listened to the charmed strains which Jacopo di San Secondo, the Apollo of Raphael's Parnassus, drew from his violin, and attended mass in the chapel, where Cordier, the Flemish priest with the marvellous tenor voice, filled her soul with infinite consolation, and seemed to bring heaven itself before her eyes. From these doors the young Duchess rode out in the pleasant spring mornings with Messer Galeaz' as her squire, singing songs for pure gladness of heart, and chased the deer in the woods of the Brianza, only to return when the shades of night had fallen on the Lombard plains. And in these gardens on summer evenings she gave those gay little suppers, when Isabella d'Este and Galeazzo quarrelled over their favourite paladins or made merry with the jesters and maids of honour until the sun sank behind the snows of Monte Rosa.

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Here Lodovico entertained the French ambassadors, whose coming proved in the end so disastrous to himself and to Italy, and these strangers from beyond the Alps gazed with dazzled eyes on the piles of golden quartz, the antique dishes and goblets, and the priceless rubies and pearls and diamonds stored up within the strong walls of the *Sala del Tesoro*. Here he presided over meetings of the architects, whom he summoned from all parts of Italy, to choose designs for the cupola of the Duomo, and was present with Leonardo at these conferences of learned men which Fra Luca Pacioli, the eminent mathematician, describes as "laudable and scientific duels." Here the great humanist Merula brought rare manuscripts from Greece and Southern France for his inspection, and Caradosso, the wonderful goldsmith, displayed the gems and cameos which he had bought for him in Rome and Florence. Here Bramante showed the Duke his designs for the palace of Vigevano or the apse of S. Maria delle Grazie, and Leonardo discussed his plans for the irrigation of Lombardy or the heating of the Duchess's baths, and asked Lodovico's opinion on his latest model for the equestrian statue or fresco in the Dominican refectory.

Great were the rejoicings in the Rocchetta when, on February 25, 1493, Beatrice gave birth to a son and heir. Still more splendid were the festivities held in the Castello in the following autumn, on the marriage of Giangaleazzo's sister, Bianca Sforza, to Maximilian, King of the Romans. Lombard chroniclers dilate on the glories of the nuptial ceremony in the Duomo, and the bride's magnificent trousseau, worthy of her imperial destinies, on the sumptuous robes, costly jewels, fine linen, carpets and tapestries that were displayed before the Milanese ladies in the Corte Ducale. But more enviable in our eyes was the sight which they enjoyed that day of Leonardo's great equestrian statue, which was at length completed and placed on a triumphal arch in front of the Castello. Poets and writers vied with each other in celebrating the filial piety of the Moro, who had raised this monument to his father's

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memory, and the genius of the Florentine master, whose hand had moulded the clay to be the wonder of the world.

As Regent, Lodovico enlarged the Piazza of the Castello, and caused the houses of the Strada di Corte, which formed the chief approach, to be decorated with frescoes. He devoted special attention to the gardens, which extended three miles to the north and west of the palace, and were adorned with pergolas and rose-bowers, fountains and pavilions, designed by Leonardo's hand. And he even sent to Mantua for swans to sail on the lakes. But when on his nephew's death, in 1494, he became Duke in his own right, he planned fresh improvements on a grander scale. A new suite of rooms was erected on the garden side of the Rocchetta, and Bramante designed the *Ponticella* with the graceful marble columns that we still admire at the opposite end of the Corte Ducale. The Camerini on this bridge were decorated with paintings by Leonardo, and certain notes in his MSS., describing twenty-four subjects from Roman history, and giving the exact cost of the ultramarine and gold employed, have been supposed to refer to this work; but nothing now remains saving a few traces of colour and terra-cotta moulding.

All through the summer of 1496, when Lodovico and Beatrice were hunting with Kaiser Maximilian in the Valtellina, or entertaining him at Vigevano, painters and architects were busy in the Castello, and large quantities of marble were sent to Milan from the Certosa. The arcades of the portico on the north-west of the Rocchetta were walled in to provide new rooms for Beatrice's household, and in November the Duke wrote to the Castellan, Bernardine del Corte, desiring him to see that these apartments were ready for use by Christmas, when the Duchess's confinement was expected. The Castellan, in reply, assured the Duke that good fires had been lighted to dry the walls, and that the new rooms would be furnished by the next week. Bramante, he further informed him, had completed the arcades leading to the ball-room, and was about to begin the new tower. Contemporary writers describe the

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PLATE II. Ladurner Mimi.

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frescoes with which these rooms were adorned. There was one executed by Bramante, who occasionally took up the brush, in which Lodovico was represented administering justice under a stately portico, and another in which he appeared as a Moor brushing the skirts of Italy. "Take care, my lord Duke," said the Florentine envoy to whom Lodovico showed this fresco, "that the Moor, in brushing the robes of Italy, does not cover himself with dust." But no trace of these works is now to be seen, and the only fresco in the Rocchetta is a damaged painting of the giant Argus keeping watch between Juno's twin peacocks, which Bramante painted on the wall of the *Sala del Tesoro*. The vast stables with vaulted and pillared aisles, decorated with paintings of his favourite horses, the palace which Lodovico built for his son-in-law Galeazzo, and the churches of San Spirito and Sant' Ambrogio-in-Nemo, which stood in the park, have all perished in successive sieges. But the fine altar-piece of the Duke and Duchess and their children kneeling at the feet of the Virgin and St. Ambrose, which was painted in the last year of Beatrice's life for this church of Sant' Ambrogio-in-the-grove, has fortunately escaped destruction, and now hangs in the Brera.

The magnificence of the Castello and its surroundings, the stately churches and frescoed palaces which adorned the streets of Milan, made a deep impression on strangers, and Duke Lodovico's wisdom and splendour excited the admiration of foes as well as friends. But Fortune, which had raised him to such dizzy heights, was soon to turn her wheel, and he who once boasted that he was her favourite son lived to become the *infelice Duca* of popular song. The death of his young wife was the first calamity that overtook him. On January 2, 1497, Beatrice drove through the streets of Milan to pray at the tomb of her step-daughter Bianca, and afterwards watched her ladies dancing in the Rocchetta till eight o'clock. Three hours later she gave birth to a dead son and breathed her last, to the consternation of the whole court. "That night," writes Corio, "the sky over the Castello was all on fire and the walls

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of the Duchess's own garden fell down with a sudden crash, although there was neither wind nor earthquake." From that day Lodovico was an altered man. "He has become very religious," wrote Marino Sanuto, "recites offices daily, observes fasts and lives chastely and devoutly. His rooms are hung with black and he goes every day to visit the church where his wife is buried, and spends much of his time with the friars of the convent." He still took the same keen interest in the decoration of the Castello, but the memory of Beatrice was always present to his mind. Her name and arms were placed, by his command, on all public buildings, on ducal palaces and villas, on the clock-tower of the Castello, on the Torre di Bona and the new Ponticella. Solari carved her effigy in finest marble on her tomb and Leonardo painted her portrait on the wall opposite his *Cenacolo*. This master, whom Lodovico publicly recognised, in a decree of 1499, as "the most famous of living painters," was employed in the Corte Ducale up to the last hour of the Moro's reign. In the spring of 1498 he finished the decoration of the *Saletta negra*, a small room in this part of the palace which the Duke occupied after his wife's death, and which probably owed its name to the mourning hangings that draped the walls and set to work on the *Sala grande* in the north-east tower. Here, there can be little doubt, we see Leonardo's original design, partly executed, it may be, by his own hand. The walls are adorned with a *pergola* of green foliage, painted with exquisite grace and delicacy, and the vaulted ceiling is decorated with an intricate pattern of links and knots—the same *fantasia dei vinci* which appears on Leonardo's circular engravings and on the roof of the Sacristy of S. Maria delle Grazie. Perhaps, as the Belgian Professor Errera suggests, this favourite motive may have been intended as a play on the painter's name! The ducal arms, framed in a wreath of palm and laurel, occupy the centre of the vault, and white shields, bearing the names of the Duke and Duchess in gold letters, hang on the walls. When, a year or two ago, the plaster which covered the walls was removed,

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PLATE 8.—Beatrice d'Este.

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some fragments of these inscriptions were still legible, and the words *Ludovicus: Medli: Duc: Beatrice conjuge* bore witness to the love of the Moro for his dead wife.

These decorations were the last ordered by Lodovico and executed by Leonardo in the palace. The Duke's treasury was exhausted and his enemies were already at the gates. His last hope lay in the Castello, which had been strongly fortified under Leonardo's directions, and was garrisoned with 2800 men well supplied with food and ammunition under a Castellan in whom Lodovico placed implicit confidence. "As long as the Rocca stands I know that I shall return," were his last words when, on September 2, 1499, he left Milan to seek refuge at Innsbrück. Four days afterwards the French army, under Trivulzio, entered Milan, and the faithless governor surrendered the citadel without a blow. All the treasures within its halls, the priceless statues and paintings, the gold and silver plate, Lodovico's gems and antiques, Beatrice's rich robes and wonderful instruments, were divided between Bernardino del Corte and his accomplices, while Trivulzio reserved the magnificent tapestries, valued at 150,000 ducats, for his own use. A few of the most precious manuscripts and works of art were sent to Blois by order of Louis XII., many more perished in the general confusion. Isabella d'Este, we know, succeeded in recovering poor Beatrice's beautiful and perfect clavichord; her father, Duke Ercole, tried in vain to save Leonardo's horse from destruction. On Sunday, October 6, Louis XII. entered Milan in triumph and took up his residence in the Castello, wondering at the strength and beauty of the fortifications, and declaring that he had never seen so fine a citadel. "And he and all his captains," writes the French chronicler, Jean d'Auton, "greatly condemned that second Judas who had betrayed his master."

During the next few weeks Louis XII. remained at Milan, hunting in the park with the exiled Duke's kinsmen, Francesco Gonzaga and Ercole d'Este, and feasting with the Viscontis and Borromeos. But in the eyes of those who had known the

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Castello in the Moro's days the change was deplorable. "The Castello," wrote young Castiglione to his friends at Mantua, "which once held the fine flower of the world, is now a place of drinking-booths and dung-hills." His testimony was confirmed by one of those Venetians who most hated Lodovico. "The French," he wrote, "are a dirty people. The King goes to mass without a single candle, and eats alone in the eyes of all the people. The captains spit upon the floor, the soldiers outrage women in the streets. In the Castello there is nothing but dirt and foulness, such as Signor Lodovico would not have allowed for the whole world."

The French occupation of Milan lasted five-and-twenty years, but the only traces of this period now to be found in the Castello are two bronze tablets bearing inscriptions in honour of Trivulzio's conquest, and the names and arms of certain French captains which are painted on the walls of a hall in the Rocchetta. Among these it is curious to find the name of *M. il Gran Scudiero*, in whom we recognise the Moro's old favourite, Galeazzo di San Severino, who, after being ransomed from his Swiss captors and reconciled to Louis XII. by his powerful relatives, had risen high in that monarch's favour and been advanced to the post of Grand Ecuyer de France. In that capacity he attended Louis XII. when he entered Milan after the conquest of Genoa in 1507, and distinguished himself as "*un bien puissant et adroit chevalier*" in a tournament held on the piazza before the Castello, the scene of his old triumphs. Leonardo da Vinci, strange to say, designed the triumphal arches on this occasion, and stranger still, Beatrice's sister, Isabella d'Este, whom the French chronicler describes as "*une belle dame qui danse à merveilles*," was present at the ball given by Louis XII. in the Rocchetta and danced with the king himself.

Meanwhile, Pope Julius II., who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing the French over the Alps, combined with the Emperor to drive them back, and in May 1513, young Maximilian Sforza, the Moro's elder son, was restored to his father's throne. Beatrice's child came back to the place of his

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birth and entertained his aunt, Isabella d'Este, once more in the hall of the Castello. But his reign was of short duration. A gentle and well-meaning prince, he had not rigour or capacity to maintain his difficult position, and when Francis I. besieged the Castello after his victory of Marignano, the young Duke signed an act of abdication and went to end his days in France. The Corte Ducale suffered severely during the bombardment, and the Torre di Filarete was blown up by an accidental explosion. But the size and strength of the building made a profound impression upon the victors.

The Castello [writes Pasquier le Moine, who accompanied Francis I. on this second conquest of Milan] is a truly marvellous thing, and contains so vast a number of bastions, drawbridges, towers, and halls that it is almost impossible to count them. There are two fortresses, the château itself and the Rocchetta, and I think the said Rocchetta would be impregnable if it were held by honest men well supplied with food. . . . The two great towers in front of the Castello looking on the town have very thick walls and battlements of grey stone, which is so hard our guns could do them no injury. Within the said château are vast and splendid halls and so many rooms that, as I said, you lose all reckoning. There are drawbridges at each angle, and clear running water in deep trenches both within and without the walls, and a fine large square on one side, and on the other parks with fair meadows, and beyond these, between the Castello and the church of Saint-Esprit, are the stables, which the Moro built for his horses, very rich and fine, with high vaulted roofs and a double row of fifty stone pillars, and rooms and granaries above. And on the outer walls towards the Castello there are life-sized paintings of horses of different colour and attitudes.[1]

In 1521, Charles V. and Leo X. formed a fresh league against Francis I. and succeeded in driving out the French once more. Then Lodovico's younger son, Francesco Sforza, was proclaimed Duke, only to be expelled by Francis I. two years later and to return again after the defeat of Pavia. Unfortunately this young prince, who was exceedingly popular in Lombardy, incurred the wrath of Charles V. by allying himself with Venice, and a long struggle for independence followed, during which the Castello underwent many sieges and the

[1] Pasquier's "Diary" was published in Paris in 1525. (Bibliothèque Nationale. Lb. 30–23, in 8.)

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unhappy Milanese suffered terrible misery. At length, when Charles V. visited Italy in 1530, he consented to recognise Francesco's title, and the young Duke returned to Milan amidst the acclamations of his subjects, who hoped, in Guicciardini's words, "to see a return of that felicity which they had enjoyed under his father's rule." In 1534, Francesco married the Emperor's niece, Christina of Denmark, whose fair face lives on Holbein's canvas. The splendour of these nuptials and the tournaments and banquets in the Castello rejoiced the hearts of the Milanese and recalled the glorious days of old. But ere the joyous strains of the wedding festivities had died away the Duke fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering through the summer months, passed away on the Feast of All Souls, 1535. A fortnight later he was buried in the Duomo amidst the tears and lamentations of his subjects, who saw in their loved prince's untimely end the loss of all their hopes and the close of their brief dream of freedom.

The duchy now reverted to Charles V. and became part of his son Philip's vast heritage. The Castello ceased to be a royal residence, and a network of new fortifications sprang up around the Sforza palace. But the only marks of the Spanish occupation now to be seen in the interior are a gateway bearing the name of Philip III. and some fragments of decoration in the south-east halls of the Corte Ducale. In 1707 the Castello was besieged by Prince Eugene of Savoy during the wars of the Spanish Succession, and captured after a long and valiant defence by the octogenarian governor Florida. In 1733 the Austrians, who were now masters of Lombardy, were besieged in the Castello by King Charles Emanuel, but did not yield until the French and Sardinian force had lost 3000 men.

The French took Milan again, both in 1746 and in 1796, when Bonaparte threatened to destroy this last bulwark of tyranny, as he chose to term the Castello. The threat was partly executed in 1800. The Spanish fortifications were razed and only the nucleus of the Sforza fortress remained standing. Milan was declared to be the capital of the new Cisalpine

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kingdom, and plans were drawn up for transforming this Renaissance palace into a classic building, the centre of a Roman Forum. Happily these were never carried into execution, and after the fall of Napoleon, Milan was restored to Austria. During the last century the Castello was used as barracks, first by the Austrian, afterwards by the Italian garrison, until 1886, when its destruction was seriously contemplated, and only averted by the intervention of the Commune. The cession of the building to the city authorities was finally accomplished in 1898, and since that time the work of restoration has been actively carried on.

The artistic treasures from the Museo Civico and the Museo Archeologico, formerly in the Brera, have been now removed to the Castello. The paintings, which include several excellent examples of Foppa, Borgognone, Correggio, and Leonardo's followers, are hung in the Great Hall of the *Cancellaria*, while a fine collection of Lombard sculpture, illustrating the art history of the period, occupies the ground-floor of the Corte Ducale. In the courtyard of the Chapel we see the noble portal of the Banca Medici, the palace granted to Cosimo by Francesco Sforza, and erected from Michelozzo's designs in 1457. The *Sala delle Colombine* contains works by Omodeo, the Pavian sculptor, employed by the Moro on the Duomo of Milan, and the Certosa, and Solari, who carved the sepulchral effigies of Lodovico and his wife, and the *Sala delle Scarlioni* is devoted to the art of the later sculptors, Fusina and Agostino Busti. Here we find the last-named master's bas-relief in memory of Lancinus Curtius, the classic writer, who is represented slumbering between torch-bearing genii, while Fame soars heavenward, and a Latin epitaph helps to fulfil the ideal of the humanist's dream: "*En Virtutem Mortis nesciam. Vivet Lancinus Curtius sæcula per omnia Quascunque lustrans oras Tantum possunt Camœnæ.*"[1] And

[1] "Look here on Virtue, that knows nought of Death. Lancinus Curtius shall live through all the ages, and visit every shore of earth. Such power have the Muses."

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here, too, we find the same artist's masterpiece, the famous Tomb of Gaston de Foix. During eight years Busti devoted all his powers to this great work, but before it was completed, Francis I., who had given him the order, was made prisoner at Pavia and the French were driven out of Milan. The unfinished tomb, adorned with statuettes and bas-reliefs, and enriched with a variety of finely-cut ornamental work, stood for many years in the convent of Santa Marta, where the hero of Ravenna was buried, and excited the ardent admiration of Vasari. By degrees the monument was broken up, and when, in 1800, the French suppressed the convent, its fragments were dispersed over Europe. No less than sixty pieces are now to be found in the public and private collections of Italy, while others may be seen at Lyons and Orleans, in the Louvre and at South Kensington. But the Castello owns the finest of all these scattered fragments—the effigy of the dead warrior, who is represented resting on a mortuary couch surrounded by trophies of victory. There he lies as he fell, clasping his sword in both hands, with a smile of content on his face, "all joyous of countenance for the triumph that he had won" (Vasari). The calm brows are wreathed with laurel, and the collar of St. Michel hangs round his neck, but the armour is severely simple. The sculptor seems to have caught the spirit of the young soldier who walked the streets of Milan in proud silence, attended by a single page. Even this statue has been mutilated and the sword and fingers broken off. But the serene beauty of the face and the wealth of delicate ornament lavished on the marble couch are worthy of the best age of Lombard art.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

N.B.—Readers who wish for fuller details regarding the Castello are referred to Signor Luca Beltrami's own admirable work, "Il Castello di Milano" (Hoepli), which gives a complete description and history of the restored building.

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Photo. Alinari.

PLATE 3. Tomb of Gaston de Foix. By A. Busti (Il Bambaia). *Now in the Castello, Milan.*

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MAURUS JÓKAI

TWENTY years ago, while rummaging a German bookstall in search of holiday literature, I came upon a thick, shabby-looking, little octavo volume entitled "Ein Goldmensch: Roman von Maurus Jókai." The unfamiliar name of the author attracted me, and when the obliging and erudite bookseller enlightened my ignorance by informing me that the mysterious Jókai was the leading Hungarian novelist of the day, I pocketed the volume, curious to discover what a Magyar's idea of a good novel might be. The book fascinated me from the first as much by its strangeness as by its beauty. It was utterly unlike anything I had ever read before. Character, environment, *technique*—everything, in fact, was poles apart from the manner and the methods of the western or the northern novelists. And then the dramatic intensity of the plot! Never since reading the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had I met with so enthralling a narrative. My one regret was that its six hundred pages were not six thousand, and I laid the book down, at last, full of the excitement of a discoverer—I knew that I had stumbled upon one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In my enthusiasm I there and then determined to learn Hungarian for the express purpose of reading this marvellous book in its original tongue; nor have my pains been unrewarded, for I speedily discovered that the difficult, though stimulating, Magyar language was the "Open Sesame" to inestimable treasures. Since then I

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have learnt to love Arany and Eötvös and to marvel at Petöfi, Madách and their fellows; yet Maurus Jókai, though there are even greater than he in that gorgeous Aladdin's Cave of poetry and romance which a prosaic world calls the Magyar literature, has always remained my favourite, partly, I suppose, from gratitude, as to him I owe a very full measure of the purest enjoyment, but partly also because in him commanding genius has, throughout a long, changeful, and often tempestuous life, ever been tempered and humanised by a singular nobility and high-mindedness. Not without good cause is Jókai at the present moment not merely the greatest novelist but also the best beloved personage in Hungary. I propose, in the following pages, to give a description, necessarily brief, of the life and work of this extraordinary man.

Maurus Jókai was born at Comorn, in Hungary, on February 21, 1825. His father, Joseph, a scion of the Ásva branch of the old Calvinist Jókay family, was a lawyer by profession, but a lawyer who had seen something of the world and loved art and letters. His mother came of the noble Pulays. She was venerated by her son and is the prototype of the ideal housewives with warm hearts, capable heads, and truant sons, who so frequently figure in his pages. Maurus was their third and youngest child and the pet of the whole family. He seems to have been a sensitive, affectionate lad, always fonder of books than of games, but liking best of all to listen to the innumerable tales his father had to tell of the Napoleonic wars, in which he himself had borne a humble part, or of the still more marvellous exploits and legends of the old Magyar heroes. It was from his father that Maurus inherited both his literary and his artistic talents. The boy always loved study and was the joy and delight of his masters, who could not teach him quickly enough. Both at the local grammar school and at the gymnasia of Pressburg and Comorn he always stood high in his class, and he speedily acquired a literary knowledge of English, French, and Italian, besides a thorough grounding in the obligatory German and Latin. In

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his twelfth year little Maurus was summoned from his studies to the deathbed of his father, a catastrophe which he took so much to heart that he fell seriously ill and for a time his life was even despaired of. He recovered but slowly, and for the next five years was haunted by a deep melancholy which he endeavoured to combat by the most intense application to study at the Calvinist University of Pápá, whither he was sent for his degree in 1841–42. At Pápá he made the acquaintance of Petöfi, and was one of the principal contributors, both in prose and verse, to the University Magazine. Yet, curiously enough, he displayed at this time so much skill as a painter, sculptor, and carver in ivory, that many thought he would owe the future fame which every one already predicted for him rather to his brush and chisel than to his pen. In 1843–44 we find him settled at Kecskemet, the chief city of the *Alföld*, or great Hungarian plain, embowered in miles of orchards and vineyards, where fine bracing air restored the delicate young student to something like normal health. It was here that his alert, observant eye first studied the characteristics of the Magyar peasants. Forty-nine years later he was to record his impressions in the exquisite tale *Az Sarga Róza* ("The Yellow Rose"), certainly one of the finest of his later works.

Yielding to the wishes of his friends, Jókai now resolved to follow his father's profession, and for three years studied law with his usual assiduity at Comorn and Pest. In 1846 he obtained his articles, won his first action, and immediately afterwards abandoned his profession for ever because he could not find it in him to distrain for rent upon a poor widow and her orphans. Four years previously his five-act drama *A Zsidó Fiu* ("The Jew Boy") had been honourably mentioned by the Hungarian Academy in a prize competition. It had needed no small heroism in an ambitious youth of nineteen to submit to the drudgery of the law after such a brilliant *début*, but virtuous indignation now coming to the aid of natural bias, Jókai made up his mind to go to the capital and henceforth devote himself entirely to literature. In 1845 he arrived at

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Pest, whither Petöfi had already preceded him; speedily became a contributor to the leading newspapers, and, a year later, when only twenty-one, published his first considerable romance, *Hét Köznapok* ("Working Days").

The book made a profound sensation. Its amateurishness was forgotten, its crudities and morbidities were pardoned for the sake of its striking originality and exquisite charm of style. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the national literature before and, even then, Hungarian Belles-Léttres could boast of two novelists of the first rank, Eötvös, the Magyar Fielding, and Jósika, the Magyar Walter Scott, to say nothing of a whole host of *Dii minores*. It produced much the same impression in Hungary as "Sketches by Boz" had done in England ten years previously, and indeed, on its humorous side, the genius of Jókai is close akin to the genius of Dickens. The reputation of the young author was instantly made, the most notable result of his triumph being his appointment, in the following year, at the age of twenty-two, to the editorship of the leading literary newspaper of Pest, *Életképek*, which, with the assistance of a numerous staff which he gathered round him, including all the rising talent of the day, he speedily made the literary oracle of Hungary.

But stormy times were approaching. The invasion of Hungary by the Croatians with the secret connivance of the Court of Vienna (September 11), and the murder of the Imperial Commissioner, Count Lamberg, on the bridge of Buda (September 28), 1848, by the infuriated Magyars, rendered a war between Hungary and Austria inevitable, and both nations flew to arms. Jókai, abandoning literature for politics, embraced the national cause with enthusiasm and served it with voice, pen, and sword. During the March days, when the Austrian Government seemed inclined to concede all the demands of the Hungarian Liberals, Petöfi and Jókai were the protagonists of young Hungary, and the latter was sent on a political mission to the Vienna insurgents by Kossuth. In August Jókai wedded, under the most romantic

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circumstances,[1] the distinguished actress Rosa Laborfalvi, a highly gifted, noble-minded, spirited woman of good family, eight years his senior, who for nearly forty years was to prove an ideal wife, an indispensable counsellor to her devoted husband.[2] Together they faced all the vicissitudes, all the horrors of the civil war, retreating with the peripatetic Hungarian Government from Pest to Debreczin in the winter of 1848–49; returning the following spring to Pest with the victorious Honveds after Görgei's brilliant April campaign, when the Austrians lost four pitched battles in three weeks and evacuated the fortress of Buda, and again retreating in July to Szegedin after the Russian intervention. Perceiving that the end was now approaching, Jókai first sent his wife to a place of safety, and then accompanied the last Hungarian army in its masterly retreat to the last Hungarian capital. He was present at the battle of Arad, which led to the final catastrophe, the surrender at Vilagós, and was only prevented from committing suicide by the entreaties of his friends, who implored him to live on for the sake of his wife and his country. He obeyed with a heavy heart, and buried himself at Tardona, among the beech forests of Borsod. For a time his life was actually in danger. His services to the revolutionary cause had been so conspicuous that he was a marked man. It is true that in his newspapers, the *Esti Lapok* and the *Pesti Hirlap*, he had, at first, preached moderation to the more fanatical and taken up a strictly constitutional standpoint; but, on the other hand, blinded by the delusive triumphs of April, he had openly approved of Kossuth's fatal blunder, the dethronement of the Hapsburg dynasty and of other equally radical measures, and his eloquent pen had done more than almost anything else to rally and convert the waverers. At last, after five months of extreme anxiety, he

[1] Described minutely in the romance *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Lady with Eyes like the Sea").

[2] She is obviously the heroine of many of his romances, *e.g.*, the Princess Anna in *Erdély Aranykora* ("The Golden Age of Transylvania").

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was saved by a stratagem of his wife, Madame Jókai succeeding in getting her husband's name inserted in the list of the names of the garrison of the fortress of Comorn, which had been granted a complete amnesty on October 2, 1849, six weeks after the war was over elsewhere. Yet, even now, Jókai was obliged to efface himself as much as possible, and the first books which he published after his return to the capital, *A Bujdosó Naplája* ("Journal of a Fugitive") and *Forradalma Csataképei* ("Battle-pictures of the Revolution"),[1] both of them composed in the sylvan solitudes of Borsod, appeared pseudonymously under the name of his dog, Sajó.

During the twelve terrible years immediately following the abortive Revolution when Hungary, robbed of all her ancient rights and privileges, was degraded into a mere appanage of the Austrian Crown and tyrannised and exploited by reactionary foreigners ignorant of her very language, Jókai, almost single-handed and in the face of appalling difficulties, devoted himself to the noble task of keeping the national spirit alive and encouraging his countrymen patiently to wait for better days. During this period he was literally chained to his desk, turning out masterpiece after masterpiece, at the rate of seven volumes a year, and editing at the same time two literary and two comic papers, to the latter of which he contributed many of the illustrations. Much of the work thus accomplished is of permanent value and comprises some of his noblest creations, *e.g.*, the great historical romances *Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), with its continuation *Török Világ Magyarországon* ("Turks in Hungary)," *Fehér Rózsa* (White Rose), *A Janicsárok Végnapjai* ("Last Days of the Janissaries), &c., novels of old Magyar social life and manners, *e.g.*, *Egy Magyar Nábob* ("An Hungarian Nabob") with its continuation *Kárpáthy Zoltán* (Zoltan Kárpáthy), *Szomorú Napok* ("Dark Days"), and *A Régi Jó Táblabirák* ("The Good Old Magistrates"); brilliant phan-

[1] Both of them give vivid pictures of the war, though of course the author had to write very cautiously. Jókai returns to this exciting period of his life in many of his works, notably in *A Tengerszemü Hölgy*, 1894.

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tasies such as "Oceania," the scene of which is laid in the capital of the lost island of Atlantis, and the beautiful collection of short tales in ten volumes entitled *Jókai Mor Dekameronja* ("Maurus Jókai's Decameron").

During the transitional period (1861–67), when the disasters of the Italian campaign of 1859 had taught Austrian statesmen the necessity of some sort of compromise with Hungary, although they were by no means disposed to admit all her pretensions, Jókai began his political career. He sat in every Diet; immediately established his reputation as a skilful debater; founded and edited the newspaper *Hon* as the organ of the Moderate Liberal Party, and had the supreme distinction in 1868 of being condemned by the Imperial Government to twelve months' hard labour *in irons* for inserting in his newspaper a "seditious" article by his friend Count Nándor Zichy. The king, however, commuted the sentence to one month's *solitary confinement*, and Jókai himself has told us in *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Eyes like the Sea") that during this month his "cell" daily was thronged with distinguished visitors.

But it was only after the composition with Austria (1867), and especially during the earlier years of the long administration (1875–90) of his friend Coloman Tisza, the Cavour of Hungary, that Jókai exercised a constant and considerable political influence both as a Parliamentary debater and as editor of the *Hon*. His usual seat was on the second Ministerial bench, just behind the Premier, and whenever he rose to speak he always commanded the attention of a crowded and expectant house. More than once his eloquence extricated the Government from a tight place. Amongst his more notable speeches, most of which have been printed, may be mentioned: "What does the Opposition want—revolution or reform?" delivered in 1869; "The Left Centre the true party of reform," spoken in 1872; and his celebrated speech on the Budget of February 26, 1880. In those days he was a most ardent politician, ready, if necessary, to fight as well as talk and write for his opinions. Three times he has fought duels

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(happily bloodless, and therefore unrecorded in Kacziany's "Famous Hungarian Duels") with political opponents, and on one memorable occasion he successfully contested a division of Budapest against a Cabinet Minister. But it was as the editor of the *Hon* that he rendered his party the most essential service, and in many of the political cartoons of the day, in which he figures as Tisza's faithful henchman, he is generally represented waving the *Hon* as a banner or charging with it as a bayonet. The ultra-conservative comic paper *Borszem Janko* was particularly fond of caricaturing the consistent and courageous champion of enlightened liberalism, and his earnest, gentle face, with the honest eyes, ample beard, and fierce moustache, is conspicuous in nearly every number from 1868 onwards. Thus in the number for August 23, 1868, the coloured frontispiece represents Jókai as a huge, black-bearded bald head, furiously editing four newspapers at the same time, a nimble quill pen being stuck between each of the diminutive hands and feet. In 1870, when he supported the candidature of the Israelite, Herr Wolff, at Pressburg, he is represented (June 26) on the hustings as the Wandering Jew, in battered hat and tattered mantle, with the banner of a Calvinist elder reproachfully wagging in his hand. His increasing baldness is also an inexhaustible subject for the raillery of this clever but not always very generous print, especially on the occasion of his dramatic jubilee at Klausenburg in 1871, when he is depicted in ancient Roman costume, with a Red Indian feather head-dress, beating a huge drum on a Greek triumphal car!

Yet amidst the stress of this intense and manifold political activity, Jókai actually, between 1861 and 1866, found time to write no fewer than a hundred and forty-two volumes of novels and romances, besides several plays and educational works! To realise what this means we must imagine, if we can, an Independent M.P., Mr. Augustin Birrell for choice, whose Parliamentary oratory, by the way, greatly resembles Jókai's, editing the *Times* and *Punch*, without disparagement to his Parliamentary duties, and simultaneously composing all

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the novels of Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Jules Verne. And please remember that these 142 volumes, so far from being mere pot-boilers, comprise many indisputable masterpieces, and not one of them is without intrinsic merit. For to this period belongs Jókai's best social novel, *Az új Földesúr* ("The New Landlord"), the first novel of his translated into English (by Mr. A. T. Patterson, thirty-three years ago); *Fekete Gyémántok* ("Black Diamonds"); the incomparable *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold"), a German version of which first led me to study Hungarian, as already mentioned; *Egy az Isten* ("God is One"); *A Szép Mikhál* ("Pretty Michal"), that terrible and vivid tragedy of seventeenth-century life in Transylvania; *Szabadság a hó alatt* ("Freedom under the Snow"), an historical romance *temp.* Alexander I. of Russia, already a favourite in England; *A Jövö Század Régénye* ("The Romance of the Coming Century"), in which Jules Verne's most daring fantastic flights are forestalled or surpassed; *Rab Ráby*, and many more.

Since the death of his first wife (November 20, 1886), who had long since quitted the stage to become her husband's constant companion, Jókai has, to a great extent, quitted public life. It was feared at first that this terrible bereavement would altogether overwhelm him, but he sought and found distraction in strenuous literary work, adding between 1886 and 1899 no fewer than fifty fresh volumes to his already enormous store, including *A Tengerszemü Hölgy* ("Eyes Like the Sea"), which won the Academy's prize in 1890 as the best novel of the year, and *A Sárga Rósza* ("The Yellow Rose") in 1893, pronounced by the great critic, Zoltan Beöthy, to be one of the abiding ornaments of the national literature. He is still a Member of Parliament, but he never speaks now, takes little interest in politics, and amuses himself while in the House by correcting proofs, displaying considerable ingenuity in dodging the whips on the eve of a division. In 1894 the whole kingdom united to do honour to the Nestor of Magyar writers by celebrating his golden jubilee as a national festival, on which occasion he

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received the Ribbon of St. Stephen from the king, the freedom of every city in Hungary, and a cheque for 100,000 florins from the Jubilee Committee on account of the profits derived from a national *édition de luxe* of his works in a hundred huge volumes, illustrated by all the best Hungarian artists, which was subscribed for five times over. Jókai's second marriage, with the young actress, Miss Ida Nagy, is of too recent a date to call for comment. His latest romance, written, I am told, during his honeymoon in Sicily (1899) and entitled *Öreg Ember nem ven Ember* ("Old is Not Aged"), is a marvellous demonstration of unimpaired power and brilliance in the veteran author, who the same year celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

I have left myself but little space for a critical estimate of Jókai's writings, and any such estimate must necessarily be imperfect and tentative, inasmuch as I have perused but a tenth part of the great Magyar romancer's innumerable productions. Still, I may fairly claim to know more about Jókai than most people; the salient outlines of his literary character and genius lie plainly before me; and although, no doubt, his still unread masterpieces may have many delightful surprises in store for me, I do not think they could materially affect the judgment I have already formed of him.

Briefly then, Maurus Jókai is by temperament a romantic idealist under the capricious mastery of an inexhaustible imagination. One must not, generally speaking, go to him for psychological depth, elaborate analysis of character, or for that objective detachment which is one of the infallible notes of the highest creative genius. From the very beginning of his literary career his warmest admirers have frequently reproached him with his excessive sensibility, his fantastic exaggeration, and his penchant towards melodrama. It has been remarked more than once, with perfect truth, that most of his heroes and heroines are either angels or devils, saints or scoundrels, and it is an absolute fact that his immoderate fondness for his pet characters has led him again and again to ruin the *dénouement* of a really noble story. Take, for instance, *A Szép*

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Mikhal ("Pretty Michal"), where the hero Valentine, who by every canon of art and every rule of honour, should have fallen beneath the headsman's axe by the side of the girl whom he has ruined, is spirited away at the last moment apparently because the author cannot bear the thought of unmitigated disaster. Or, again, take the character of the Nabob in *A Magyar Nábob* (The Hungarian Nabob"). Here, if ever, Jókai has proved to demonstration that, when he likes to take the trouble, he can draw character with the best. Old Kárpáthy in his unregenerate days is delightful and convincing, a sort of semi-Oriental Squire Western on a magnificent scale. The old sinner finally marries a pretty milliner to spite a profligate nephew who has sent him a coffin as a birthday present. So far good. But when the lady, shortly afterwards, dies in childbed, and the aged Nabob, overwhelmed with grief, departs this life in the odour of sanctity, one feels that the transformation, however edifying, is too sudden to be quite natural. Moreover, many of Jókai's heroes strike one as a trifle mawkish. Unlike Dickens, indeed, he knows how to describe a gentleman, especially a wicked gentleman (*e.g.*, Bánfy in *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania"), or Abellino in *A Magyar Nábob*, but the best of his good young men (*e.g.*, Timar in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold") and Zoltán Kárpáthy in the novel of the same name) are often perilously like prigs of the purest water.

Another of Jókai's defects is due not so much to temperament as to impulsiveness. It is quite plain, from internal evidence, that he has often embarked upon a long story without proper provision (in the shape of an adequate plot) for the voyage, and consequently has to invent another as he goes along, the result frequently being a series of loosely connected tableaux rather than a complete, straightforward narrative. This fault is especially noticeable in his great historical romances, *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania") and its sequel, *Török Világ Maggarországon* ("Turks in Hungary"). In both these noble stories, however, the tableaux are so

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magnificent and the workmanship so masterly, that one readily forgives all mere technical defects and eagerly asks for more of the same sort.

Jókai's exuberant fancy is also responsible for many of his extravagances. He himself has told us that it was his youthful ambition that his Pegasus should fly with him to regions unexplored before, and certainly that frisky and unbridled steed has sometimes rapt its rider away to heights (and also to depths) where mere men of this world have some difficulty in keeping their heads cool and their feet steady. Some few of his romances are perfect orgies of the imagination.

Yet, after all, these are but the inevitable defects of qualities of the highest order. Jókai's imagination is a wayward Jinn, which may have played him tricks more than once, but, anyhow, has placed him on a throne, the throne of Magyar *Belles Léttres*, and subjected Past and Present, East and West, the world of nature and the world of art to his magic sway. In the pages of no other romance-writer shall you find such magnificent tableaux, such splendid colouring, such a prodigality of ornament; and also, when at his best, such ingenious combinations, such a wealth of incident and adventure, such dramatic *dénouements*. His descriptions of natural scenery have a unique charm, combining, as they do, the artist's fondness for beautiful effects and striking contrasts with the minute exactness of an alert and practised observer. He generally takes a single feature in the landscape, by the aid of which he gradually unfolds and interprets the whole environment. Take, for instance, the following picture of the Carpathians, necessarily very much condensed, taken from *Az Erdély Aranykora* ("Golden Age of Transylvania").

We are among the Hermolka mountains, in a land which no one has ever thought of colonising. The very skirts of this wilderness are uninhabited. Only where the stream dashes down from the mountains does greensward appear. There among the luxuriant grasses lie the fearless stags, while the wild bees build their basket-shaped nests in the hollow trees on the margin of the stream. That stream is the Rima. She alone is bold enough to force her way through

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this wild rocky labyrinth. Sometimes she plunges down from the granite terraces with a far-resounding din, dissolving into a white cloudy spray, in which the sunbeams paint an eternal rainbow, which spans the velvet-green margins of the abyss like a fairy bridge. A moss-clad rock projects from the midst of the waterfall, dividing it in twain, and from the moss-clad rock wild roses look over into the dizzying, tumbling rapids below. Far away down, the vagrant stream is hemmed in between basalt rocks. Here the twofold echo changes its monotonous, muffled roar into melancholy music, and the transparent, crystal waters appear black from the colour of their stony bed, wherein rosy trout and sprightly water-snakes, like silver ribbons, disport themselves. Then, escaping from her brief constraint, the Rima dashes onward from crag to crag, angrily scourging a huge mass of rock which, once, in time of flood, she swept into its bed from a distance of many miles, and which, after the next thaw or rainfall, she will hurl a thousand fathoms deeper into the rock-environed valley. Higher and higher we mount, the oaks and larches fall behind us, the pines and firs begin, the horizon expands, the transparent mists which hitherto have veiled the heights now linger behind in the depths. The little green patches of valley are scarce visible through the opal atmosphere, and the hilly woodlands have dwindled into dark specks, the gold and lilac outlines whereof are dimly distinguishable in the brightening dawn. And before us the mountains still rise higher and higher. And now at last even the Rima has deserted us. Deep down below we catch a glimpse of a round, dark blue lakelet surrounded by steep rocks, on whose bronze-like mirror white swans are bathing in the shadows of the pines. In the midst of this lakelet the source of the Rima turns and tumbles, casting its bubbling crystal fathoms high, and keeping the lakelet in perpetual ebullition, as if some mighty spirit in the watery abyss below were trying to raise up the whole lake with his forehead.

Similarly in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold") we have delightful descriptions of the Danube in all its moods, with exquisite little floral pieces thrown in, which could only have been penned by an enthusiastic botanist with the soul of a poet. But, indeed, picturesque detail is one of Jókai's strong points. He, the busiest of men, the most prolific of writers, is never in a hurry. He loves to linger by the way and quit the beaten track, and if it please him suddenly to break off his story in order to produce from the store-house of an immense erudition and a manifold experience treasures old and new, so much the better for you, my reader. For Jókai has a rare gift of exposition, he would have made an ideal lecturer. What

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could be finer, in its way, than the description of the coal mine in *Fekete Gyemántok* ("Black Diamonds")? And if you would surprise the secret of making even technicalities fascinating, just read once more the account of the coining mills in *A Szegény Gazdagok* ("The Poor Plutocrats").

Indeed, Arch-Romantic as he is, Jókai nevertheless has always been remarkable for a careful attention to detail which would do honour to the most conscientious Realist; and hence it comes about that he, who began his literary career when the old Romanticism was still in the ascendant, has survived the triumphs and the tyrannies of the Realism which supplanted it, and lived to see the rise of a new Romanticism, with which he has something in common. I mean that quite modern school of fiction whose chief representatives are the Danish and Swedish Symbolists[1] who have grafted an enthusiastic idealism on the parent stock of an empirical realism and which promises to be the dominant school of the near future. For that reason alone I am inclined to predict a long popularity for Jókai.

But, after all, Jókai possesses another quality which makes him altogether independent of the caprices of literary fashion—a quality by no means too common in these self-conscious times. I mean, of course, the saving gift of humour, that most salutary of mental and moral antidotes, for Jókai's genius is, above all things, sane, and Jókai himself strikes every one who knows and sees him as a well preserved specimen of that rapidly vanishing type—the thoroughly normal man. It is said that Ibsen, after visiting the Magyar romancer a few years ago, sighed as he left the house, "Ah! if only I were as young as Jókai"! yet, as a matter of fact, Jókai is three years older than Ibsen, and has done ten times as much work. But then, as I have just implied, Jókai regards the world from the sober, liberal, sympathetic, impersonal standpoint of the

[1] Johannes Jörgensen in Denmark, and Selma Lagerlöf in Sweden, for instance. The one defect of these charming writers is their lack of humour, but in their naïve sensibility and attention to detail they remind one of the great Magyar romancer.

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genuine humorist who is never disturbed by the vanities and the miseries of the ordinary man of letters, simply because he has learnt to know that literature, after all, is a comparatively small part of life, and that man was meant to live among men and not among the gods of Olympus. Of Jókai's humour it is somewhat difficult to speak. So much of its peculiar savour and aroma is lost in the process of translation, that those who know him only in English or German versions will scarce be able to recognise his true greatness in this respect. Dickens is the humorist whom on the whole he resembles the most, but, speaking generally, the fun of the great Magyar is wilder, cruder, more grotesque than that of his great English compeer. His comic types seem to have less of the shirt of civilisation upon them. His humour too, sometimes, is not without a touch of sardonic savagery, as, for instance, in the Callot-like picture of the drunken Cantor and the mastiff in *Szomorú Napok* ("Sad Days"), and in many scenes of that terrible story, *A Szép Mikhál* ("Pretty Michal"), which abounds with grim, not to say ghastly, pleasantry. His minor caricatures, in especial, are often strikingly Dickensian, *e.g.*, the schoolmaster in *Szomorú Napok*, a sort of barbaric Squeers, and Margari in *A Szegény Gazdagok* ("Poor Plutocrats"), so strongly reminiscent of Sampson Brass, while Clementine in the same story reminds one of Miggs. Of the many comic types peculiar to Jókai, the best, without doubt, are the cosmopolitan scoundrels, mostly of Greek origin, of which that prince of professional blackmailers, Theodore Kristyan in *Az Arany Ember* ("A Man of Gold"), is the most consummate specimen.[1] The odd humour of Turkish Agas and Pachas also gives a piquant seasoning to some of his most pleasant pages, and if you want to see the Roumanian peasant at his best, and the Magyar peasant at his worst, you could not go to a better guide than Jókai.

[1] An excellent translation of this book by Mrs. Kennard, through the German I believe, was published by Messrs. Blackwood in 1880 under the title of "Timar's Two Worlds."

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For the last forty years Jókai has been the best known personage in the Hungarian capital. His slim, erect, elastic figure; his carefully kept beard and truculently pointed moustache; even his long, spruce, black Francis-Joseph *kabat* or *surtout*, with the invariable dark brown trousers, and the Cornelian dog-headed pin stuck jauntily into the bright neckerchief, form an essential part and parcel of the social atmosphere of Budapest. In the days when he meddled with politics and condescended to employ his leisure hours in averting Ministerial crises, he would frequently be observed pacing the corridors of the Parliament House with head erect and hands crossed behind his back, and then every one knew that the Member for Kassa was about to deliver one of his persuasive speeches in a crowded house. But all that is over now. He has ceased to serve "that old hag, Dame Politica," and only quits his writing-table for a couple of hours every evening to fight his old political leader, Coloman Tisza, for a few florins at the tarok table of their club. But his appetite for work is as voracious as ever. He is up every day at dawn, summer and winter, and has generally written his 30,000 words before lunch. His life is absolutely harmonious: to every hour of the day is allotted its proper labour or pleasure, and he always has "a pocket-full of witticisms and comic *apercus*" for the delectation of his innumerable friends. But his greatest happiness is to know that he has only one unforgiveable enemy in the world, and that is the phylloxera, with which he wages remorseless warfare in his vineyard-garden at Svábhegy, the place which he loves the most. For Jókai, like that other great teller of tales, Hans Andersen, is a great lover of flowers, and flowers thrive in his garden as they thrive nowhere else. He also might say with the immortal Hans, "Flowers know very well that I love them; even if I were to stick a peg into the ground I believe it would grow." And Jókai's friends tell us that to see him in his garden is to see him at his best.

R. Nisbet Bain.

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A CONVERSATION

I WAS taking a long walk in the country, and stopped for my lunch at an inn I had known some years before, but had not visited since. A shower of rain came on while I was eating, and having finished my meal I repaired to the little smoking-room to await the sun. I smoked my pipe and looked into the yard, and reflected, in a sufficiently prosaic vein, that the inn had changed far less than I. Then to me there entered a young man, who also smoked and looked up the yard, when he and I had agreed about the weather. One often thinks that one has met a stranger before, somewhere and some time or other, but in this case my impression was both more intimate than that and vaguer. The young man seemed to correspond to a dream, but a dream that had lasted a long time or had many times recurred. I was certain that something about him was familiar to me, but seeking in vain to determine the matter concluded that it was nothing more than his clothes. I had raked out an old knickerbocker suit for my walk, and he seemed to a short vision to be wearing one of the same material. But beyond this he affected me as a casual stranger can do but seldom. I was interested in the young man. Something about him won my sympathy, and then something irritated and repelled me. It was such a discord of feeling as happens when a man whose vices we dislike charms us with his manners. But this young man had not spoken three sentences to me, and I have no instinct for

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detecting the secret vices of strangers. The rain continued, and to rid myself of unprofitable speculations, I resumed the conversation. Soon the young man was talking about himself with an ingenuousness and freedom I am un-English enough to like, though the habit of the world has taught me it is unwise to indulge in them. To some extent I responded to the compliment, to keep the conversation, which rather interested me, on the same plane.

He had lately, it seemed, left Oxford, and the place had disappointed him. His impression of it, he said, was too much encumbered with dinners, and cards, and racing, and tobacconists' shops, to say nothing of the incessant pursuit, or, at least, talk of athletic games and exercises, and was too little consonant to the atmosphere of scholars and recluses and quiet eccentrics of which he had read in books. I assured him that if he were to return to Oxford in a few years for a day or so the atmosphere he wanted would surround him. No longer distracted by the appeals to a newly emancipated blood he would feel the tradition of ancient halls and chapels, and taste the remoteness and exclusive silence of Fellows' gardens. "But then," said he, "it will be too late." I explained to his ignorance that the perception of all pleasures, save those few which Nature teaches us to take betimes—of all pleasures that come of man's artifice or finer senses in ourselves—is joined to a regret that we did not perceive them sooner. I was pleased that I could oppose to his quick glance of distress a face of good-humoured resignation.

Then I asked him if he was going to do any work, or was lucky enough to idle in comfort. Did I think it lucky? "Yes," said I; "work is the primal curse, and the proverbs in praise of it were made by masters for slaves, or by slaves to cheat their slavery. Or they are repeated by the cowardly fortunate to propitiate Nemesis. Work not at all, or if you must work, work as little as possible. Above all, don't, please, work hard three quarters of your life to enjoy the remaining fourth at leisure. You will have lost the power of enjoyment,

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or you will die before the time comes ; in either case you will look a fool to the laughing gods." He looked surprised, as though the precepts of his elders had been ordinarily different, and I, remembering how little original was my teaching, was pleased again.

I knew, before he told me, that he intended to write things, and when I told him that that might be no work at all—an art or an amusement—or might be work for bread, in which case it was damnable, he replied that with him it would be art and bread too. "But," said he, "you will advise me against it, like everybody else." "Why, no," said I, and stepped on to the bench, "not of necessity. Can you live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year? For if you write in the way of art, if you write only on themes which interest you, and on which you have something to say, if your original work is an observation of what (as things go) is fresh, or a fresh observation of the old, even if you can create what has not been created before—a hundred and fifty pounds a year, will, with luck, be your commercial reward. I assume in you taste, intelligence, and so forth, things which in this way of writing are important. In other sorts of writing, self-advertisement, toadying, and the frequenting of certain sets of people—probably not an amusing way of spending your time—are more important, but you speak of writing as an art. There is, of course, a thousand-to-one chance that your productions, made for their own sakes, may yet appeal to certain numbers of your fellow citizens, but even then you must have the additional chance in your favour of a publisher both honest and competent. Can you live on a hundred and fifty pounds a year?

The young man believed it to be impossible. I remained on the bench. "By no means," said I. "In London, I grant you, the tastes you probably have, the example of your companions, the mode of life of people who amuse you, will make it very difficult. But you may take a labourer's cottage in the country, have sufficient beef and mutton, and shoe-leather for your long walks, and subscribe to the London Library—all for a hundred and fifty pounds a year." He said it would be dull.

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I fixed my judicial eye on him and dared him to affirm that London theatres, restaurants, and so forth, were not dull. He did not dare, but fell back on the difference in people: those who always lived in the country were not intelligent enough for him.

"And do you really think," I asked him, "that the difference in intelligence which is made by travelling in the twopenny-tube, going to the music-hall and the Academy and reading the evening papers, is a difference to be considered?"

This question rather posed him, but he rallied. "I don't mean," said he, "ordinary respectable, or even distinguished people. I mean the people you can meet in London who live free, rational lives, who don't care about conventions, and say what they really think, and are good fun generally."

I sighed. "My dear young man," said I, "it is cruel to destroy your illusions, and I know very well that this one—that disreputable people are more amusing than respectable people—is one that dies hardest of all. Nevertheless, it will die like the others. Disreputable people are just as great bores in the long run as respectable people, I assure you. In fact, they are worse, if you have a sense of humour. The humorous heretic gets more fun out of the orthodox than out of the seriously heretical. Time will kill this illusion of yours also. I am sorry for you."

The conversation seemed a little to depress the young man, and to re-establish his confidence in life, I remarked that after all he, in his comparative youth, had many advantages. He answered politely, but I entreated him to be frank. "I have implied," said I, "that my view of people and places is more equable than yours. There is no discourtesy, then, if you correct the balance of advantages."

"Why, then," said he, "there is something to be said for me. What you call equanimity I call weariness. You have lost your zest for London and your zest for society, even disreputable society. I am still immensely interested in both. There are people who fascinate me irresistibly and those who

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move my curiosity and zeal for knowledge till I must satisfy them at any cost. There I have an advantage over you I confess."

"There are two sides to a medal," I rejoined. "No one has an infinite power of being interested. Six men and women, or so, appeal to you individually with the force you describe; six at a time is even a large number. No one, man or woman, interests me as much as all that. But I can be wildly entertained by thousands of strangers, and they need be neither clever nor fascinating. A talk with a farmer or a middle-aged country clergyman entertains me; you it would bore, unless he discovered some eccentricity of habit or opinion. Children, again; have you time to watch them?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I am fond of children——"

"Of some; exactly. But I love them all. I can watch with real pleasure and sympathy a child toddling down a village street, or nursing her dolls——"

"You must be older than you look," quoth he, but I disregarded the interruption. "While with you, unless you observe some precocity or some dreadful symptom of hereditary influences——"

"Not quite such a prig, I think," he said. "But if you stop short at watching children, or mildly conversing with commonplace people, you miss the possibilities of human beings, the romance any one of them may disclose to you. I suppose," he added suddenly and with a blush, as I thought I saw, "you are not and will never again be passionately in love?"

I smiled. "One never knows," I said; "it is certainly a long time since it happened to me. But is the sensation so completely delightful?"

"It can be infernally painful," he admitted. "But it gives a meaning and reality to life that nothing else can."

"Perhaps," I said; "let us by all means make the best of it. For me, I am in this matter something of a philosopher. I believe its analysis to be simple, and your poetry and my earthiness to have each its drawbacks and compensations.

by Google

But the rain would be over before I could explain myself, and after all my philosophy would cut a poor figure by the side of your rhapsodies and beautiful quotations."

"I too," said he, "was a philosopher in my time."

"And you have gone on to something better? It is a pity, my friend, that you could not begin with the romance and the poetry; but few of us have Richard Feverel's luck. But your boyish philosophy was cynical and mine is human. . . . You are fresh from Oxford and the schools. You are all for ideas and theories in your thoughts and reading, and facts are tedious to you."

"Surely," he said, "ideas, the best fruits of human intelligence and mental labour, are more worthy of study than the irrelevant accidents of human interaction?"

"The phrase is soothing, though barbarous: no doubt you used it in your papers. The misfortune is that you get to the end of the ideas in time and the facts are inexhaustible. You have been born into a generation (I regret to inform you after much patient observation of it) which is intellectually sapless, and unless a change come quickly is unlikely to increase the store of philosophical speculation. You will probably be thrown back on facts, and you will haply find that they grow on you. Memoirs and letters, all kinds of trivial habits and conversations and meetings will form the bulk of your reading. There is little poetry now, and our studies of character are elaborately superficial, and our romances do not even conceal the wires behind the puppets. You will be thrown back on memoirs and diaries and letters."

"I wonder," said he, "if your own intellect—" he stopped and seemed to lack words for his idea. Seeing him embarrassed, I went on talking.

"You have decided to write for your bread. Has it never occurred to you that a profession—which writing is not—might bring you greater happiness? The bar, for example?" He said that the details would bore him and that he could not afford to wait till briefs came.

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"But it is the process, not the subject matter, which interests men in all such competition; the process and the personal results, and as for waiting, intelligence, which I do not doubt you believe yourself to possess, tells everywhere in the long run. Certain very simple human qualities besides are necessary, but there is no grand mystery about success at the bar. But that is only one of the regular callings of your countrymen. Now, mark me, young man. You are taking up for a calling or a profession, that which is an art, an amusement, an accomplishment. Excellence in it is very far from meaning worldly success: why should it? In the regular callings, efficiency in them, the qualities suited to their practice, mean success in the sense in which the world uses the term. In this pursuit of yours, worldly success comes either by a rare accident or by the debasement of the qualities which might make a proper excellence in it. Now you think you can despise worldly success—despise money and all it may imply. 'Wait till you come to forty year!' If then you despise these things, yours is a rare spirit indeed: the chances are you will regret. You deliberately stand aside from the common competition of your fellow men. Well, competition is an evil: the vaunted progress it brings us is but a feather to the weight of misery it inflicts on half of us, to the social dulness it inflicts on almost all. But you cannot stand aside from your fellows with impunity. There will come a time when you will regret the absence of things you now despise—established position, though it be established on vulgarity, the respect of your neighbours, though it be the respect of fools, even comforts and luxuries. Power: who knows that if you joined in the common competition you would not work your way to power? At least the chance would be a fair one: in your way it will be a million to one."

"Power to influence fools?" he murmured.

"Power is power," I rejoined. "To influence your fellow men, to order their doings, to shape their fortunes—that is the natural instinct of men of parts in your race. It is dormant in

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you now, because you are distracted by art and philosophy, and because in the conceit of knowledge, too rapidly and easily gained, you let folly obscure humanity. But you will find out humanity——"

"It was exposed long ago," he rather rudely suggested.

"You will find out that you cannot ignore it; that to have given up all chance of influencing your fellow creatures is bitter, or at least that to have missed their respect is uncomfortable. Be warned in time."

"Thank you," said he, "but I shall have a shot at my own game. As for power, if I were an Elizabethan nobleman I might aim at it, because I could enjoy life at the same time. You have contradicted yourself, you know. Work —your great evil—is an absolute necessity for success at the bar or in affairs generally. Now, the advantage of my writing business is that you cannot work conscientiously at it for more than an hour a day: if you do more, you are ceasing to give the world your best. That is a great satisfaction."

He annoyed me, and I rose abruptly. "Go your ways," said I: "go and live in London and hunt for romances and be interested in humbugs and run into debt and be worried out of your wits. But don't suppose you can keep up your idea of writing as an art. You will have to do something which will degrade it—you will write leading articles or dramatic criticism. And even then—but go your ways and God be with you."

I walked to the fireplace and knocked out my pipe. Then I raised my eyes to the mirror above the mantel-piece. The young man had followed me and was looking over my shoulder. In a flash I knew him at last: I had seen that face in a glass many times.

"Yes," he said, as I turned and faced him: "it is so. I was you ten years ago." We shook hands silently and as men shake hands who have met to quarrel. I understood my instinctive antipathy: how often had I cursed his exaggerations

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and mistakes and folly and idleness! But he seemed to share the feeling and was indeed the first to express it.

"You complacent beast!" he cried. "You to lecture me on not going to the bar and standing aside from my fellow men and all that! As though I had no ambitions! Have you forgotten them? What have you done with them? Why, man, it is ten years—ten years!—and you have had time to create a new English drama and purify the public taste and reconstruct a Tory party and write a modern epic—you have had time for a whole Renaissance by Jove! And what have you to show? You have acquired a capacity to live in a labourer's cottage and watch with pleasure a confounded child walking down the village street. That is all, positively all. You're a rare fellow!"

"My dear fellow," I rejoined mildly, "I really do apologise, but the fact is I came to the conclusion that these ambitions of yours would involve a lot of infernally tedious details. Besides, it's not the time for a Renaissance. We may be going down hill, I grant you—in fact I think we have been doing so intellectually, as a people, since the time of Elizabeth—but we have not reached the bottom. We must wait till then, before we can climb another hill: there is no going up the same. Besides, I have written a few little books"—["Ugh," said he]—"which—some of them, in parts—I still think rather good, though no doubt they would not appeal to you. My taste is more catholic."

"It is," he answered grimly. "What do you mean by praising ——?" (I suppress the name.)

"Ah, I remember you had a great contempt for that gifted lady. I forget if you had read any of her works—I rather think not. Well, it interested me more to explain than to resent popular successes, and in doing so I often come upon qualities which I admire—as in the case you mention. You are really rather negative, you know."

"And you're flabby."

"And you're violent."

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"You—you're tame."

"Your enthusiasms are absurd."

"Your apathy is disgusting."

"Why didn't you adopt a decent trade?"

"Why haven't you written a great book?"

"You think yourself a *roué*."

"You think yourself a countryman."

"You're no judge of wine; I am."

"I can drink it with impunity; you can't."

Then we both felt the unreason of our dispute, and were silent. And then, somehow, I felt a strange pity for this young man, so honest in his self-conceit, so ignorant of the forces against him. And he, it seemed, was sorry for me. Our hands met in a grasp of sympathy, and we turned to part.

"But, by the way," I asked him; "which of us is real? Am I a dreadful warning, or are you a wistful memory?"

"You are real," he said; "and are you glad?"

"Upon my word I don't know," I answered as I awoke. But I would rather not dream that dream again. I have omitted the really interesting things we said to one another.

G. S. Street.

Google

LINES

(TO MONICA MARY MEYNELL)

IN the land of flag-lilies,
Where burst in golden clangours
The joy-bells of the broom;
You were full of willy-nillies,
Pets, and bee-like angers:
Flaming like a dusky poppy,
In a wrathful bloom.

You were full of sweet and sour,
Like a dish of strawberries
Set about with curd.
In your petulant foot was power,
In your wilful innocences,
Your wild and fragrant word.
O was it you that sweetly spake,
Or I that sweetly heard?

Yellow were the wheat-ways,
The poppies were most red;
And all your meet and feat ways,
Your sudden bee-like snarlings,
Ah, do you remember,
Darling of the darlings?
Or is it but an ember,

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A rusted peal of joy-bells,
Their golden buzzings dead?
Now at one, and now at two,
Swift to pout and swift to woo,
The maid I knew:
Still I see the duskèd tresses—
But the old angers, old caresses?
Still your eyes are autumn thunders,
But where are *you*, child, you?

This your beauty is a script
Writ with pencil brightest-dipt—
Oh, it is the fairest scroll
For a young, departed soul!—
Thus you say:
"Thrice three years ago to-day,
There was one
Shall no more beneath the sun
Darkle, fondle, featly play.
If to think on her be gloom,
Rejoice she has so rich a tomb!"
But there's he—
Ask thou not who it may be!—
That, until Time's boughs are bare,
Shall be unconsoled for her.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXIV

AFTER THE END OF ALL

"MY DEAR COUSIN—I shall faithfully obey your commands—Yours very truly, H. A. F. Tristram." And below—very formally—"The LADY TRISTRAM OF BLENT."

To write it took him no more than a moment—even though he wrote first, "The commands of the Head of the House" and destroyed that, ashamed of the sting of malice in it. To send it to the post was the work of another moment. The third found him back at his Blinkhampton plans and elevations, Cecily's letter lying neglected on the table by him. After half an hour's work he stopped suddenly, reached for the letter, tore it into small fragments, and flung the scraps into his waste-paper basket. Just about the same time Cecily and Mina were getting into the train to return to Blent.

This returning to Blent was epidemic—not so strange perhaps, since mid-August was come, and only the people who had to stayed in town. Harry met Duplay over at Blinkhampton; Duplay was to join his niece at Merrion in about ten days. He ran against Iver in the street; Iver was off to Fairholme by the afternoon train; Mr. Neeld, he

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mentioned, was coming to stay with him for a couple of weeks on Friday. Even Southend—whom Harry encountered in Whitehall, very hot and exhausted—cursed London and talked of a run down to Iver's. Blentmouth, Fairholme, Iver's, Merrion—they all meant Blent. Cecily had gone, and Mina; the rest were going there—everbody except the man who three months ago had looked to spend his life there as its master.

And business will grow slack when autumn arrives; it is increasingly difficult for a man to bury himself in deeds, or plans, or elevations, or calculations, when everybody writes that he is taking his vacation and that the matter shall have immediate attention on his return. Harry grew terribly tired of this polite formula. He wanted to build Blinkhampton out of hand, in the months of August and September. The work would have done him good service. He was seeking a narcotic.

For he was in pain. It came on about a week after he had sent his curt acknowledgment of Cecily's letter, laying hold of him, he told himself, just because he had nothing to do, because everybody was taking his holiday, and Blinkhampton would not get itself bought, and sold, and contracted for, and planned, and laid out, and built. The politicians were at it still, for two more hot, weary, sultry weeks, but they were of little use. Lady Flora had fled to Scotland, Disney was smothered in arrears of work which must be made up before he got a rest. London was full of strange faces and outlandish folk. "I must take a holiday myself," said Harry in a moment of seeming inspiration. Where, where, where? He suffered under the sensation of having nowhere whither he would naturally go, no home, no place to which he could return as to his own. He found himself wishing that he had not torn up Cecily's letter; he remembered its general effect so well that he wanted to read the very words again, in the secret hope that they would modify and soften his memory. His own answer met and destroyed the hope; he knew that he would have responded to anything friendly, had it been there.

Yet what did the letter mean? He interpreted it as Cecily

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had declared he would. When he held Blent, he held it in peace of mind, though in violation of law, till one came who reproached him in a living body and with speaking eyes; faced with that, he could find no comfort in Blent. Cecily violated no law, but she violated nature, the natural right in him. To her then his presence would be intolerable, and she could not find the desperate refuge that he had chosen. Her only remedy was to forbid him the place. Her instinct drove her to that, and the instinct, so well understood by him, so well known, was to him reason enough. She could not feel mistress of Blent while he was there.

Indeed he had not meant to go. He had told Iver that in perfect good faith. It would have been in bad taste for him to think of going—of going anything like so soon as this. Whence then came his new feeling of desolation and of hurt? It was partly that he was forbidden to go. It was hard to realise that he could see Blent now only by another's will or sufferance. It was even more that now it was no question of refraining from going at once, in order to go hereafter with a better grace. He awoke with the idea that he was never to go, and in the same moment to the truth that he had always imagined himself going again, that Blent had always held a place in his picture of the future, that whatever he was doing or achieving or winning, there it was in the background. Now it was there no more. He could almost say with Mina and with Cecily herself, "This is the end of it."

What then of the impressions Mina had gathered from Mr. Disney's dinner-party? It can only be said that when people of impressionable natures study others of like temperament they should not generalise from their conduct at parties. In society dinners are eaten in disguise, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, but as a rule quite impenetrable. If Harry's had been unconscious, if the mood had played the man, the deception was the more complete.

He went to see Lady Evenswood one day; she had sent to express her desire for a talk before she fled to the country.

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She had much that was pleasant to say, much of the prospects of his success, of his "training-on," as easy-mannered Theo had put it to Mina Zabriska.

"And if you do, you'll be able to think now that you've done it all off your own bat," she ended.

"You've found out my weaknesses, I see," he laughed.

"Oh, I doubt if there's any such thing as an absolute strength or an absolute weakness. They're relative. What's an advantage in one thing is a disadvantage in another."

"I understand," he smiled. "My confounded conceit may help me on in the world, but it doesn't make me a grateful friend or a pleasant companion?"

"I believe George Southend agrees as far as the grateful friend part of it is concerned. And I'm told Lord Hove does as to the rest. But then it was only Flora Disney herself who said so."

"And what do you say?"

"Oh, pride's tolerable in anybody except a lover," she declared.

"Well, I've known lovers too humble. I told one so once; he believed me, went in, and won."

"You gave him courage, not pride, Mr. Tristram."

"Perhaps that's true. He's very likely got the pride by now." He smiled at his thoughts of Bob Broadley.

"And you've settled down in the new groove?" she asked.

He hesitated a moment. "Oh, nearly. Possibly there's still a touch of the 'Desdichado' about me. His would be the only shield I could carry, you see."

"Stop! Well, I forgive you. You're not often bitter about that. But you're very bitter about something, Mr. Tristram."

"I want to work, and nobody will in August. You can't get the better of your enemies if they're with their families at Margate or in the Engadine."

"Oh, go down and stay at Blent. No, I'm serious. You say you're proud. There's a good way of showing good pride.

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Go and stay in the very house. If you do that I shall think well of you—and even better than I think now of the prospects."

"I've not been invited."

"Poor girl, she's afraid to invite you! Write and say you're coming."

"She'd go away. Yes, she would. She consents to live there only on condition that I never come. She's told me so."

"I'm too old a woman to know your family! You upset the wisdom of ages, and I haven't time to learn anything new."

"I'm not the least surprised. If I were in her place, I should hate to have her there."

"Nonsense. In a month or two——"

"If anything's certain, it's that I shall never go to Blent as long as my cousin owns it."

"I call it downright wicked."

"We share the crime, she and I. She lays down the law, I willingly obey."

"Willingly?"

"My reason is convinced. Maybe I'm a little home-sick. But your month or two will serve the purpose there."

"There's a great deal more in this than you're telling me, Mr. Tristram."

"Put everything you can imagine into it, and the result's the same."

She sighed and sat for a moment in pensive silence. Harry seemed to ponder too.

"I'm going to think of nothing but my work," he announced.

"So many young men in their early twenties succeed in that!" she murmured mockingly.

"Don't those who succeed in anything succeed in that?"

"Not all, happily—and none would if they were your mother's sons. My dear boy, just open a window in you anywhere—I know you keep them shut when you can—but

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just open even a chink, and Addie peeps out directly! Which means great success or great failure, Harry—and other things on the same scale, I fancy. Thank goodness—oh, yes, saving your presence, really thank goodness—I'm not like that myself!"

"Shall I prove you wrong?"

"I'm safe. I can't live to see it. And you couldn't prove me wrong without opening all the windows."

"And that I shouldn't do, even to you?"

"Do you ever do it to yourself?"

"Perhaps not," he laughed. "But once a storm blew them all in, Lady Evenswood, and left me without any screen, and without defences."

"Have another storm then," she counselled. She laid a hand on his arm. "Go to Blent."

"As things stand, I can never go to Blent, I can go only to—Blinkhampton."

"What does little Mina Zabriska say to that?"

"Oh, everything that comes into her head, I suppose, and very volubly."

"I like her," said the old lady with emphasis.

"Is there such a thing as an absolute liking, Lady Evenswood? What's pleasant at one time is abominable at another. And I've known Madame Zabriska at the other time."

"You were probably at the other time yourself."

"I thought we should agree about the relativity."

"There may always be a substratum of friendship," she argued. "You'll say it's sometimes very *sub!* Ah, well, you're human in the end. You're absolutely forgetting Blent—and you spend your time with an old woman because she can talk to you about it! Go away and arrange your life, and come back and tell me all about it. And if you're discontented with life, remember that you too will reach the stage of being just told about it some day."

Things will come home to a man at last, strive he never so desperately against them—if the things are true and the man

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ever honest with himself. It was one night, a little while after this conversation, that the truth came to Harry Tristram and found acceptance or at least surrender. His mind had wandered back to that scene in the Long Gallery, and he had fallen to questioning about his own action. There was a new light on it, and the new light showed him truth. "I must face it; it's not Blent," he said aloud. If it were Blent, it was now Blent only as a scene, a frame, a background. When he pictured Blent, Cecily was there; if he thought of her elsewhere, the picture of Blent vanished. He was in love with her then; and what was the quality that Lady Evenswood had praised in a lover? Let him cultivate it how he would—and the culture would be difficult—yet it would not serve here. If he went to Blent against Cecily's commands and his own promise, he could meet with nothing but a rebuff. Yes, he was in love; and he recognised the *impasse* as fully as Mina herself, although with more self-restraint. But he was glad to know the truth; it strengthened him, and it freed him from a scorn of himself with which he had become afflicted. It was intolerable that a man should be love-sick for a house; it was some solace to find that the house, in order to hold his affections, must hold a woman too.

"Now I know where I am," said Harry. He knew what he had to meet now; he thought he knew how he would treat himself. He went down to Blinkhampton the next morning, harried his builder out of a holiday expedition, and got a useful bit of work in hand. It was, he supposed, inevitable that Cecily should journey with him in the spirit to Blinkhampton; he flattered himself that she got very little chance while he was there. She was the enemy, he declared, with a half-peevish, half-humorous smile. It was not altogether without amusement to invent all manner of devices and all sorts of occupations to evade and elude her. He ventured to declare—following the precedents—that she had treated him shamefully. That broke down. Candour insisted once again on his admitting that he himself would have done exactly the same thing.

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It never occurred to him to regret, even for a moment, that he had not taken her at her word, and had not accepted her offer. That would have been to spoil his dream, not to realise it. He asked perfection or nothing, being still unhealed of that presumptuous way of his, which bade the world go hang, if it would not give him exactly what he chose. The Tristram motto was still, "No compromise!"

An unexpected ally came to his assistance. He received a sudden summons from Mr. Disney. He found him at work, rather weary and dishevelled. He let Harry in at once, but kept him waiting while he transacted some other business. Here was the place to see him, not in a drawing-room; his brusque words and quick decisions enabled him to do two men's work. He turned to Harry and said without preface:

"We're going to arbitrate this Barililand question, on behalf of the Company, you know, as well as ourselves. Another instance of my weakness! Lord Murchison's going over for us. He starts in a fortnight. He asked me to recommend him a secretary. Will you go?"

Here was help in avoiding Cecily. But what about Blinkhampton? Harry hesitated a moment.

"I should like it, but I've contracted certain obligations of a business kind at home," he said.

"Well, if you're bound, keep your word and do the work. If you find you're not, I should advise you to take this. It's a good beginning. This is Tuesday. Tell me on Saturday. Good-bye." He rang a hand-bell on the table, and, as his secretary entered, said "The Canadian papers, please."

"I'm very grateful to you, anyhow."

"That's all right, Tristram, good-bye."

There was no doubt what would be the practical way of showing gratitude. Harry went out.

He left Mr. Disney's presence determined to accept the offer if Iver could spare his services for the time. The determining cause was still Blent, or his cousin at Blent. Blinkhampton was not far enough away; it rather threw him

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with people who belonged to the old life than parted him from them. He was weak himself too; while the people were at hand, he would seek them, as he had sought Lady Evenswood. At the Arbitration he would be far off, beyond the narrow seas and among folk who, recognising the peculiarity of his position, would make a point of not mentioning Blent or speaking of anybody connected with it. It was from this point of view that he was inclined towards the offer, and he did not disguise it from himself; but for it he would rather have gone on with Blinkhampton, perhaps because he had a free hand there, while he could go to the Arbitration only as a subordinate. Blent apart, the offer was valuable to him as a sign of Disney's appreciation rather than on its own account.

He went home and wrote to Iver. The letter weighed all considerations save the one which really weighed with him; he put himself fairly in Iver's hands but did not conceal his own wish; he knew that if Iver were against the idea on solid business grounds he would not be affected by Harry's personal preference. But the business reasons, when examined, did not seem very serious, and Harry thought that he would get leave to go. He rose from his writing with a long sigh. If he received the answer he expected, he was at the parting of the ways; and he had chosen the path that led directly and finally away from Blent.

An evening paper was brought to him. A tremendous headline caught his notice. "Resignation of Lord Hove! He will not arbitrate about Barililand. Will the Government break up?" Probably not, thought Harry; and it was odd to reflect that, if Lord Hove had got his way, he would have lost his heroic remedy. So great things and small touch and intersect one another. Perhaps Theo (who could now settle that question about the kicking with his friends) would maintain that Flora Disney had talked too much to Harry at dinner, instead of taking all pains to soothe Lord Hove!

It was his last struggle; he had no doubt that he could win, but the fight was very fierce. Impatient of his quiet

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rooms, he went out into the crowded streets. At first he found himself envying everybody he passed—the cabman on his box, the rough young fellows escaped from the factory, the man who sold matches and had no cares beyond food and a bed. But presently he forgot them all and walked among shadows. He was at Blent in spirit, sometimes with Addie Tristram, sometimes with Cecily. His imagination undid what his hand had done; he was smiling again at the efforts of Duplay to frighten or to displace him. Thus he would be happy for a moment, till reality came back and a dead dulness settled on his soul. Half afraid of himself, he turned round and made for home again; he could not be sure of his self-control. But again he mastered that, and again paced the streets, now in a grim resolution to tire mind and body, so that these visions should have nothing to work on and, finding blank, unresponsive weariness, should go their ways and leave him in an insensible fatigue. Ever since he disclaimed his inheritance he had been living in a stress of excitement that had given him a fortitude half unnatural; now this support seemed to fail, and with it went the power to bear.

The remedy worked well; at eight o'clock he found himself very tired, very hungry, unexpectedly composed. He turned into a little restaurant to dine. The place was crowded, and rather shamefacedly (as is the national way) he sat down at a small table opposite a girl in a light-blue blouse and a very big hat, who was eating risotto and drinking lager beer. She assumed an air of exaggerated primness and gentility, keeping her eyes down towards her plate, and putting very small quantities into her mouth at a time. Glad of distraction, Harry watched her with amusement. At last she glanced up stealthily.

"A fine evening," he said, as he started on his chop.

"Very seasonable," she began in a mincing tone; but suddenly she broke off to exclaim in a voice and accent more natural and spontaneous, "Good gracious, I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"I'm not aware that I ever had the honour," said Harry.

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"Well, I know your face, anyhow." She was looking at him and searching her memory. "You're not at the halls, are you?"

"No, I'm not at the halls."

"Well, I do know your face—Why, yes, I've seen your face in the papers. I shall get it in a minute now—don't you tell me." She studied him with determination. Harry ate away in contented amusement. "Yes, you're the man who—why, yes, you're Tristram?"

"That's right. I'm Tristram."

"Well, to think of that! Meeting you! Well, I shall have something to tell the girls. Why, a friend of mine wrote down to the country, special, for your photo."

"That must have proved a disappointment, I'm afraid. The romance was better than the hero."

"You may say romance!" she conceded heartily. "To be a lord and——!" She leant forward. "I say, how do you get your living now?"

"Gone into the building-trade," he answered.

"You surprise me!" The observation was evidently meant to be extremely civil. "But there, it isn't so much what your job is as having some job. That's what I say."

"I wish I always said—and thought—things as sensible"; and he took courage to offer her another glass of lager. She accepted with a slight recrudescence of primness; but her eyes did not leave him now. "I never did!" he heard her murmur as she raised her glass. "Well, here's luck to you sir! (He had been a lord even if he were now a builder.) You did the straight thing in the end."

"What?" asked Harry, a little startled.

"Well, some did say as you'd known it all along. Oh, I don't say so; some did."

Harry began to laugh. "It doesn't matter, does it, if I did the straight thing in the end?"

"I'm sure as I shouldn't blame you if you had been a bit tempted. I know what that is! Well sir, I'll say good evening."

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"Good evening, miss, and thank you very much," said Harry, rising as she rose. His manner had its old touch of lordliness. His friends criticised that sometimes; this young lady evidently approved.

"You've no cause to thank me," said she, with an admiring look.

"Yes, I have. As it happened, I believe I wanted somebody to remind me that I had done the straight thing in the end, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

"Well, I shall have something to tell the girls!" she said again in wondering tones, as she nodded to him and turned slowly away.

Harry was comforted. The stress of his pain was past. He sat on over his simple meal in a leisurely, comfortable fashion. He was happy in the fact that his enemy had at least nothing with which she could reproach him, that he had no reason for not holding his head erect before her. And the girl's philosophy had been good. He had a job, and that was the great thing in this world. He felt confident that the struggle was won now, and that it would never have to be fought again in so severe a fashion. His self-respect was intact; if he had been beaten, he would never have forgiven himself.

He regained his rooms. A letter lay waiting for him on the table. He opened it and found that it was from Mina Zabriska.

We are back here [she wrote]. I am staying at Blent till my uncle comes down. I must write and say good-bye to you. I daresay we shall never meet again, or merely by chance. I am very unhappy about it all, but with two people like Cecily and you nothing else could have happened. I see that now, and I'm not going to try to interfere any more. I sha'n't ask you to forgive me for interfering, because you've made the result quite enough punishment for anything I did wrong. And now Cecily goes about looking just like you—hard and proud and grim; and she's begun to move things about and alter arrangements at Blent. That's what brings it home to me most of all. ["And to me," interposed Harry as he read.] If I was the sort of woman you think me, I should go on writing to you. But I shan't write again. I am going to stay at Merrion through the winter, and since you won't come here, this is the last of me for a long time anyhow. Oh, you Tristrams! Good-bye.

MINA ZABRISKA.

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"Poor little Imp!" said Harry. "She's a very good sort; and she seems about right. It's the end of everything." He paused and looked round. "Except of these rooms—and my work—and, well, life at large, you know!" He laughed in the sudden realisation of how much was left after there was an end of all—life to be lived, work to be done, enjoyments to be won. He could know this, although he could hardly yet feel it in any very genuine fashion. He could project his mind forward to a future appreciation of what he could not at the moment relish; and he saw that life would be full and rich with him, even although there were an end of all. "But I don't believe," he said to himself, slowly smiling, "that I should ever have come to understand that or to—to fulfil it unless I had—what did the girl say?—done the straight thing in the end, and come out of Blent. Well, old Blent, good-bye!" He crumpled up Mina's letter, and flung it into the grate.

The maid-servant opened the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," she said.

"Oh, say I'm busy——" he began.

"We must see you, please," insisted Mr. Jenkinson Neeld, with unusual firmness. He turned to the man with him, saying: "Here is Mr. Tristram, Colonel Edge."

CHAPTER XXV

THERE'S THE LADY TOO!

THERE was nothing very remarkable about Colonel Wilmot Edge. He was a slightly built, trim man, but his trimness was not distinctively military. He might have been anything, save that just now the tan on his face witnessed to an out-of-door life. His manner was cold, his method of speech leisurely and methodical. At first sight Harry saw nothing in him to modify the belief in which he had grown up—that the Edges were an unattractive race, unable to appreciate Tristrams, much less worthy to mate with them. He gave the Colonel a

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chair rather grudgingly, and turned to old Mr. Neeld for an explanation of the visit.

Neeld had fussed himself into a seat already, and had drawn some sheets of paper covered with type-writing from his pocket. He spread them out, smoothed them down, cleared his throat, and answered Harry's look by a glance at Edge. Mr. Neeld was in a fidget, a fidget of importance and expectancy.

"You will know," said Edge gravely, "that no ordinary matter has led me to call on you, Mr. Tristram. However little we may be responsible for the past, we have to recognise it. I should not, under ordinary circumstances, have sought your acquaintance. You must consider this interview purely as one of a business kind. I have just returned to England. For two months I have been out of the way of receiving letters or newspapers. I went to the Imperium Club to-night —I arrived only this morning—and dined in Neeld's company. As it chanced, we spoke of you, and I learnt what has happened since I left England. I have lost no time in calling on you."

Neeld was listening and fidgeting with his sheets of paper. The Colonel's preamble excited little interest in Harry. The reaction of his struggle was on him; he was courteously but not keenly attentive.

"It is not agreeable to me to speak of my brother to you, Mr. Tristram. Doubtless we should differ if we discussed his character and conduct. It is not necessary."

"Is Sir Randolph Edge concerned in what you have to say to me?" asked Harry.

"Yes; I am sorry to say he is. Another person is concerned also."

"One moment. You are, of course, aware that I no longer represent my family? Legally I'm not even a member of it. It is possible that you ought to address yourself to Lady Tristram—my cousin—or to her lawyers."

"I have to speak to you. Is the name of the Comtesse d'Albreville known to you, Mr. Tristram?"

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"Yes, I've heard my mother speak of meeting her in Paris."

"That would be when Lady Tristram was residing with my brother?"

"My mother was never in Paris after that, I believe. It would be at that time, Colonel Edge."

"You are aware that later—after he parted from Lady Tristram—my brother went to Russia, where he had business interests?"

"I have very good reason to know that." Harry smiled at Mr. Neeld, who had apparently got all he could out of his papers, and was sitting quiet and upright in an eager attention.

"What I am about to say is known, I believe, to myself alone—and to Neeld here, to whom I told it to-night. While my brother was in Russia, he was joined by the Comtesse. She paid him a visit—secretly, I need hardly add. She passed under the name of Madame Valfier, and she resided in the house adjoining Randolph's. Lady Tristram was not, of course, aware of the relations between her and my brother. I will come now to the time of my brother's death. When he fell ill, he had just completed the sale of one of his Russian properties. Lady Tristram did not, I daresay, speak of the Comtesse's character to you?"

"I never remember hearing my mother speak of anybody's character," said Harry with a smile.

"She was a brilliant woman—she died, by the way, two or three years ago—but extravagant and fond of money. She prevailed on my brother to promise her the price of this property as a gift. The sum was considerable—about seven thousand pounds."

Harry nodded. Here seemed to be some possible light on the reasons for the interview.

"This money was to be paid—in gold—on a certain day. I speak now from information imparted to me subsequently by the Comtesse herself. It was given under a promise of secrecy which I have kept hitherto, but now find myself compelled in honesty to break."

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"There can be no question of what is your duty, Edge," Mr. Neeld put in.

"I think none. My brother during his illness discussed the matter with the Comtesse. The money was payable in Petersburg. He could not hope to be well enough to go there. At her suggestion he signed a paper authorising payment to be made to her or to an agent appointed by her. The money being destined for her ultimately, this naturally seemed the best arrangement. She could go and receive the money, or send for it—as a fact she went in person when the time came—and all would be settled."

"Quite so. And the transaction would not appear on the face of Sir Randolph's accounts or bank-book," Harry suggested.

"It's possible that weight was given to that consideration too, but it is not very material. The Comtesse, then, was in possession of this authority. My brother's illness took a turn for the worse. To be brief, he died before the day came on which the money was to be paid."

"And she presented the authority all the same?" asked Harry. "And got the money, did she?"

"That is precisely the course she adopted," assented Colonel Edge.

Harry took a walk up and down the room and returned to the hearthrug.

"I'm very sensible of your kindness in coming here to-day," he said, "and your conduct is that of a man of honour. But at this point I'll stop you, please. I'm aware that *primâ facie* the law would pronounce me to be Sir Randolph's son. That has always been disclaimed on our side, and could easily be disproved on yours. I have nothing to do with Sir Randolph Edge or his property."

The Colonel listened unmoved.

"In any case you would have nothing to do with my brother's property," he remarked. "He left a will by which I was constituted sole legatee."

"Then if she robbed anybody she robbed you?"

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"Certainly; and three years later she came and told me so."

"Then how in the world does it concern me?" cried Harry impatiently.

"You put your finger on the spot, Mr. Tristram, but you took it off again. You said she presented the authority all the same."

"Yes. The authority would be revoked by his death. At least, I suppose there's no question of that? Did she get at them before they heard of the death?"

"This money was payable on June 22—the 10th as it's reckoned in Russia—but we needn't trouble about that. As you and Neeld are both aware, on the 18th my brother fell into a collapse which was mistaken for death."

"Yes, the 18th," murmured Neeld, referring to the paper before him, and reading Josiah Cholderton's account of what Madame de Kries had told him at Heidelberg.

"From that attack he rallied temporarily, but not until his death had been reported."

"I am not the man to forget that circumstance," said Harry.

"The report of his death was, of course, contradicted immediately. The doctor attending him saw to that."

"Naturally; and I suppose the Comtesse would see to it too."

"And the only importance that the occurrence of the 18th has for us at present is that, according to the Comtesse's story, it suggested to the doctor the course which she, on his prompting as she declared and certainly with his connivance, afterwards adopted. My brother, having rallied from his first collapse, kept up the fight a little while longer. It was, however, plain to the doctor that he could live but a very short time. The Comtesse knew this. My brother was not in a condition to transact business, and was incapable of securing to her any benefit by testamentary disposition, even if he had wished to do so. Her only chance was the money for the property. This she saw her way to securing with the doctor's help, even although my brother should die before it fell due,

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and the authority she held should thereby lose its legal validity."

"You mean that they determined to carry out a fraud if necessary?"

"Precisely. I must remind you that my brother knew nothing of this. He was altogether past understanding anything about it. I may be very brief now, but I am still anxious that you should fully understand. All that I'm saying to you is beyond question and can be proved at any time by taking evidence on the spot; it is easily available."

Harry had sat down by now and was listening intently.

"On the morning of the 22nd," Edge pursued in his level, methodical way, "the Comtesse went to the station escorted by Dr. Migratz; that was his name—rather that is his name; he is still alive. On the way they met the British Vice-Consul, and in reply to inquiries from him said that my brother had had another attack but had rallied again. Dr. Migratz expressed the opinion that he would live another two days, while Madame Valfier (the Vice-Consul knew her by that name) was sanguine enough to talk of the possibility of a recovery. She impressed him very much by her courage and hopefulness; she was, I may remark, a handsome and attractive woman. Leaving the Vice-Consul, they reached the station and there parted. Migratz returned immediately to my brother's house and remained there, the case being declared to be so critical as to require unremitting attention. Madame Valfier—the Comtesse—took the train to Petersburg, reached it that evening, presented the authority early next morning and was back about midnight—that being the 23rd. The next day my brother's death was announced, certified by Migratz, and duly registered as the law of the place required." He drew a paper from his pocket. "This is a copy of the entry, showing death on the 24th.

"That document is very familiar to me, Colonel Edge. It gives both styles, doesn't it?"

"Yes, both styles, but—well, you see for yourself. My story is done. With Migratz's connivance—a woman who

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acted as nurse was squared, too, and her evidence is available—the actual date of death was concealed and the Comtesse d'Albreville had time to present her authority and receive the money. After paying her accomplices their price, she left Russia with the bulk of it immediately."

Harry glanced at Neeld; the old man's face was full of excitement and his hand trembled as it lay on the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's Journal.

"My mother was married to my father on the 23rd," said Harry slowly.

"My brother died on the 22nd," said Wilmot Edge. "He was dead before the Comtesse started for Petersburg."

Harry made no comment. He sat still and thoughtful.

"Of course I was put on the track of the affair," Edge pursued, "by the disappearance of the money. I had little difficulty in guessing that there had been something queer, but what it was did not cross my mind for a long while. Even after I had a clue, I found Migratz a tough customer, and for a long time I totally failed to identify Madame Valfier. When, thanks to a series of chances, I did so, it was a shock to me. She was the wife of a man of high position and high reputation. She had contrived—she was a remarkable woman—to carry out this expedition of hers without rousing any suspicion; she had returned to her husband and children. Finding herself in danger, she took the bold course of throwing herself on my mercy, and sent for me to Paris. It was not my desire to rake up the story, to injure my brother's memory, or to break up the woman's home. I pocketed the loss as far as I was concerned. As for you, I didn't know you were concerned. I had never gone into the details; I accepted the view which your own conduct, and Lady Tristram's, suggested. I promised silence, guarding myself by a proviso that I must speak if the interests of third persons were ever affected. Your interests are affected now, and I have spoken, Mr. Tristram—or Lord Tristram as I undoubtedly ought to say."

Harry turned to Mr. Neeld with a smile and pointed at the leaves of the Journal.

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"There was something Cholderton didn't know after all," he said. "A third date—neither the 18th nor the 24th! Twenty-four hours! Well, I suppose it's enough!"

"It's enough to make all the difference to you," said Neeld. "It makes the action you took in giving up your position unnecessary and wrong. It restores the state of things which existed——"

"Before you and Mina Zabriska came to Blent—and brought Mr. Cholderton?" He sat smiling a moment. "Forgive me; I'm very inhospitable," he said, and offered them cigarettes and whisky.

Neeld refused; the Colonel took both.

"You may imagine with what feelings I heard your story," Edge resumed, and found that the Comtesse's fraud was really the entire basis of your action. If I had been in England the thing need never have happened."

"It has happened," said Harry, "and—and I don't quite know where we are." For the world was all altered again, just when the struggle of the evening had seemed to settle it. The memory of the girl in the restaurant flashed across his mind. What would she—what would she say to this?

Colonel Edge was evidently rather a talkative man. He began again, rather as though he were delivering a little set speech.

"It's perhaps hardly to be expected," he said, "that any degree of intimacy should exist between your family and mine, Lord Tristram, but I venture to hope that the part which it has been my privilege to play to-day may do something to obliterate the memories of the past. We don't perhaps know all the rights of it. I am loyal to my brother, but I knew the late Lady Tristram, and I can appreciate all that her friends valued and prized in her."

"Very good, Edge, very good," murmured emotional old Mr. Neeld. "Very proper, most proper."

"And I hope that old quarrels need not be eternal."

"I'm very much in your debt and I'm sincerely grateful, Colonel Edge. As for the past—There are graves; let it lie in them."

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"Thank you, Lord Tristram, thank you;" and the Colonel gave Harry his hand.

"Excellent, excellent!" muttered Mr. Neeld as he folded up the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's diary.

"You can call on me for proofs whenever you wish to proceed. After what has occurred, I presume they will be necessary."

"Yes, yes—for his seat," assented Neeld.

"And to satisfy public opinion," added Edge.

There was a pause. Neeld broke it by saying timidly:

"And—er—there is, of course, the—the lady. The lady who now holds the title and estates."

"Of course!" agreed Edge, with a nod that apologised for forgetfulness.

Of course there was! Harry smiled. He had been wondering how long they would take to think of the lady who now held the title and estates. Well, they had come to her at last—after providing for the requirements of the House of Lords and the demands of public opinion—after satisfying the girl in the restaurant, in fact. Yes, of course, there was the lady too.

Though he smiled, he was vexed and suffered a vague disappointment. It is to be wished that things would happen in a manner harmonious with their true nature—the tragic tragically, the comic so that laughter roars out, the melodramatic with the proper limelight effects. To do the Tristrams justice, this was generally achieved where they were concerned; Harry could have relied on his mother and on Cecily; he could rely on himself if he were given a suitable environment, one that appealed to him and afforded responsive feelings. The family was not in the habit of wasting its opportunities for emotion. But who could be emotional now—in face of these two elderly gentlemen? Neeld's example made such a thing ridiculous, Colonel Edge would obviously consider it unsoldierlike. The chance had been frittered away; life was at its old game of neglecting its own possibilities. There was nothing but to acquiesce; fine melodrama had been degraded into a business

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interview with two elderly and conscientious gentlemen. The scene in the Long Gallery had at least been different from this! Harry bowed his head; he must be thankful for small blessings; it was something that they had remembered the lady at last.

At a glance from Edge, Neeld rose to go.

"Pray wait—wait a minute or two," begged Harry. "I want to think for a minute."

Neeld sat down again. It is very likely they were as surprised at him as he was childishly vexed with them. For he exhibited perfect calm. Yet perhaps Colonel Edge, who had given so colourless an account of the Comtesse's wild appeal to him, was well suited.

"I'm going down to Iver's to-morrow," said old Neeld, tucking the extract from his Journal into his pocket.

"To Iver's?" After a moment's silence Harry fairly laughed. Edge was surprised, not understanding what a difference the Comtesse's manœuvre had made there too. He could not be expected to know all the difference it had made to Harry's life, even to the man himself. Two irresponsible ladies—say Addie and—well, Madame Valfier—may indeed make differences.

"Yes, to Fairholme," continued old Neeld. "We—we may see you there now?"

Edge looked up with an interested glance. It had occurred to him that he was turning somebody out as well as putting somebody in.

"You'll have, of course, to communicate what I have said to—to——?"

"Oh, we'll say Lady Tristram still," Harry interrupted.

Edge gave a little bow. "I shall be ready to meet her or her advisers at any time," he remarked. "She will, I hope, recognise that no other course was open to me. She must not think that there is any room for doubt."

Harry's brain was at work now; he saw himself going to Blent, going to tell Cecily.

"Possibly," Mr. Neeld suggested, "it would be better

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to entrust a third person with the task of giving her this news? One of her own sex perhaps?" He seemed to contemplate a possible fainting-fit, and, remembering his novels, the necessity of cutting stay-laces, a task better left to women.

"You're thinking of Mina; of Mina Zabriska?" asked Harry, laughing. There again, what a loss! Why had not Mina heard it at first hand? She would have known how to treat the thing.

"She's always taken a great interest in the matter, and—and I understand is very friendly with—with Miss Gainsborough," said Neeld.

"We shall have to make up our minds what to call ourselves soon," sighed Harry.

"There can be no doubt at all," Edge put in; "and if I may venture to suggest, I should say the sooner the necessity is faced the better."

"Certainly, certainly," Harry assented absently. Even the girl in the restaurant must know about it soon; there must be another pow-wowing in all the papers soon. But what would Cecily say? "If ever the time comes——." He had laughed at that; it had sounded so unlikely, so unreal, so theatrical, "If ever the time comes, I shall remember." That was a strange thing to look back to now. But it was all strange—the affair of the beastly new viscounty, Blinkhampton and its buildings, the Arbitration and the confidence of Mr. Disney. Madame Valfier—Comtesse d'Albreville—with a little help from Addie Tristram had brought all these things about. The result of Harry's review of them was English enough to satisfy Wilmot Edge himself.

"The whole thing makes me look rather an ass, I think," said he.

"No doubt you acted impulsively," Edge allowed. It was fully equivalent to an assent.

"Good Heavens, I'd been brought up to it! It had always been the fact of my life." He made no pretences about the matter now. "It never occurred to me to think of any mistake. That certificate"—it lay on the table still—"was the sword

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of Damocles." He laughed as he spoke the hackneyed old phrase. "And Damocles knew the sword was there, or there'd have been no point in it."

The two had rather lost track of his mood. They looked at one another again.

"You've a lot to think of. We'll leave you," said the Colonel.

"But—but what am I to do?" Old Neeld's voice was almost a bleat in his despair. "Am I to tell people at Blentmouth?"

"The communication should come from an authoritative quarter," Edge advised.

"It's bound to be a blow to her," said Neeld. "Suddenly lifted up, suddenly thrown down! Poor girl!"

"Justice is the first thing," declared Wilmot Edge. Now he might have been on a court-martial.

They knew nothing whatever of the truth or the true position.

"We may rely on—on Lord Tristram—to treat the matter with every delicacy, Edge."

"I'm sure of it, Neeld, I'm sure of it."

"He has been through what is practically the same experience himself."

"A very remarkable case, very remarkable. The state of the law which makes such a thing possible——"

"Ah, there I don't agree, Edge. There may be hardships on individuals, but in the interests of morality——"

"You must occasionally put up with damned absurdity," Harry interrupted rather roughly. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Neeld. I—I'm a bit worried over this."

They sat silent then, watching him for a few moments. He stood leaning his arm on the mantel-piece, his brows knit but a smile lingering on his lips. He was seeing the scene again, the scene in which he was to tell Cecily. He knew what the end of it would be. They were strangers now. The scene would leave them strangers still. Still Mina Zabriska would be left to cry, "You Tristrams!" Given that they were Tristrams, no other result was possible. They had been

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through what Mr. Neeld called practically the same experience already; in that very room it had happened.

Suddenly the two men saw a light born in Harry's eyes; his brow grew smooth, the smile on his lips wider. He gave a moment's more consideration to the new thing. Then he raised his head and spoke to Wilmot Edge.

"There are a good many complications in this matter, Colonel Edge. I've had my life upset once before, and I assure you it's rather troublesome work. It wants a little time and a little thinking. You get rather confused—always changing your train, you know. I have work on hand—plans and so forth. And, as you say, of course there's the lady too." He laughed as he ended by borrowing Neeld's phrase.

"I can understand all that, Lord Tristram."

"Do you mind saying Mr. Tristram; saying Mr. Tristram to me and to everybody for the present? It won't be for long; a week perhaps."

"You mean, keep the change in the position a secret?" Edge seemed rather startled.

"You've kept the secret for many years, Colonel. Shall we say a week more? And you too, Mr. Neeld? Nothing at all to the people at Blentmouth? Shall we keep Miss S. in the dark for a week more?" The thought of Miss Swinkerton carried obvious amusement with it.

"You mean to choose your opportunity with—with your cousin?" Neeld asked.

"Yes, exactly—to choose my opportunity. You see the difficult character of the situation? I ask your absolute silence for a week."

"Really I——" Old Neeld hesitated a little. "These concealments lead to such complications," he complained. He was thinking, no doubt, of the Iver engagement and the predicament in which it had landed him.

"I don't ask it on my own account. There's my cousin."

"Yes, yes, Neeld; there's the lady too."

"Well, Edge, if you're satisfied, I can't stand out. For a week then—silence."

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"Absolute!" said Harry, "Without a look or a word?"

"You have my promise," said Wilmot Edge.

"And mine. But—but I shall feel very awkward," sighed poor Mr. Neeld. He might have added that he did feel a sudden and poignant pang of disappointment. Lived there the man who would not have liked to carry that bit of news in his portmanteau when he went out of town? At least that man was not Mr. Jenkinson Neeld.

"I'll choose my time, and I won't keep you long," said Harry.

With that they left him. But they had a word together before Edge caught his 'bus in Piccadilly.

"Cool young chap!" said he. "Took it quietly enough."

"Yes, considering the enormous difference it makes," agreed Neeld. His use of that particular phrase was perhaps an unconscious reminiscence of the words in the Journal, the words that Addie used when she burst into Madame de Kries' room at Heidelberg.

Edge chuckled a little. "Not much put out about the girl either, eh?"

"Now you say so——" Neeld shook his head. "I hope he'll do it tactfully," he sighed.

Edge did not seem to consider that likely. He in his turn shook his head.

"I said no more than I thought about Addie Tristram," he remarked. "But the fact is, they're a rum lot, and there's no getting over it, Neeld."

"They—er—have their peculiarities, no doubt," admitted Mr. Neeld.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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SEPTEMBER 1901

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A BREEZE FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN

DURING a recent debate on the condition of the Mediterranean Fleet, an important point was raised as to the line which divides the functions of the Legislature from those of the Executive. The question at issue was whether or not the Mediterranean Fleet had its proper complement of cruisers, and of what are called, not too felicitously, auxiliary vessels. The Executive immediately saw its frontier violated and took a strenuous offensive, which turned what should have been a sober discussion of a serious national problem into an acrimonious party debate. The charge which was formulated from the Opposition benches was that the fleet in question was deficient in cruisers and auxiliaries, that its defective condition had been brought to the notice of the Government by the flag officers concerned, and that the Government had done nothing to make things good. This charge members of the Opposition were prepared to prove. The Government were not prepared to deny it. But with considerable spirit and no little tactical skill they slipped from the threatened position and delivered an overwhelming counter attack from an unexpected direction. It was not an attack merely on the Opposition, but something of greater boldness, and much more in the fashion of the time. It was an attack on the Legislature and its right to intervene in executive matters. The question raised, they said, was purely

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one of administration, it was a question of the distribution of the naval forces of the Crown, a question with which the Legislature had no right to interfere. Nothing could be sounder. The offensive movement of the Government was pivoted on one of the clearest and firmest principles of the constitution, and supported by all the weight of practical political experience. Clearly it would be impossible for an Executive to work a system of national defence or to be responsible for the safety of the State, if at any moment the Legislature could step in and perhaps in some passing alarm insist on a redistribution of the forces at the Government's disposal. The smallest joint stock company could not be worked on such a system, and for a great empire it would be obviously fatal. Secure in the absurdity of the position which they had forced upon their assailants the Government hit out merrily, and so brisk was the sport that they were even joined and assisted by certain members of the Opposition, who would have been better employed in pointing out how the Government had left the real position undefended. The result was a complete success for Ministers, and what was worse, another gain of prestige by the Executive at the expense of Parliament. The men who, in response to what was at the time a grave and widespread anxiety, had brought the matter forward, found themselves as it were laughed out of court. This at least appears to be the general view of the country, but the matter should not be allowed to rest there. A government that is attacked on any point of its administration is as well entitled as the squid to mask its vulnerability in a cloud of obscurity, but when it has cleared away there is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the real weakness of the position assailed, or the real justice of the assault.

No one, of course, who is familiar with the complexity of modern government will assert that a large elective or hereditary assembly should have the right to interfere in detail with the distribution of the forces which it has placed at the disposal of the executive. Still less, on the other hand, will any one

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assert that the representatives of the nation, in a constitutional state, should forego the right or shirk the responsibility of laying down broadly the objects for which they vote those forces. For instance, it is clearly within the province of the Legislature to decide whether or not such a place as Egypt shall be retained as part of the Empire, but it is not within their province to say exactly what proportion of the Imperial forces at any particular moment shall be devoted to its defence. It is hereabouts then that the line between the functions of the Legislature and of the Executive is to be drawn, so far as concerns the military and naval forces of the Crown. It is a question between the rib-work and the detail of Imperial defence.

Concerning the Mediterranean Fleet, there are still perhaps some serious politicians who can persuade themselves that our presence in the sea at all is a weakness and a mistake; but these men are not to be found in the ranks of the present Government, nor have they any weighty following in the country amongst those who concern themselves with such matters. Both the Government and the country regard the maintenance of an adequate fleet in the Mediterranean as an integral part of the rib-work of Imperial defence. The Navy Estimates are framed by the Executive, and voted by the Legislature in the clear conviction that such a fleet must be maintained. It follows, therefore, that the Legislature is entitled to see that such a fleet is maintained, and sharply to take the Executive to task if it finds them failing in this primary duty. And here lies the justification of the recent attack. It is true the Legislature is not entitled to dictate what the exact strength of that fleet shall be at any moment, but it is entitled to insist that it shall be a fleet.

Now the gist of the complaint, which the Opposition took upon themselves to formulate on behalf of the Legislature and the country, was that the assembly of ships in the Mediterranean was not a fleet. A fleet, like an army, is a complex organism, and if the organism is allowed to grow defective in

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any of its parts it ceases, for practical calculations, to be an organism. No one would think of considering as an army a division of cavalry or infantry however large; but in the case of a fleet the truth is more easily forgotten. Yet it is even truer of the sea service than of the land service. In the course of history there have been campaigns won and even conquests made by armies that consisted practically of one arm; but nowhere is to be found in all historical time a conception of a fleet that was not complex in its organisation—that did not contain its several natures of ships—its heavy ships for the serious work of the fighting line, and its light ships of higher or lower degree for the multifarious duties which heavy ships cannot do for themselves, or can only do inadequately. In the old days of galley warfare, when the land and sea services were not so distinctly divided as they afterwards became, the necessity of this complexity was never lost sight of. Before the break came, which for a time divorced naval science from the traditions of the old and exact "art of war," fleets and armies continued to grow and develop side by side on co-ordinate lines and under the influence of the same habits of thought. The last English fleet of the old time—the fleet with which Henry VIII. wrestled his last throw with Francis I.—was an organism approaching in complexity the ideal fleet of to-day. The change did not come at once. During the succeeding period in which sailing ships were finally established in almost undisputed pre-eminence for all naval work, fleets were greatly simplified in their structure, but still there was little complaint of deficiency in the minor types. The blind animal instinct for naval warfare, which was the mark of the Elizabethan seamen, kept the service from any grave deformities. The greatest of them even came near to bringing naval tactics abruptly back within the orderly lines of the "art of war." When, in the year after the Armada, Drake found himself at the head of a first-class fleet, and associated in the command with one of the most scientific soldiers of his time, an attempt was made to give the cruisers a definite organisation of their

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own as a living member of the organism. But owing to the failure of the expedition nothing came of it, and the seaman and admirals continued to stumble on without science or system, as their instinct dictated, and on the whole their instincts were true enough.

After the failure of the first effort of the Elizabethans to recover the lost thread a canker seems to have been set up, from which the navy has never again been quite clean. Still it was not till their day was done, and the sea service had set out upon its new course that the trouble began. When James I., under the guidance of the clearest and most business-like heads in the country, set to work to re-organise the navy, it was laid down as a fundamental principle that no great provision of minor types need be made in the Royal service since they could always be obtained from private owners. It is the principle on which to some extent, but probably with little more justification, we are going now. The immediate result was seen, ominously enough, in the misfortunes of the first British fleet that ever entered the Mediterranean. In 1620, more than a generation before Blake or Penn went there for the Commonwealth, Sir Robert Mansell, with a formidable fleet as things went then, was despatched within the Straits. Ostensibly his mission was against the Barbary pirates—the ordinary cloak in those days for naval enterprises; but its more serious object was a naval demonstration to check the progress of the Thirty Years War. Mansell failed to make any impression, and his attempt is almost forgotten. Yet the idea was good, and his failure, so far as it rested on naval considerations, was mainly due to a want of cruisers and fireships. The private craft which had been furnished him proved wholly unfit for the duties they were expected to perform, and he actually had to purchase and fit out other vessels at Alicante before he could strike even the feeble blow he did. For years the great Mediterranean powers had been nervously apprehensive of the day when the new English navy would appear within the Straits. It came, and mainly

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for want of the minor parts of its organism left behind it an impression of futility that silenced the alarmists in Spain, and left the war to take its course, with the British fleet eliminated for the calculations of Europe.

From that day to the years when Nelson was clamouring in vain for frigates is a far cry, and yet during all that time the same defect seems to cling like an hereditary disease to the Mediterranean Fleet. In such a land-locked sea, studded with ports, from whence run lines of communication in every direction, information is easy to pick up and false scents are easy to lay. For this reason it would seem to be an arena where the secondary members of a fleet have a peculiar and emphasised importance, and for this reason, perhaps, it is there that the shortcomings of a half-formed fleet have most loudly declared themselves. It is needless to recapitulate the instances that fill the pages of our naval history from the time when Mansell found himself powerless before Algiers to the anxious days of Napoleon's evasion and the escape of the Toulon Fleet from Nelson. The same story recurs again and again, and is well enough known to justify a firm and sober protest when signs of the old rust seem to be showing themselves on the time-honoured weapon. Too often we have seen that fleet, by which for nearly three centuries England has held her hand on the levers of Europe, fail from weakness in one part of its members. Too often we have seen it for lack of its minor types as helpless at the psychological moment, as though it were no fleet at all. If quick and sure intelligence was vital in the old days it is doubly so now. Where once naval warfare was a question of weeks, it is now a question of hours, and a mass of battleships without its cruisers and auxiliaries is less a fleet than ever it was.

On this point it is but fair to note the excuse which the Government offered in mitigation of the sin with which they were charged. It was suggested that cruisers could always reach the Mediterranean before trouble broke out. This may be true and they may be right in refusing to listen to the navy

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men who protest that such raw material is useless. Until it is assimilated they say it is no more part of the fleet than it was before. From the way the Government dealt with the difficulty their idea would seem to be that this is true of battleships—that they at any rate must be kept together to be wrought with a homogeneous whole, but that the cruisers may without harm be detached wherever they are wanted. But this is only the old canker breaking out again. It is the old vice of measuring a fleet by its battleships alone. Its fallacy has been demonstrated in the most emphatic way by the recent manœuvres, if demonstration were still needed. Prince Kraft pointed out long ago how easily a land campaign might be decided by a cavalry charge—a charge by which the cavalry screen of one side would overpower that of the other and blind its main army. To-day we have seen how easily and how quickly this might happen at sea, and the immediate lesson for us is the importance of training cruisers together, as an independent fighting unit. To think that this need attaches only to battleships is to misapprehend the clearest indications of the lines upon which the next great naval war is likely to run. Such a defence, if it was meant for a defence, is only to add to the sin.

Still, for our purpose, it is better not to further obscure general principles by discussing the merits of the particular instance. It may be that the Government was right, on the whole circumstances of the case, to mutilate the Mediterranean Fleet, to decide that nowhere for the moment could we have a real fleet on foot. It was open to them to make this their defence, but to deny the right of the national representatives to inquire why in no single station, for which they had voted ships, should a single fleet exist, as a perfect organism, is an aggression that cannot be passed. It tampers with the balance of the constitution. It rasps the instincts of a maritime nation; and, instead of smoothing alarm, it raises a grave apprehension that the best traditions of the naval art are still without meaning for the men to whom we have chosen to trust the national forces.

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We begin to wonder, when responsible statesmen can speak so easily of crippling the Mediterranean Fleet, whether it is still for them what it was for their predecessors, and what it remains in the blind sub-consciousness of the country. Ever since Blake's appearance within the Straits set the Powers scrambling to be the first to recognise the Commonwealth, it is there England has found her main hold on Continental politics. The Mediterranean still remains the chief centre of international power, as it always was from a time when man's memory—nay, even his archæology—runneth not to the contrary. From all time the destinies of the civilised world have seemed to turn about its blood-stained waters. Each Power that in its turn has dominated the main line of history has been a maritime power whose fortunes have climbed or fallen with its force upon the waters where the three continents meet. It was like the heart of the world, and even the barbarians in their wandering were always pressing to it from the ends of the earth, as though they knew that there lay the fountain of dominion. So, too, the mediæval Emperors in Germany felt themselves no emperors till they could set their feet upon its brink, and one after another they exhausted their resources in a half-unconscious effort to reach it. England, like the rest, so soon as she had fairly established her maritime power, heard its call, and the first use she made of her new strength was to assert herself in the old arena. And there, with scarcely a break, she has remained ever since, always at hand to prevent any Power re-establishing the domination she broke, and always alive to prevent any one of the riparian nations seeking to increase its preponderance over the rest. In the Cabinet of every great Power that fleet is the symbol of the British power —and more than the symbol. They may deride the feeble military strength of the island kingdom, but that weapon is always shining in their eyes and putting a limit to their horizon. They know it is a weight that would turn the scale for or against any conceivable combination, and in this way, if only it be rightly used and rightly treated, it remains, what it

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has so often been before, the great guarantee for European peace.

If, then, we see signs of neglect marring the moral effect of the cherished arm to which we owe so much, it is only right that an explanation should be demanded; and if that explanation is lightly given or lightly avoided we cannot but be stirred by a grave anxiety. Is it true, we ask ourselves, that the charge of excessive Imperialism, which is continually made against our present directors, contains this much of reality? Is it true that, as the arena of public affairs opens out more and more widely upon the oceans, that the frontiers are absorbing too much of their strength and their thought, and that the heart of it all is being forgotten? The great Powers are reaching out like ourselves, and we watch so intently that it seems sometimes as though the whole future depends on what is taking place at the limit of our vision. But this is not to see truly. The European system remains a vital thing still; the old forces that controlled it are unexhausted, and the old centres are the centres still. We would therefore gladly see some sign that the old traditions of our foreign policy, out of which the Empire grew, are not being forgotten. It may be, as we say, that the strain of distant calls has been for the moment so great as unavoidably to disturb the scientific distribution of the national forces; but still it is difficult to doubt that were the essential and persistent conditions of the naval art and of our foreign policy fully appreciated and engrained as they should be, like a second nature, upon the judgment of our statesmen, we should have at least one fleet that was a real fleet, and that that fleet would be in the Mediterranean. This at least the country has the right to demand, and when Ministers in heated answer bid its representatives to hold their peace, and cease to meddle, it is time that Ministers were brought to book.

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ON THE LINE

The Muses Gardin for Delights. (Daniel. Oxford. 10*s.* net.) Edited by William Barclay Squire.—It is quite incredible that the present edition of 130 copies should meet even a tenth part of the demand for this little book; for no one who possesses Mr. Bullen's collections of Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books can be satisfied to be without it. From Mr. Squire's concise and scholarly Introduction we learn that this volume of "Ayres, onely for the Lute, the Base-Vyoll, and the Voice," has been long lost; and though a copy was known to have been in existence in 1812 in the library of the Marquis of Stafford, it was not till some years after Mr. Bullen had published his anthologies that Mr. Squire was fortunate enough to rediscover it in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, by whose permission it is now given to the public in a form befitting its contents. We need not say more of Robert Jones, the composer of the music of these songs, than that we entirely agree with Mr. Squire in believing him not to have been the author of the words, which are plainly by several different hands, and unequal in merit. That the best of them are very good may easily be shown by quotation. No. iv. begins:

> The fountains smoake, and yet no flames they shewe,
> Stars shine all night, though undesern'd by day,
> And trees doe spring, yet are not seene to growe,
> And shadowes moove, although they seeme to stay,
> In Winter's woe is buried Summer's blisse,
> And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

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The last line is repeated as a refrain in each stanza; and the same device is used in No. viii.

> How many new yeares have grow'n old,
> Since first your servant old was new;
> How many long hours have I told,
> Since first my love was vow'd to you:
> And yet, alas, she doeth not know
> Whether her servant love or no!

Two of the pieces show humour, one of a tender, the other of a startling and realistic kind. The fantastic lover in No. xi. ends with self-scorn:

> Once in my eare did dangling hang
> A little turtle dove,
> Once, in a word, I was a foole,
> And then I was in love.

But he has remembrances less bitter:

> Once did I breathe another's breath,
> And in my mistris move.
> Once was I not mine owne at all,
> And then I was in love.

The revolted daughter in No. xv. is more frankly modern than any of her descendants:

> You see the mother loves the sonne,
> My father loves the maide,
> What? Would shee have me be a nun?
> I will not be delaide,
> I will not live thus idle still,
> My mother shall not have her will.
> My father speaketh like a man,
> I will be married, doe what she can.

In her latest book Madame de Longgarde has reached what is at present her high-water mark. **The Supreme Crime** (Methuen. 6*s.*) is not a novel with a problem or a purpose; it does not appear to have been written upon any definite principle of style or construction; it is not the work of a

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realist, an impressionist, or any other kind of 'ist: it is simply a story, and a very good one. The characters belong to a land totally unknown to us, and the rules of their life are as strange as their names; but they are so human, so much alive, that the reader is in a moment perfectly at home in Ruthenia, wandering familiarly among the lilac trees, the maize fields, the golden pumpkins and the orchard-cemeteries, bewitched by Wasylya's singing, carried away by the rush of young and foolish passion. Thence comes the tragedy, the fascinating drama, which, however remote in externals from the possibilities of our own life, is nevertheless so fundamentally true and so unerringly guided that it never for a moment seems improbable and never betrays its secret till the very end. The emotion of pity is seldom so deeply touched as it is here—not by any sound or suggestion of the words, for they are sometimes almost crude, always of the plainest, but by the simple force of the action, or the situation. Poor Zenobia—had she indeed been guilty of the supreme crime? Whether or not—poor Gregor—to him the truth must be death.

A very different story is **Forest Folk**, by James Prior. (Heinemann. 6*s.*) This, too, is a tale of country life among people with strongly marked character and strange ways of their own; but the forest is the forest of Sherwood, and the types to which the *dramatis personæ* belong are thoroughly English. From the artistic point of view the narrative is a little diffuse at times; the local colour is now and then laid on distractingly thick; there is a good deal of dialect (though it is always intelligible); and one incident, that of Tant's ghostly horn, is pressed nearly to the verge of farce; but Nell Rideout is a good heroine of the fine old Amazon race, and Arthur a courageous hero in more ways than one: their rustic relations are well drawn, with real humour and pathos, and there is a refreshing lack of the Upper Classes and their ways. The long courtship, which forms the backbone of the story, begins in a very original way, with a flogging in the dark—an

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unintentional Taming of the Shrew—and ends in an idyll equally original—a sunrise betrothal, followed by a farmhouse breakfast and a visit to "the little quee calf," which, that morning at least, was sphered, with the greyhound and the pigs, in the seventh heaven of the stable-yard.

A more finished, though not more convincing, study of English country life and manners may be found in Mr. Walter Raymond's **Good Souls of Cider-Land**. (Grant Richards. 6*s*.) There is no need to tell the innumerable friends of Tryphena that in cider-land they will find scenery names and dialect managed with a master hand. The two longer stories —"Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," and "Young Sam and Sabina," which practically make up the book—are both pleasing tales, but it is rather for their picture of country manners than for their plot that we enjoy them. They are full of a humour which, if less pungent, is, we believe, more natural than that of Mr. Hardy's rustics, and their pathos, though rare, is real and delicate. When Sophia Sherman heard at last of her good-for-nothing son's fate it was to be broken to her gradually.

"He wer a-tookt to Bristol. He knew the risk when he comed here: but he made me promise, if the worst should come, never to tell."

She sat as if dazed, looking into the fire. Then one eager gleam of questioning hope flashed across her face—

"An' they showed noo mercy?"

"Noo mercy!"

These Somerset and Dorset folk are another race from the hard Northerners of Sherwood; but they have their own points: they are nearer to civilisation in its best sense, more fitted for social life, mellower, infinitely more charitable and genial. The book leaves one with a kindly remembrance of old-world courtesy and dignity, the heritage of that West Country in which, as Mr. Havelock Ellis lately showed us, England has for centuries nursed the more gracious elements of her national genius.

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The Life and Letters of Gilbert White of Selborne. Written and edited by his great grand-nephew, Rashleigh Holt-White. (Murray. 2 vols. 32*s*.)—When the "Natural History of Selborne" was published in 1788, the then Warden of Merton prophesied concerning it with singular felicity: "Depend upon it, the time will come when very few who buy books will be without it." We are now at last put in possession, after the dignified interval of a century, of a supplement full of details which every lover of Selborne must have longed to know. For Gilbert White was never to be mistaken for an ornithologist and nothing more: he was not an isolated being who corresponded with other learned and curious minds, but, as we now more fully discover, a member of a large and pleasing family circle, very typical of one side of English eighteenth-century society. It is with real pleasure that we make the acquaintance of the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits adorn these volumes. Mary White (II. 96) seems to have stepped straight out of one of Miss Austen's stories. An immense interval separates her from her grandmother, Anne Holt (I. 16), whose picture is a masterpiece of lachrymose Caroline dignity. The position of the family, with one foot, as it were, in the farm-parlour, and one in the town drawing-room or the College Hall, is well illustrated by the faces of Henry White (II. 138) and his nephew Thomas (II. 16), the latter a handsome and refined young gentleman in ruffles, who lived on to 1841. It is pleasant to set off such country gentlemen as these against the squires and parsons of the Tom Jones period, with which their dates nearly coincided. A charming revelation of the social life of Selborne is given by a summer visitor, Miss Catharine Battie, in her "Little Journal of some of the Happiest days I have had in the happy Valley in the year 1763." On July 15

> Mr. Henry White breakfasted with us; all the morn was spent at the Harpsicord . . . the afternoon was spent in a most delightful manner with Correlli and Handel; at ten went to supper; at one in the morn the gentle-

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men and us changed caps and wigs; several minuets were danced. Dr. Stebbing danced a charming one.

Sunday 24 went to church twice; drank tea at Mr. Whites . . . the evening proved fine, we walk'd in his sweet fields.

Certainly this young lady and her sisters Anna and Philadelphia enjoyed life: they danced till three o'clock (with the Rev. Gilbert White for "Spectator"); they rode and came home "like drown'd rats"; they went "to the Hermitage to see it by Lamp-light it look'd sweetly indeed"; they masqueraded as shepherdesses, and had their "shaddows taken" till it was time to dine with "Corridon . . . upon a leg of mutton." At last on August 8,

the pleasing dream is o'er, and I must awake to-morrow and find myself in London. Adieu, happy Vale, enchanting Hermitage, much loved stump, beauteous Hanger, sweet Lythe: to all I bid adieu with grateful thanks. May the Woods flourish, may no mischievous Boy hurt the little Nest, may all the good inhabitants have as many happy days there as I have had.

The "little Nest" betrays the pupil of Gilbert White, who gently satirised, in "Kitty's Farewell to the Stump," her ecstatic use of adjectives, and in his lines "On Selborne Hanger," speaks again of

the scene that late with rapture rang,
Where Delphy danced and gentle Anna sang,
And on her stump reclined the musing Kitty sate.

The reviewer who could praise **Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature** (George Brandes. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.) as this book deserves to be praised, would have to be learned, wise, and patient as the great Danish critic himself. It may be doubtful whether, in youth, he failed as a poet: he has not that bee in his bonnet which buzzed in the ear of Sir Philip Sidney when he laughed at *The Winter's Tale*, and made Charles Lamb deaf to Sir Walter. Few will deny that he possesses every other qualification for the highest criticism. Humour is not prominent, but it is there; scholarship is not obtruded, but it is there; and the reader is charmed to catch

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the slight personal accent—never overdone—which gives to printed words the sound of a living voice. The present volume, "Emigrant Literature," is the first of a series of six, dealing with the period between 1800 and 1848, and, with the exception of the fine chapter on "Werther," and a few remarks on Germany and Denmark, it treats exclusively of France, from Chateaubriand to the death of Madame de Staël. France is indeed an admirable land for the collection of specimens; and such a collector every good critic is bound to be.

> France has long presented the contradiction of being a country with a feverish desire for change in all external arrangements, unable, once it determines to gratify this desire, to keep within the bounds of moderation, and of being at the same time remarkably stable in everything that regards literature —acknowledging authority, maintaining an academy, and placing rule and regularity above everything. Frenchmen had instituted a Republic and overturned Christianity before it occurred to them to dispute the authority of Boileau. Voltaire, who turns tradition upside down, and uses tragedy as a weapon against the very powers whose chief support it had been, namely, the autocracy and the Church, never ventures to allow his actions to last more than twenty-four hours, or to pass in two different places in the same play. He, who has little respect for anything in heaven or earth, respects the uniform caesura of the Alexandrine.

The sensation caused by "Atala" is welcome after this, although the moderns find it hard to recall the excitement caused by the first appearance of storks, alligators, and virgin forests.

"A parody published under the title of '*Ah! là! là!*' substituted for the long, gorgeous description of Mississippi scenery, an equally lengthy and detailed description of a potato patch—so strange did it seem at that day that an author should devote several pages to the description of natural scenery." Our eyes and ears are more accustomed to the potato patch than to the Mississippi, and Stevenson himself could not woo us back to the savages. A little of the savage goes a long way in literature, it would appear. He delighted Shakespeare, and Caliban was the result. After that, Europe rested from him for nearly two hundred years—for "Poccahontas" does not

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count. He came to life again with Chateaubriand, but he is once more dead as a door-nail; and unless another Shakespeare is born, or at the very least another Browning to write Caliban up to date, dead as a door-nail he may remain, for all we care. Sénancour, Constant, Nodier, follow René. They are described with an intimate knowledge, with a judicious and judicial sympathy that is a lantern in the dark to any one desiring to appreciate these men at their proper value. The first two were perhaps rated above it in their own day, and are rated below it in ours. Matthew Arnold tossed "Obermann" to that odd creature, the British public, and the British public, assisted by the author of "Treasure Island," tossed him back again. Of Constant we know little, and Nodier is not much to us except a name and a charming person in other people's memoirs. All three men are brought before us in these pages. From the moment that Madame de Staël's red turban lifts itself above the horizon, her vast figure crowds out every one else except Barante. We could have done with a little less about "Corinne"; but, on the whole, the space allotted to her is not disproportionate. She drew great nations into fellowship; and to have done that is to have made history. She had not the simplicity, which is as much as to say she had not the genius, of George Sand; she was brilliant rather than deep, and more effective than subtle; but she made the most of a life rich in most varied experience. She did not bow down at the shrine of militarism and worship Napoleon (perhaps her vanity saved her—in the first instance she was clearly willing to be his friend), and she formed a useful division of men into two classes, those who could be enthusiastic, and those who could not.

The knightly man whose picture by Sir Joshua graces **The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, 1st Marquess Townshend** (Colonel Townshend. Murray. 16*s.*), is, in one way, disappointing. He wears the appearance of a hero; he does not speak or act like one. The book is a

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thorough soldier's book from first to last, full of interest; considered as a Life, it lacks the great primary qualification—it is not alive. The battles are far more real than the men who fight in them; the reader sees how the thing was done, the doer remains obscure. Biographically, the portrait seems to reveal more than all the rest of the volume put together; one passage from the letters, and one alone, can be found to match it. This was written to a friend after the battle on the heights of Abraham.

> I am not ashamed to own to you that my heart does not exult in the midst of this success. I have lost but a friend in General Wolfe. Our country has lost a sure support and a perpetual honour. If the world were sensible at how dear a price we have purchased Quebec in his death, it would damp the general joy. Our best consolation is that Providence seemed not to promise that he should remain long among us. He was himself sensible of the weakness of his constitution, and determined to crowd into a few years actions that would have adorned length of life.

Even here pleasure is damped by the fact that Townshend, as appears from a letter to his wife, written a week before the battle, had no sincere admiration for his chief ("Gen. Wolfe's health is but very bad. His generalship, in my poor opinion, is not a bit better"); and by the coldly casual allusion to his fall in the letter to Pitt. If, as the author would fain have us believe, the credit of the original plan of attack belongs to Townshend and not to Wolfe, Townshend's apparent indifference may be explained. It is more easily accounted for on the supposition that he protested against this plan; but the two assertions are contradictory, and certain evidence is not forthcoming. Wolfe had found fault with Townshend about some fortifications, and they did not work well together. He had lost confidence in himself. His letter to the Secretary of State, four days before the battle ("despairing as much as heroes can despair," says Horace Walpole) spread gloom throughout England. Others besides Townshend had lost confidence in him.

> We are acting on the defensive [writes General Murray, after Wolfe's death].

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You have the execution of the plan, and I am persuaded you will manage it with as much tenderness to the memory of the poor General as the nature of things will admit of.

These are not the terms in which we are accustomed to think of the man who gave us Canada.

The private was "the private man" in those days, and carried a sword along with his bayonet and his musket; "centrys" kept the baggage; the strength of a battalion, "with the exception of the Foot Guards, was five hundred, though the complement of officers was generally as now"; the smart officer was "a young man of quality, extremely well disposed," and officer and sergeant both carried a pike, except in the Fusiliers. During the first attack on Fontenoy the British "actually reserved their fire till thirty paces from the French, although being fired into on all sides"—a thing almost inconceivable nowadays. "At the second attack, the infantry advanced with such spirit and at such a pace that the Duke of Cumberland and his staff had to canter to keep up with them." The celebrated answer of Count d'Anteroche to Lord Charles Hay's invitation to the French Guards to fire first, "Messieurs, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers; tirez vous mêmes," is, unfortunately for the interests of romance, explained by an ordinance of the end of the seventeenth century which forbade the French troops to begin. Fontenoy was "a glorious defeat for the British," yet the French lost about 6000 killed and 8000 wounded. The popularity of "the Butcher of Culloden" among his own men is well brought out, and there is a curious description of the bayonet-drill which he introduced to give them confidence against the wielders of the claymore, ordering them to deliver their point not against the adversary in front but to the right or left.

Townshend seems to have had all the virtues of the faultless. His motives were high. He was invariably correct. He refused to be paid for his services in Portugal, when the Government was in difficulty. He made a good Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It would be interesting to know more

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of his appointment—to learn the cause of his duel with Lord Bellamont, the circumstances of his second marriage, the reason for the omission of his eldest son's name in his will; but of course all this has nothing to do with his career as a soldier. His brother, Colonel Roger of the Buffs, "fell gallantly against the French at Ticonderoga."

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THE ALLEGED ECONOMIC DECAY OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN the course of the past few months there have appeared in the *Contemporary Review* certain articles in which the writer, who signs himself "The Author of 'Drifting,'" endeavours to prove that Great Britain is financially on the road to ruin; and that the professional statisticians who tell us that it is steadily growing richer, not only misstate, but actually invert the truth. He endeavours to demonstrate by a mass of figures and arguments that, instead of growing richer we are annually becoming poorer; and that our outward semblance of prosperity is nothing but an empty shell, which merely serves to blind us to the true condition of things. His conclusions have caused so much alarm and uneasiness amongst persons impressed by his figures and the confident tone of his reasoning, that it is desirable to consider carefully what they are really worth. That some of his observations are just, and many of his figures correct, may be admitted. I propose to show, however, that the facts and figures which he ignores, and apparently has no knowledge of, are quite as important as those on which he has fixed his attention; that when taken in connection with the latter the significance of them is entirely changed; and that his conclusions, as a whole, are as false and misleading as some of his data, taken in isolation, are true.

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On our author's mere or minor errors of detail I shall dwell as little as possible. The value of his main conclusions is what here really concerns us. These practically resolve themselves into the two following propositions. (1) The wealth and the income of this country, which we flatter ourselves are continually increasing, have really been decreasing for at least twenty-five years. (2) This decrease is such that we are yearly spending more than we earn; and the demonstrable meaning of this alarming fact is that, year by year, we are spending more and more of our capital. It is to a brief examination of these two propositions that I shall principally devote such space as is here available.

So far as our author endeavours to found his case on anything more solid than his own personal impressions, he mainly relies on the figures supplied him by the "Statistical Abstract," a blue-book, published annually, which contains a mass of information respecting our industries, agriculture, commerce, and economic position generally, and dealing year by year with the fifteen years preceding. Now, the author holds that though the economic decline of our country began at least as early as twenty-five years ago, the process has been most noticeable and rapid during the latter portion of that period. We will therefore confine our attention to the fifteen years which are dealt with in the "Statistical Abstract" published in 1900—the edition which it seems our author has himself used; and we will see how far the information contained in it bears out his conclusions.

Of this information the two most important parts are, firstly, the tables which deal with the amounts assessed to income tax; and, secondly, those which deal with the value of our exports and our imports. The author appeals to the former when maintaining that our national wealth is declining, and to the latter when maintaining more particularly that, as a nation, we are living on our capital. We will take in order these two contentions and the parts of the "Statistical Abstract" by means of which he endeavours to support them.

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It will be clear, he says, from ordinary observation, "to most men endowed with common sense, that the sources of our national wealth are rapidly drying up. But," he goes on, "politicians and economic scientists" still maintain, in spite of this, "that we are getting richer *somehow*, as is proved by the rise of the income from property assessed to income tax." And so far as the official statistics, when we come first to consider them, can give us any information, he admits that they are fatal to his position; for, whereas the amount of this income, stated in round numbers, was £630,000,000 in 1885, in 1899 it was more than £750,000,000. He contends, however, that these figures, though correct in a certain sense, do not, when examined properly, bear the meaning which they seem to bear. We must not, he urges, content ourselves with considering the growing total; we must scrutinise the various items of which it is made up; and if we do this, he says, it will very soon be apparent, that what seems a remarkable increase is really a disastrous diminution.

Now, in one respect our author is perfectly right. The gross totals of the amounts assessed to income tax do not, taken by themselves, convey a correct impression of the way in which that amount, if considered from a national standpoint, has grown. We must consider the items separately, and eliminate some of them from our estimates; and this the "Statistical Abstract" affords us the means of doing; for it not only gives us the totals, but it gives us also an analysis of them. We will, therefore, go over the detailed account, examine our author's comments on it, and see what they really come to.

The chief sources from which the total of the estimated income is derived are classified in the Abstract as follows, but I give them in a more lucid order than that which is there adopted:

(1) The rent of agricultural land.
(2) The farmer's profit from agriculture.
(3) The rent of houses.

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(4) The income from professions, and industrial and commercial enterprises other than public companies.

(5) The income of public companies other than railways.

(6) The income of the employés of such companies and corporate bodies.

(7) The income from the railways of the United Kingdom.

(8) The interest on municipal stock paid out of rates.

(9) The income from annuities paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom.

(10) The income of officials paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom.

To these incomes, which have their origin in the United Kingdom, must be added the following, which have their origin elsewhere:

(11) Incomes from securities and businesses other than railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(12) Incomes from guaranteed railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(13) Incomes from other railways, out of the United Kingdom.

(14) Annuities paid to persons in the United Kingdom out of the public revenue of India.

Such are the chief items which made up a total of £680,000,000 in 1889, and of £750,000,000 in 1889; and our author's arguments that the increase which appears in some of them shows no increase in the real wealth of the nation, are, as applied to some of them, altogether correct. Thus, item 10 —the income of officials paid out of the public revenues of the United Kingdom, which increased by £4,000,000 during the period now in question, does not show that there was any corresponding increase in our wealth. It merely shows that we have come to spend more on our Government, as we should if we dressed up every beggar as a Government clerk, and gave him £200 a year, from some new fund raised by taxation. In that case there would be a growth in the income assessed to

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income tax, but there would be no growth whatever in the income of the nation as a whole.

The argument of our author thus far is correct; but even here he makes a mistake in his application of it. If it applies to item 10—the salaries paid by the Government—it applies with equal force to items 9 and 8, which he altogether ignores —the annuities paid by the Government, and the interest paid out of the rates. These, instead of increasing by four millions, have decreased by five; therefore the public outgoings have decreased by one million—a result the precise opposite to that at which he himself arrives. This, however, is a minor point. I need not pause to insist on it. The point which requires to be noticed is of a very much graver character. It is not that he fails to apply his principle to all the items to which it is really applicable, but that he applies it to others to which it is not really applicable at all. These are items 6, 7, and 3—the salaries earned by the employés of corporate bodies, the income earned by the railways, and the rent of houses. All these, he says, stand on the same footing as incomes and interest paid out of the public revenue; and any growth in them which our statistics show should be struck out of our calculations. It represents no real growth in our wealth, but merely a transfer of money from one set of pockets to another. Thus, he says, from the apparent excess of the income of 1899 over the income of 1885, which amounts to more than £120,000,000, we must, in respect of salaries, railways, and house-rent, strike off a total of £72,000,000, this apparent increment being altogether imaginary. The ignorance or carelessness displayed in this manner of reasoning requires particular notice, for at least one half of our author's case rests on it.

From our estimates of the real wealth and the real income of the nation we strike out the salaries paid to its employés by the State, for the reason that the State is not a productive body. Its salaries are not paid as the equivalent of economically productive work, or of the use of economic products. But this is precisely what the salaries paid by the public

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companies are; what the profits of the railways are; and what the sums are, paid as house-rent. The employés of the companies who pay income-tax contribute to the productive process just as much as do the ordinary wage-paid workers; and the sums they receive are proportionate to the value of their productive efforts. The increase of their income is an evidence of increased production. Precisely the same argument applies to the railways also. If the increase in the profits of the railways be no real increase in our wealth, but merely, as our author says, a transfer from one set of pockets to another, the same thing must be true not only with regard to this increase. It must be equally true of the profits of the railways as a whole. The railways not only do not add an increasing amount to our wealth; but they add to it nothing at all, and might just as well not exist. Even our author himself would admit that this doctrine was absurd. Railways fulfil four purposes. They carry persons who travel for pleasure; they carry persons who travel on business; they carry raw material to the manufacturer; they carry the manufactured product to the retail dealer and the consumer. The luxury of travel with which railways supply the public, is as much a constituent of wealth as the luxury of silk dresses. The conveyance of persons on business is essential to the productive process; whilst the conveyance of material to the manufacturer, and of finished goods to the consumer, are actually integral parts of it. There is no economic difference between the bringing of material two hundred miles by rail to the factory and the tossing it two yards by some mechanical appliance, from one part of the manufacturing machinery to the other; whilst, until the finished goods are brought within reach of the consumer, they have no economic value, and are not wealth at all. Our author himself seems occasionally to be aware of this; he therefore seeks to justify his elimination of the increased earnings of the railways by contending that, though a part of these earnings is a genuine contribution to our wealth, the increase that has taken place in them during the period we are

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now dealing with is due almost wholly to an extortionate increase of charges, instead of to any increase in the extent of the services rendered. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent this contention being true. The question is, *is* it true? Our author has persuaded himself that it is so, by confining his attention to the fact that the profits of the railways have increased much more than their mileage. It has never occurred to him to ask whether they have increased more than the traffic. Had he considered this, which is obviously the point of prime importance, he would have seen that between the years 1885 and 1899, though the railway mileage has certainly increased but little, the number of passengers carried annually has increased 58 per cent. and the tonnage of goods 60 per cent.; whilst, as to the profits, they have increased only 28 per cent., and their proportion to the working expenses has not increased, but has decreased. Such is the justification in fact for the author's absurd statement that the increased earnings of the railways represent not increased services rendered, but merely an increasing robbery of one class by another.

The same kind of absurdity is repeated by him with regard to house-rent. The increase in the rent of houses is, he says, mainly due to an increase in competition for house-room, caused by the growth of the population, instead of any increase in the quantity of the house-room itself. Now, of certain congested districts this statement may be true. It is true, too, that, taking the population as a whole, the house-rent per head has increased about 10 per cent.; but the larger part of this increment, which our author desires to eliminate, is due to two facts of which he seems to have no suspicion. One is that the quality of the house-room has been very greatly improved; the other is that the actual number of houses, which he seems to think almost stationary, has increased faster than the population. No fewer than eight hundred and seventy-five thousand were built between 1881 and 1894. Even the author of "Drifting" is not prepared to deny that an increase in house-room is a real increase in wealth; and that, house for

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house, houses that are built well are of higher value than houses that are built ill.

But the most important items in the incomes assessed to income tax still remain to be considered; and with regard to them his blunders are yet more wild and ridiculous. The items referred to are those numbered 4 and 5 in our analysis —the incomes from professions and trades other than public companies, and the incomes of public companies. The former, he admits, show a genuine increase; but this increase, he says, is only in exact proportion to the population; so in this respect our wealth is not more than stationary. The sole item in which any real increase of wealth-production is apparent is, he says, the income of the public companies, which was, in the year 1899, £77,000,000 more than it was in 1885. But this increase, he proceeds, is apparent only. He explains it in the following way: Year by year, he says, to an ever-increasing extent, public companies are absorbing private businesses, and income tax is collected from companies with far more success and strictness than it can be from private firms, by which last it is to a great extent systematically and successfully evaded. Accordingly, the growth in the assessed income of the companies does not mean that there has been a growth in the income of the nation as a whole, but merely that parts of it are assessed which escaped assessment formerly. Thus, he says, the tobacco business of Salmon and Gluckstein and the provision business of the Lipton company have between them absorbed the businesses of 1400 private traders; and this he declares to be an example of what is going on everywhere.

To the careless reader this argument may seem plausible; but the very figures which our author himself quotes refute it. Were it true that the companies grew by the absorbing of private enterprises, the income of the latter would fall, as that of the former rises. But, as our author himself admits, this is not the case. The income of private enterprises is so far from falling that it continues to increase at least as fast as the population. The increased income of the companies is therefore a

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genuine addition to this, instead of being, as our author contends, a covert abstraction from it. His error with regard to this, the principal item in the income, is no less complete than his error with regard to the others. Indeed, his whole endeavour to prove that the income assessed to income tax is really diminishing, while it seems to be continually growing, is a blunder from beginning to end, with no better foundation than a series of self-deceptions.

And now let us turn to the second of his two main propositions—the proposition that the increasing expenditure of the people of this country, instead of being supplied by any increasing income, is supplied really by increasing drafts upon capital. This second proposition, though closely associated with the first, is advanced by our author on the strength of totally distinct evidence—on the evidence, not of any statistics with regard to our assessed income, but of those which exhibit the relations between our exports and imports. It requires, therefore, to be treated separately.

The broad fact on which our author bases his conclusion is the fact that the value of the goods imported by us is annually very much greater than the value of the goods exported. The question is, how is this excess paid for? It can, he says, be paid for in three ways only—by income which comes to us from investments in other countries; by services which we render to other nations with our shipping; or, thirdly, and lastly, by parting with our capital to foreigners. Now, the amount of the excess is, he says, so enormous—in 1898 it was £260,000,000—that it obviously cannot be paid for by income from our foreign investments; for these, though once very great, are now rapidly disappearing. Of our shipping, having once alluded to it, he makes no further mention; and accordingly he concludes that the excess is being paid for by a sacrifice of our capital.

A critic in the *Contemporary Review* lost no time in pointing out to him that in calculating the amount of the excess he had made an arithmetical error of £100,000,000. On this,

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however, we need not insist. The sum which requires to be accounted for being reduced to its true amount, he is guilty of other errors, compared with which this slip is a trifle. The first of them relates to our foreign investments, with which, he says, we have been parting of late so rapidly that only a small fraction remains of what once was ours.

This statement, according to his own admission, represents nothing more than his own general impression. "It is obviously impossible," he says, "to give any figures with regard to the matter, because they do not fall under the observation of the statistician." How little the author understands the figures with which he has himself dealt, is shown by the fact that he has amongst these very figures included some which refer to this very matter. They are taken by him from the "Statistical Abstract"; but he has evidently copied them out without in the least understanding them. They are figures referring to certain of our foreign investments; and they show that between the years 1884 and 1899 these investments, instead of diminishing, had increased 600 per cent. The investments in question are classified under the heading of "Railways out of the United Kingdom," and are given in Table XVI. Our author having copied them out never makes the least allusion to them; but what is still more remarkable is that there is a series of other figures relating to the extent of our foreign investments also, and these he has either wilfully or inadvertently overlooked or suppressed altogether. Our interests in foreign railways are entered under two headings; one being that just mentioned, namely, "Railways out of the United Kingdom"; the other being "Guaranteed Railways" in India and elsewhere abroad. The former, which in 1899 amounted to about £14,000,000, as has just been said, he does notice in passing; but the latter, which amounted to £23,000,000, he does not notice at all. Similarly he passes over two other items —those numbered in our Analysis 11 and 14. He passes over the annuities paid to persons in the United Kingdom out of the public revenue of India, which amount to more than three

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and a half millions; and what is hardly believable, he actually passes over all our foreign investments other than railways, the amount of which is nearly nineteen and a half millions. That is to say, we have statistics, in the very book consulted by our author, which reveal to us the possession of an income from foreign sources amounting to £60,000,000, of which in his figures he mentions only a fraction, and as to which he says in his argument that we have no figures at all.

Here then, of that excess of imports over exports, which our author stated to be £260,000,000, and which is in reality about £170,000,000, we have £60,000,000 accounted for by these official statistics, which, according to him, tell us nothing about the question whatsoever; and we now come to another point which has escaped him even more completely. From the declared value of imports there is always a deduction to be made in respect of such charges as freight, commission, and insurance, which amounts to something between 6 and 7 per cent. of the total. From the total of our imports in the year to which our author specially refers, we have in this way to make a deduction amounting in round numbers to £30,000,000. Of the £170,000,000, then, for which we have to account, these two items together will account for £90,000,000; thus reducing the amount about which there is any mystery to £80,000,000. It remains for us to ask what is the explanation of that.

It is impossible to answer this question either precisely or completely; but there are two sources of income, mentioned by our author himself, which will help us towards the explanation we require. Though our author is absurdly wrong in saying that we have no statistics with regard to our foreign investments, he would be right had he contented himself with saying that we have large foreign interests, in addition to those which the official figures record. Thus, in the year 1885 our income from foreign investments, as given in the "Statistical Abstract," amounted to about £34,000,000; but Sir Robert Giffen com-

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puted that it was actually £79,000,000. Now we see that, in direct contradiction to everything our author asserts, our foreign income, as shown in the "Statistical Abstract," instead of showing any signs of decreasing, has, during the course of the period we are dealing with, increased in the ratio of 84 to 60. If the total foreign income has increased in the same way, it will by this time amount to something over £130,000,000, or £70,000,000 more than the sum which the "Statistical Abstract" gives.[1] On this hypothesis, the excess of our imports over our exports which yet remain to be accounted for will be reduced from £80,000,000 to £10,000,000; and a sufficient explanation of this remainder would be found in the sums spent annually in Great Britain by the "rich Americans and Colonials," mentioned by our author, who, in increasing numbers, take houses in London, or who crowd our hotels as tourists, both in London and elsewhere. This explanation of the case is, of course, merely conjectural; but the facts on which it is founded show in a general way that there is no reason whatever for resorting to the hypothesis of our author, that we are paying the balance of our imports by getting rid of our capital; that our payment of this balance is easily explicable otherwise; and that his argument, so far as official statistics are concerned, is not only not supported by evidence, but is directly contradicted by it.

Its worthlessness, however, is not shown only by the facts and figures relating to this country. The assumption with which our author starts, that an excess of imports over exports is *primâ facie* evidence that a nation is living on its capital, is conclusively negatived by another series of facts, of which he is wholly ignorant, or to which he has paid no attention. These are facts relating to other continental countries, whose growing prosperity he contrasts with our own decline. He will find that the phenomenon which in our case he regards as a sign of ruin, manifests itself in the case of these other countries also,

[1] See Mulhall's Summary of Dr. Giffen's Table for 1885, "Dictionary of Statistics," p. 590.

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in almost exact proportion to the increase in their wealth which he celebrates. In 1860, whilst the imports of the United Kingdom exceeded the exports by 27 per cent., the imports and exports in both France and Germany very nearly balanced each other. In 1897 the imports of France exceeded the exports by 25 per cent; and those of Germany exceeded the exports by 34 per cent. In 1860 the exports of Belgium were 5 per cent. more than imports. In 1894 the imports were 21 per cent. more than the exports. In 1860 the imports of Holland were 25 per cent. more than the exports. This excess in 1894 had risen to 33 per cent. In Denmark, in 1870, the excess of imports over exports was 25 per cent.; in 1880 it was 26 per cent.; in 1888 it was 50 per cent. And yet these are countries which, according to the author of "Drifting," are rising into opulence, whilst we are sinking to ruin; which are increasing their own capital, whilst we are squandering ours. If an excess of imports over exports accompanies their economic growth, how, in the case of the United Kingdom alone, can this same phenomenon be a proof of economic decline? The question answers itself. If we want to show at a glance the futility of our author's whole position, we need merely consider the evidence to which he himself appeals.

There is, indeed, with regard to his two main propositions —the proposition that our income is declining, and the proposition that we are living on our capital, hardly a fact or figure noticed by him which he has not completely misunderstood, whilst half the facts and figures he has not noticed at all. Of the minor errors with which each of his articles is strewn, and some of which are no doubt accidental, I have foreborne to speak; but there are certain of his utterances to which attention may be profitably called, in order to show how little real knowledge or judgment lies at the back of the arguments by which so many of his readers have been alarmed.

Let us hear, in the first place, what he has to say of statistics: "It has often been said," he writes in his third article, "that anything can be proved by statistics. But this

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is not true. Only one thing can be proved by the fair use of statistics—the truth. Statistics are like book-keeping." At the end of the same article we find him writing thus: "I should like to warn the reader not to attach an undue value to figures on paper, called statistics. Exact statistics do not exist. If the reader wishes to investigate whether Great Britain is economically prospering or decaying, let him ask a large number of traders and manufacturers, &c., how their trade is going." In another place, having asserted that the working classes in Germany are incomparably better off than the working classes in England, he tells us that the evidence for this important assertion is based on the impression which everybody will derive from a "trip" in Germany. We may remind him that the Social Democrats, who have used the same impressionist methods, have reached equally false and entirely opposite conclusions, and maintain that the misery of the German working classes is growing deeper every year. What can we think of the competence of a writer on economic history who in one place tells us that statistics are like book-keeping, and if properly studied can give us only the truth, and in another place tells us that statistics can do nothing whatever for us, except to illustrate the conclusions which we arrive at by gossip and by "trips"? The value of his conclusions from "trip" may be illustrated yet further, by what he tells us about the English railways. Of all his arguments the one which has most weight in it is that in which he insists on the injury to certain British industries by the reduced charges for freight which the railway companies accord to foreigners. This is a point which is really worth insisting on; but he obscures this, and discredits it, by mixing it up with nonsensical assertions, such as these: that English railways are the worst in the whole of Europe; that the trains are the slowest and the most unpunctual, and the entire traffic the most inefficiently managed; that the carriages are toy carriages, the trucks toy trucks, and that both are drawn by nothing but antiquated toy locomotives. The argument from "trip" in

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our own country and on the Continent, can, in this case, at all events, lead us to a correct judgment, and will show us that our author's statements about this particular question are much on the same level as the railing of an angry school-boy. His general conclusions, as they stand, have no higher value.

W. H. Mallock.

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THE NAVY AT SCHOOL

THE mimic war of 1901 has come to an end and its aftermath of criticism is upon us in the press. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that there should be this awakened maritime interest in our democracy. To mark the change one has to remember that, in the last century, the decay of the navy synchronised with the supremacy of the reformed Parliament. This habit of criticism and discussion in the press has stimulated naval thought not a little, and has led to progressive changes which might not otherwise have occurred. The more discussion and criticism we can have the better it will be for the navy. Only the most reactionary naval officer would suggest that even errors do harm, for, as Bacon long ago taught us, erroneous opinions are of main service in leading to the formation of true ones. For the same reason that religion merges into indifferentism when no longer straightly challenged, naval thought becomes apathetic and loses grasp of strategical and tactical principles, unless, from time to time, some free lance unburdens his soul about Gibraltar or some "sea-galloper" has Mediterranean madness following on a diet of "Fanny Adams" at the seamen's mess-table. The times of greatest progress in any country or profession are those when there are the greatest differences of opinion dividing two important sections. There has been no period in the history of our steam navy in which differences of opinion have been more clearly marked than in the present day. Naval thought

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is no longer the flabby affair it was in the days when Lord Salisbury declared that naval experts would be found to support almost any opinion. The officers are divided to-day into two camps, as they were over a century ago under Howe and St. Vincent. We may roughly describe these parties, then and now, as the tactical and historical schools. On the one side we find the tactical school subordinating most considerations to the peace efficiency of the ships. On the other hand, the historical school does not always recognise the influence of invention in modifying the practical application of a theory deduced from history. Thus, a century ago Howe, of the tactical school, placed the fleet close to the dockyard, where it could be as well equipped and manned as possible. His scheme was more plausible and popular than St. Vincent's, which kept the fleet struggling with the adverse surroundings of the enemy's coasts. Yet Howe failed even to intercept the French expedition invading Ireland, while St. Vincent wore Napoleon's victorious armies down with a blockade against which they were powerless.

It is curious to note that once again the question of blockade sharply divides the navy. The tactical school advocates watching the enemy while the main body of the fleet occupies a position at sea, a base, or a line formed of a series of rendezvous or points of assembly. In proportion as the torpedo-boat gains in tactical efficiency, this school is inclined to withdraw the fleet from the radius of action of the torpedo-boat during the hours of darkness. Under these circumstances the chances of bringing the enemy to action might be as remote as under Howe's plan, while the persistence with which we have looked solely to tactical efficiency has resulted in a policy of large dimensions for cruisers, and consequently in a reduction of numbers available for scouting duties. On the other hand, the historical school maintains it to be a necessity of our maritime position to keep such touch with an enemy as ensures a battle after he proceeds to sea. The only acceptable alternative to blockade must be one giving a higher probability of

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effecting a decisive conflict. If by the maintenance of a strict watch and the judicious use of a secret wireless telegraphy, the battle can be brought about in another way to blockade, the historical school will be the first to welcome the change, for there can be no doubt that blockade is only accepted as an evil necessity. It is evil, because it sins against one of the first principles of war, involving as it does a continual dispersion of force through ships going backwards and forwards to a base to refit or to replenish with coal and stores. Nelson disliked this splitting up of force, with the uncertainty about rejoining that was characteristic of warfare in sailing ships. So he took the whole of his fleet to Maddalena from Toulon, and it was during his absence that Villeneuve obtained a long start in the historic chase to the West Indies and back. Risks there have always been in the wearisome work of waiting for an enemy resting in the security of a fortified arsenal. Some of these, like the lee shore, have passed away with the advent of steam. New risks such as the torpedo-boat have led to the development of destroyers, quick-firing guns, and torpedo nets. My own view of the matter is that we are losing sight of the offensive policy taught by every page in the history of naval war. I believe that, with a proper organisation of such modern developments as the ability to mount long-range ordnance on merchant steamers; and a use of the knowledge of the increased range of the torpedo, and of methods of blocking bottle-necked harbours like Bizerta; we could seriously threaten the position of any fleet refusing to come out and give battle. I do not propose to develop these ideas in this article. They are old ones, forming part of a paper prepared in 1898 at the invitation of the Council of the Royal United Service Institution. The paper never saw the light, as it was suppressed by the Board of Admiralty of 1894. I merely mention the general idea as examples of a habit of thought tending to vigorous warfare, while the tactical school is so largely busying itself about safeguards and evasions, with a good deal of nursing thrown in. One admiral wants a fortified Alexandria, another wants thirty

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auxiliary vessels for a single fleet in peace time, and a third, on the principle that docks at Gibraltar are better than no docks at all, proposes that the country, which is now spending at the rate of three battleships a fortnight in South Africa, should pay the price of fifteen battleships for the luxury of an eastern harbour at Gibraltar. The supremacy of the tactical school in the navy is fraught with danger to the country, and the historical school must do its fighting during peace to prevent disaster in war. The tactical school has a firm footing in every ship under the white ensign. The work of the navy in peace is wholly tactical. Its opponents are scattered, and hence they are fighting to strengthen their position by the establishment of a War College at Greenwich. On this question as a *cheval de bataille* the two schools are coming to close quarters. The tactical school, like Lord Goschen as advised by Sir F. Richards, maintains that the proper place to learn tactics and strategy is the fleet. The historical school believes a War College to be one of the necessities of our position, for the purpose of investigating naval warfare in all its branches, using the comparative method of studying history to shed light on to its darkest places. This study they regard as the necessary preliminary of the annual tactical exercises afloat, where we should try how far we can increase the strain on the fleet in the application of principles we have threshed out in the War College.

The naval manœuvres which have just ended may be regarded as a triumph for the the theories of the historical school. If there is one principle in war that will endure to the end of time, it is that all movements should have for their object to bring the largest concentrated force to bear on a portion of the enemy's fleet. It follows from this that dispersion of force is justified if it can induce such a splitting up of the enemy's fleet as to enable the separate parts to be defeated in detail. This principle of concentration appears in tactics as well as strategy, and in land as well as sea warfare. It is not so clearly seen in the slow movements of armies, since

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on shore we are not dealing with a *tabula rasa* like the sea, and accidents of ground play a conspicuous part. Even on shore it is noticeable, to take a recent example, that the occupation of Mafeking was a useless proceeding unless it multiplied the dispersion of the Boer forces. This happened to be the case. In the naval manœuvres Sir Gerard Noel was given the task of safeguarding the trade of England. A member of the historical school would make the obvious comment on the scheme of naval manœuvres that the only adequate defence of the trade is that furnished by a navy capable of blockading the enemy's fleets and providing squadrons of cruisers actively to threaten roving commerce destroyers. It is obvious that whoever is the naval officer responsible for the scheme of the recent manœuvres he is not a member of the historical school, for he confided the task to a fleet of slow battleships inferior in every respect except numbers to the battleships of the enemy, and having but a slight superiority of cruisers. The task was therefore an impossible one. Under similar circumstances the Dutch laid up their fishing fleet and commerce altogether. By doing so they derived greater unity of aim for the winning of the command of the sea. Admiral Noel's sole hope of victory lay in rapidly striking a blow with a concentrated force. Of his twenty cruisers he placed ten in the vicinity of the Scilly Islands, and whether by the accident of fog or design, these were split up into two groups of eight and two respectively on the first day of the war. The Scilly Islands lay at the junction of the trade routes, and as these islands were handed over to Admiral Wilson as his impregnable arsenal, they were plainly indicated as his principal base in the operations against commerce. He therefore effected at the outset, unknown to his enemy, a concentration of twelve cruisers, which managed to fall on the two groups of Admiral Noel's fleet, so that in the one case there was an overwhelming superiority and in the other a force of twelve against eight.

In the meantime the battle squadrons were drawing near, and the best course for the English fleet for the defence of

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trade was obviously to seek out the main body of the enemy and to remain in concentrated force until that enemy had been brought to action. A delay had to ensue owing to the defective coal endurance of the English squadron, which in this respect resembles existing French and Russian fleets. The torpedo menace appears to have induced Admiral Noel to divert a portion of his force to blockade Alderney. It does not appear to have entered into the calculation that a blockade which can be immediately relieved is no blockade at all. The mere threat of a relief ought to result in raising the blockade unless the probabilities of counter relief are all in favour of the blockaders. Such counter relief involved basing the movements of the fleet on the small force of blockaders or keeping in such active touch with the enemy's main body that they could not proceed to the relief of Alderney without Admiral Noel's fleet appearing about the same time. As neither course was taken we may legitimately assume that:

(1) The threat of the torpedo craft at Alderney against the battleships was considered so great as to justify detaching a body of cruisers, gunboats, and destroyers to blockade them.

(2) The safety of these blockaders was hazarded, in the confident belief that Admiral Wilson would not think it worth while to proceed to the relief of Alderney in such force as to envelop the blockaders and prevent their making good their escape.

We now know that the information received by Sir Gerard Noel of our movements was of the scantiest. On the other hand, the blockaders at Alderney, by adopting that crude form of blockade which shows its strength in full view, enabled the signal stations to inform Admiral Wilson by telegraph of their position, strength, and movements. Proceeding to sea in the evening with the whole of his force of battleships and cruisers, Admiral Wilson was within striking distance of his unsuspecting prey by the morning. Placing his two divisions of battleships three miles apart, and on each flank a division of

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cruisers three miles farther off, and allowing only a mile and a half as certain effective fire, his front completely covered twelve miles. The result was that on being sighted by the enemy lying close into the coast, they found themselves nearly completely hemmed in by Admiral Wilson's fleet and the land, and they fled under fire through the Swinge Channel in front as the only loophole of escape. In this they were foiled by one division of cruisers under the *Diadem* proceeding to the eastward of Alderney to head them off from the French coast, and the other division of cruisers, under the *Niobe*, proceeding to the westward, followed by the battleships, round the Casquets to meet them on the other side. In addition, they were harassed in rear by the lately blockaded torpedo flotilla. The result was the capture of the whole of the blockading force. The disquieting feature of the situation is the thought that it was the menace of the torpedo craft that induced Admiral Noel to blockade Alderney in such force. There is no getting over the fact that the opinion of many officers who have served, like Admiral Noel, on the Mediteranean station, is that the menace of the torpedo craft is a very real and terrible one, forcing the battleship to take all manner of precautions for her safety. Not only do we find this to be the case, but, as we have seen earlier in this article, it is almost assumed without question that the torpedo has made blockade impossible. How otherwise are we to interpret the fact that though three distinguished admirals—two of whom subsequently became First Sea Lord of the Admiralty—took the trouble to lay down the requisite scale of superiority required by Great Britain for purposes of blockade, that scale has never been tried? If the authorities are wise they will put the scale to the test next year and bring the much vaunted submarine boats to the help of the blockaded fleet. We shall then have something to work upon beyond mere conjecture, and by that time, let us hope, wireless telegraph instruments can be tuned to different and secret wave lengths. In the recent manœuvres the X Fleet took in many of the messages of the B Fleet, and discovering their absurdly

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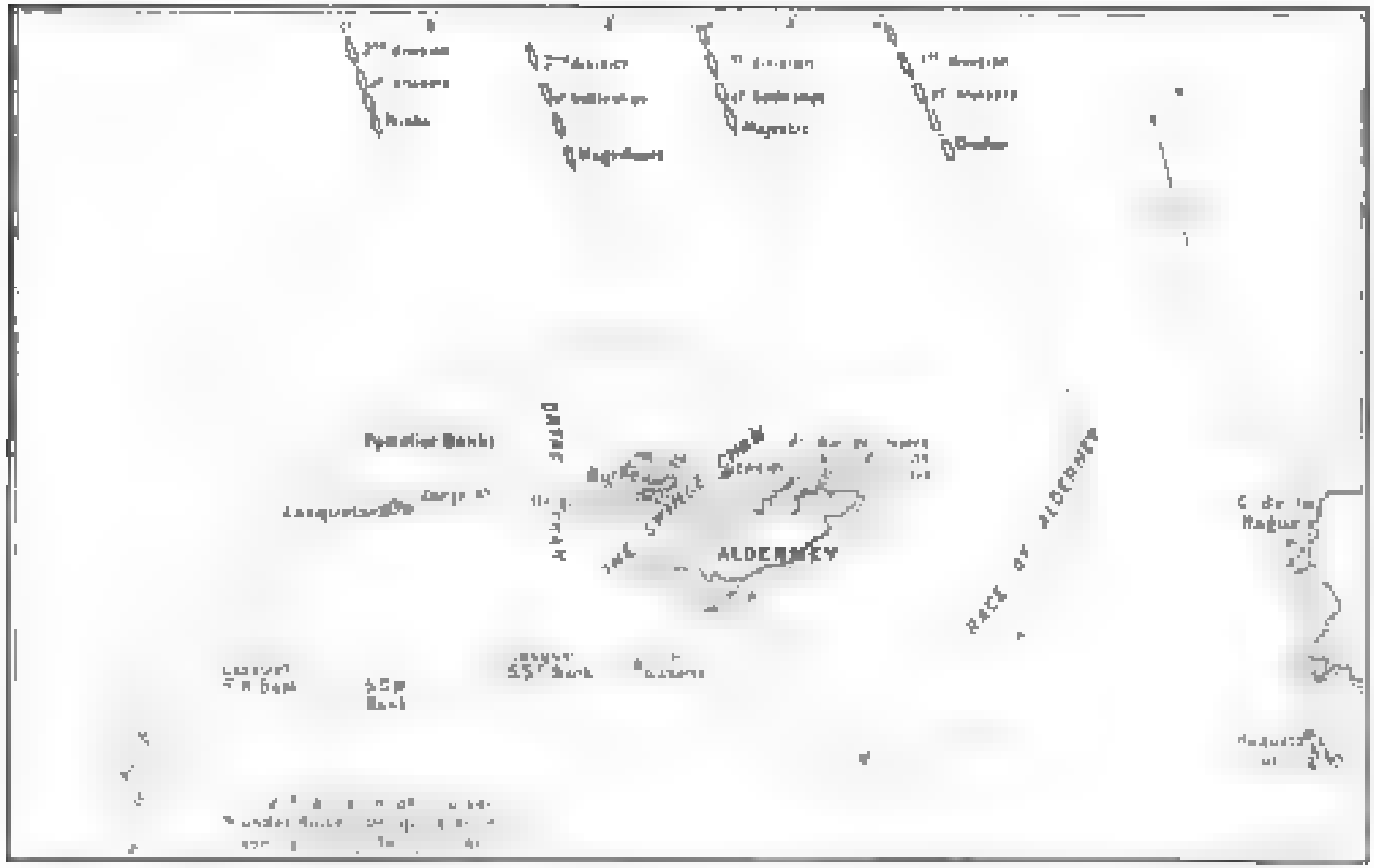
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easy cipher—it consisted merely of the addition of two letters to the ordinary signalling letters—were able to lay their plans accordingly, and even to send false messages.

The *Niobe* discovered the enemy's challenge and answer for a certain day, and was so enabled to pass two hostile cruisers. It is easy enough to do so as long as cumbrous flag signals are employed in view of an enemy with good telescopes on board, or flashing lights are used that can be seen for ten or more miles. A secret and reliable system of wireless telegraphy will surmount all these difficulties.

History tells us pretty plainly that where the death-dealing results of a weapon are very terrible an altogether disproportionate value is attached to its use, and but little regard is paid to those limitations which prevent it from being used. It was so in the past with the fireship. It has been so in our own day with the ram, the torpedo-boat, the Brennan torpedo, lyddite, and the dynamite gun. The last absurdity, if possible, made the strongest appeal to the small intellect of the professional alarmist. So much fuss was made over the destroyer, which is so limited as to be coaling every two days, that even the late Admiral Colomb was induced to prophesy in a series of articles that the battleship was doomed. Either this view is right or the British admirals in manœuvres are sometimes guilty of actions to which a strong term might be erroneously applied in actual war. In any case, nothing could be worse for the *morale* of the fleet than the knowledge that the admiral fears to face his work because of the torpedo craft. It is time that we should have something to go upon as to the real menace of the destroyer against the fleet. At present we only know that it can fire a torpedo at an extreme range of 2000 yards, and that many things, such as errors of judgment, helm, and an unstable platform, interfere with the accuracy of an aim which will have to be made under a severe fire. No one in the world has witnessed more naval manœuvres than the *Times* special correspondent who was with B Fleet in the recent manœuvres. I am glad, therefore, to find we are in

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complete agreement on this question. In the *Times* of August 10 he says:

> Destroyers have now been employed in manœuvres on one side or the other for several years past. So far as I can recollect, no destroyer has ever yet succeeded in torpedoing a battleship, or has ever even claimed to have done so. Certainly I can recall no instance in which the claim of a destroyer to have put a battleship out of action has been allowed by the umpires. Yet whenever destroyers have been employed in manœuvres they have very largely affected the dispositions, both strategic and tactical, of the side opposed to them. Obviously an admiral who kept his fleet at night within short striking distance of a known lair of destroyers would do a very foolish thing. But it does not follow that he does a very wise one if he takes his fleet off into space at nightfall, with little or no regard for the strategic requirements and opportunities of the moment, lest perchance a stray destroyer or two should find their way unawares amongst his ships. Yet this is so constantly done that it almost seems to be regarded as the only right and proper thing to do.

This is the opinion of an impartial observer. We have yet to know why the destroyer has caused us to depart from the policy laid down by the three admirals in the Report of 1889 which I have previously referred to, viz:

> The Channel fleet (so-called) should, supposing the enemy to be a great maritime Power, be of sufficient force to blockade the fleets of such Power in their ports, or to bring them to an immediate action should they put to sea; and that there should always be an effective reserve squadron sufficient to hold the Channel and protect the coasts and commerce of the United Kingdom. . . . Under the altered conditions which steam and the development of attack by locomotive torpedoes have introduced into naval warfare, it will not be found practicable to maintain an effective blockade of an enemy's squadrons in strongly fortified ports, by keeping the main body of the fleet off the port to be blockaded without the blockading battleships being in the proportion of at least five to three, to allow a sufficient margin for casualties—to which the enemy's vessels in a secure harbour would not be exposed—and the necessary periodical absence of a portion of the blockading squadron for the purpose of replenishing fuel, making good defects, &c. A still larger proportion might be necessary if the area to be covered by the blockaders was extensive.

The fact is, the work of blockade has little of the dramatic element, and it is likely to be even more arduous than in St. Vincent's blockade of Brest, when two lieutenants were always kept on watch in each ship. Its profound influence

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in naval campaigns is ignored, and the battles forming the culminating points seem to shallow observers to come about by the merest chance. So it is the custom to ignore Cornwallis and to remember Nelson. The only point I am willing to concede to the adversaries of blockade is that the incidence of fatigue is now much greater. We have yet to know that it is too great to bear if we take care to have young and energetic officers who have not been softened by the luxury of a shore life. We have to train the eye, judgment, and vigour of the officers for this arduous work; and I have shown some reason in my past articles for doubting if we are really doing so. A naval officer, like Michel Angelo's artist, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye." To sweep away many of the signals, sextants for station keeping, and all the artificial aids, like speed-flags and lights, should be an immediate object of our peace training.

I am far from regarding what I have called the tactical school as wholly evil. It embraces some of the best men of the navy. All I contend is that, unlike the German navy, our own has been too entirely swayed by its members. If I were to summarise a complete indictment, it would run somewhat as follows:

(1) The tactical school is too fond of rapid generalisation, *e.g.*:

(*a*) From the known results which follow the explosion of a torpedo to the upsetting of the balance of power by the operations of torpedo craft.

(*b*) From the occasional necessity of a spurt in speed during naval manœuvres to designing the ship's motive power with this object in view rather than that of endurance speed, which is what will tell in the long run in naval war.

(*c*) From the evasion of a blockade by a few cruisers to the escape of a hostile fleet. St. Vincent was blown off his blockading station the very first day he put it in force, but he was not so foolish as to generalise that his views were mistaken.

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(2) So much is sacrificed to obtaining the greatest peace tactical efficiency of the *personnel*, with the result that specialism, in the organisation of a crew, has grown to an extent which cannot possibly withstand the rude shock of war. This subject was dealt with in Nos. 1 and 5 of the MONTHLY REVIEW, in which the indirect influence of the tactical school on education was also commented upon.

(3) In the endeavour to maintain tactical efficiency, everything which appeals as useful in peace is crowded into the navy without much regard to the probabilities of war.

It is hardly necessary to elaborate on this last point. It may be well, however, to etch in a few glaring contrasts in the economy of a warship. On the one hand we find that the surgeons have no operating-room and no proper methods of carrying wounded men about. This has nothing to do with peace tactical efficiency, so it is ignored. Now let us see how, on the other hand, peace efficiency is favoured. We know that Admiral Stevenson carried out a good deal of towing when in the Channel squadron. Personally I was glad to see the admiral making new demands on the energy and resource of the ships, for it was in agreement with the theory of increasing the strain that I ventured to write at length in this REVIEW. It was part of the theory that the most difficult situations should be preferred for doing work. This, however, does not at all fit in with the ideas of the tactical school. No sooner had Admiral Stevenson performed this evolution of taking ships in tow more than once, than the officers did not like the trouble of getting up some of the superfluous chain cable belonging to the anchor gear, and became enamoured of the idea of having a towing cable. Owing to the predominant influence of the tactical school, a towing cable was accordingly given to each battleship, adding about twenty tons to the weight carried. Surely the Admiralty must have known that our ships already carried more cable for anchor work than was required, and more than foreign ships are in the habit of carrying. All the affectation of smartness in a warship may be traced to the

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influence of the tactical school. The useless gold leaf, the showy paint, the gratings concealing gear that is supposed to work but will not because it is stuck with paint or rust, are but hall-marks of its handiwork. The cumbrous mines and sinkers, absolutely useless for fighting purposes, and monopolising space below the armoured deck, would never have been placed on board a warship if the historical school had its proper influence in the navy. We must get rid of all this rubbish, and the best broom will be the revival of the historical school to sweep the navy cleaner than ever St. Vincent swept the dockyards. There is other rubbish which must be swept away, including much that is associated with that sacred word "confidential." I hesitate, as one accustomed to discipline, to couple so profane a word as "rubbish" with anything appearing in the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, but in June 1899, when the Admiralty issued the present volume, I think that article 901 which says that "when the match is burning, it is always to be over water in tubs, and in charge of a responsible person," might have been left out. I do not possess the encyclopædic knowledge to say whether this Regulation was of use at the bombardment of Acre or at Navarino, but I am very certain that the navy has a prestige to maintain; and to issue this and kindred regulations in 1899, is to make us the laughing-stock of the world!

No greater mistake could be made than to suppose from these indications that the whole organisation is rotten. A splendid body of officers and men, with the makings of an invincible *personnel*, are hampered by fads, obsolete regulations, specialist training, an education in the hands of university men, absurd traditions of smartness and precision of drill and tactics. Against all this, as we did against the masts-and-sails training, we should wage unceasing and vigilant war.

We have a longer service *personnel* than any in the world. It can only be our own fault if it is not the best that the world can produce.

The discipline and centralisation of the navy prevent even

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the suggestion of reform coming from below. Nearly all changes are due to the initiative of admirals, but the present lethargic system of promotion by seniority is not the best one for recruiting the flag list. It has been more by good luck than by good system that the country has been so fortunate in the admirals afloat. A fleet is what the admiral chooses to make it. The last manœuvres I watched from a ship which was what a flagship should be, a pattern to the fleet; and she formed part of a squadron that was recently held up to the French navy by Admiral Gervais as an example to follow in coaling ships, which is the most important evolution of modern war. The results in gunnery and coaling could not have been achieved except by a conscientious devotion to work on the part of the different officers, led by their admiral. Thus, the progress in firing may be attributed in part to the fact that under Sir Harry Rawson, eight days in three months were spent over the work instead of rushing it through in a single day. The strain is gradually being increased, and in every detail of training in shooting "the infinite capacity for taking pains" is making itself felt; and the result is progress. No one dare argue now, as was done ten years ago, that "a hand from the plough can in a few days be made as efficient a seaman gunner as any in the service." I hope some day to see the navigation of the ships taught in a similar systematic way—that is, practically under expert navigating lieutenants in ships; for here again it is more by good luck than a good system that we have the navigating officers to take a fleet into St. Mary's harbour, in the Scilly Islands, during a dense fog; or to bring to anchor twenty vessels in a harbour like Guernsey without any of these big ships having been there before. We must remember that war may exact more serious penalties than peace for inexpert pilotage, since the inhospitable coasts of an enemy may as often as not offer wrecking lights as navigation lights.

There is a story told of the Duke of Wellington that the Cabinet consulted him as to the general to send to take Rangoon. He instantly replied: "Send Lord Combermere."

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"But," said one of the Ministers, "we always understood that your Grace thought Lord Combermere a fool." "So he is a fool, and a d——d fool, but he can take Rangoon."[1] That is too often the English method. There is another story of Moltke prior to a great war shutting up his office as Chief of the General Staff. All had been prepared, nothing left to chance. That is the German method. It is now being applied to the German navy. May I add that it is also the method of the historical school? In the meantime we have no naval attaché in Germany, where there are far greater shipbuilding resources than in France. Much may be hoped from Lord Selborne, who has shown greater wisdom than his predecessors in recognising that an old-established navy like the British must spread its changes over a greater period of time than the lesser navies, and hence has a greater need for foresight in order that we may commence now to prepare for the probable conflict of ten years hence. Our navy as at present organised may be good enough to beat France. He would be a bold man who should say, if we do not introduce progressive changes into our system, that it will be good enough to beat Germany in the second decade of this century.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

NOTE.—It is instructive to mark how, during a period of seven days, a great fleet of battleships and cruisers was able to keep the sea and threaten British trade while sedulously avoiding the English coast. This fleet could not have been brought to action some fifteen miles from the Lizard had it not deliberately sought a meeting with its opponent. Its power to injure trade was not influenced one iota by the fortifications along the English coast. According to the account of a correspondent of the *Times*, the only occasion on which these fortifications came into play was to sink a number of vessels

[1] "Collections and Recollections."

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on their own side. The same distressing mistakes were made by the soldiers in the Naval Manœuvres of 1900. During the eight days war practically half the torpedo craft on either side were lost. The net result of all their efforts against battleships and cruisers was the successful attack of four torpedo-boats on the *Minerva*, in which the *Minerva* and three torpedo-boats were adjudged to have been sunk. Yet such is the terror that these craft have succeeded in inspiring that the *Minerva*, in the previous year's manœuvres, fought an action with four *imaginary* torpedo-boats which no one saw except the captain, and the gunners aimed at space. It is a case for the Psychical Research Society. In conclusion, it is interesting to note that, except for Alderney, nearly all the actions of the war, including the cruiser fight of eight cruisers against twelve, and the fleet action, were fought off the Lizard or in the belt of waters which may be considered the meeting-point of the trade routes.

C. B.

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UNSOLVED FOREIGN PROBLEMS

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN delivered himself, on a recent occasion in the House of Commons, of the opinion that new military and naval necessities have arisen for us in consequence of the "bouncing policy" of the present government. Mr. Balfour replied that he did not know what that bouncing policy is; but that he did know that "when the right honourable gentleman left office, he and his friends left behind them unsolved five or six great questions between us and the great military empires of the world, each one of which, if mismanaged, might have produced a great war." He might have added that the accusation could never have been made by any honest critic who had studied Lord Salisbury's methods.

No part of the nineteenth century has in fact been more conspicuous than its five closing years, for the solution of foreign difficulties in which England was concerned. Credit must be given to Lord Salisbury for settling questions such as that of the Venezuelan boundary, which had simmered on for many years, and would have simmered on indefinitely, until it suited some Great Power to treat it as a grievance to be summarily redressed; and, in addition, the settlement of the threefold difficulty of Samoa, and of hotly debated and dangerous questions in East and West Africa, with France and Germany, will deserve at some future time a heartier recognition than it has hitherto obtained. It is good, and makes for

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the peace of the world, that such sores should be healed in comparatively quiet times, and it speaks well for the watchfulness and tact of Lord Salisbury's diplomacy, that the opportunity has been seized of settling, or of forwarding the ultimate settlement of, many matters which might, at some future time, have caused difficulty between this country and some foreign Power.

Every difficulty thus got out of the way, either by arbitration, as in the case of Venezuela, or by friendly negotiation, as in the case of Crete, Samoa, and West Africa, is an encouragement to all the parties immediately concerned and to the world at large, to persevere in endeavouring to settle their disputes by pacific methods and to limit the area of possible strife. It is not the purpose of this article to deal with the South African and Chinese questions, which now loom before us in such gigantic proportions. I wish rather to recall the attention of the country to matters which recent events have put out of sight, but which are unsettled, or may rather be said to be in a state of suspended animation, while the eyes of the world are focused elsewhere.

The nineteenth century—the last half of which witnessed the moulding into shape—probably their final shape—of Germany and Italy, has left the eternal Eastern question, which so vexed our fathers and grandfathers, practically unsolved. Great as have been the material losses of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and North Africa in the last fifty years—ruinous, apparently, its financial disorganisation—contemptible its maritime strength—Plevna has shown of what a strenuous resistance its military spirit is still capable, while the impudence and egregious folly of Greek statesmen (so called) afforded it the opportunity of once more, and probably for the last time, securing a victory in Europe over a foreign and a Christian foe. How much longer the Crescent is likely to dominate over Constantinople, and the small residuum of Turkish territory in Europe, is a matter almost as much in doubt now as it was fifty years ago; but it is no part of England's duty to hasten

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the final catastrophe—nay, rather, her interest, as ruling over immense Mahommedan populations, lies in averting it, as she has already done twice in the last half-century, and, by strengthening the hands of the reform party in Constantinople, in helping to maintain the *status quo*, if the Sultans of to-day and to-morrow will but use their powers and opportunities aright.

It is, however, not the problem of the existence of the Ottoman Empire, but certain subsidiary questions dependent upon it, that are of more immediate interest to England at the present time, and constitute perhaps the most important portion of the questions which are the subjects of this article. Foremost amongst these are the relations between this country and Egypt. Our position there is an extraordinary and an anomalous one—indeed, no Protectorate that the world has known, has ever existed with such extraordinary limitations upon it. Here is England, in common parlance, "running the whole show" since July 10, 1882. Since that day on which the French fleet steamed away from Alexandria, resigning to its ally and heretofore partner the duty of administering Egypt, order has been evolved out of chaos, and all the world has profited. *How* this has been done—how much has been accomplished up to the present time—may best be read in the pages of Mr. H. D. Traill's book—"England, Egypt, and the Sudan," published last year. Surely one may say with some confidence that if the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State had had any knowledge of the work which has been accomplished by this country in Egypt in the last eighteen years—the finances, the army, and the judicial system re-organised, taxation diminished; while, by the successful carrying out of irrigation works, the material prosperity of the country has been enormously increased, and rich and poor live contentedly under the operation of equal laws—they would have been less disinclined than they appear to be at present, to substitute our rule for that of Kruger's tyrannical oligarchy. We are not a self-advertising nation, perhaps our fault lies too much in the other direction, owing to our political system;

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but when the historian of the future, whatever his nationality, has it in hand to describe impartially the connection of England with Egypt, we shall have a record of good work, well done, to be placed to our credit.

And this work has been accomplished, as Mr. Traill says, "not only without assistance from any of those European Powers who should have sympathised with us in the name of our common civilisation, but amid the indifference of all, and against the covert or overt opposition of some." Ever since the action of France broke up the *condominium*, she has sulked, so far as Egypt is concerned. France, backed by Russia, who is always ready to play the obsequious ally when her own interests are not involved, were the only Powers whose commissioners withheld their assent to the grant of half a million for the Sudan expedition from the Egyptian reserve fund. Four commissioners out of six agreed to make this grant, and it was not doubted at the time that the decision of the majority was sufficient, and the grant perfectly valid. The Law Courts, however, decided that the decision must be unanimous, and eventually this country had to find the money, and submit to a "pin-prick" of rather a galling nature. We cannot, however, always expect to be in a position to chuck away nearly £800,000, as we did in 1898, because a foreign Power chooses to play the dog in the manger. England has, by the sacrifices she has made, and by the success of her administration, earned the right to a freer hand in the disposal of the surplus revenue and reserve funds of the country, which now amount to more than seven millions, and as long as its obligations are honourably discharged by us, it ought not to be possible for any Power to object to any application of surplus revenue that we propose, any more than we should object to the application of the revenues of Tunis by the French to the harbour of Bizerta. Whether the judgment of the Court of Appeal in the above case was justifiable or not, it is, at any rate, very unsatisfactory, and might make the position of England as the protecting Power almost untenable.

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No opportunity, therefore, ought to be lost in making it clear that the power of the purse, subject to the discharge of international obligations, must be in the hands of England.

As an offshoot of the Eastern question, that of Cyprus demands a passing notice—for its condition is capable of great improvement. With the substitution of English for Turkish rule, there has naturally been a marked change for the better amongst the Cypriots during the last twenty-two years; but that improvement would have been far more substantial had the surplus revenue of the island been available for public works and improvements. Unfortunately, by the terms of the convention of 1878 between England and Turkey, the former Power agreed to pay to the latter whatever should be determined, on the average of the last five years, to be the surplus revenue of Cyprus. This was afterwards fixed at nearly £93,000. Shortly before the above date, Turkey began to default in its payment of the interest on the Turkish Loan of 1855, which had been guaranteed by England and France, and for some years our Government made itself responsible for this interest, squeezing what it could out of Turkey, and some portion also out of France.[1] It occurred, however, to an astute Foreign Office clerk, about the year 1880, that a good deal of trouble would be saved by detaining the whole of the Cyprus tribute for the service of the loan, to the relief of the English and French Governments, and although this arrangement was only regarded at first as being of a temporary and provisional character, it has lasted up to the present time. In the debates which have taken place, in the House of Commons, during the last Parliament, on the Cyprus vote, Mr. Chamberlain has urged that no injustice is done to the Island by this disposition of the tribute, because if it were not handed over to the bondholders it would have to be paid to the Porte; but it is evident that as long as the tribute is applied to its present

[1] In 1882–3, all the sums advanced by France were repaid to her out of the Cyprus tribute, so that up to this time the guarantee of 1855 has cost her nothing.

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purpose, its capitalisation and eventual extinction is impossible. It was currently reported that negotiations for these purposes were proceeding in 1880, just before the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, and before the tribute had come to be regularly applied to the service of the 1855 loan. Could this capitalisation be carried out—and it is known that negotiations with Turkey for that object have been recently going on—the situation would be as follows. Cyprus would be free from payment of the tribute of £98,000 a year, but would be liable for the interest and sinking fund on whatever sum was borrowed by England for the purpose of extinguishing it. The English and French Governments would be obliged to fulfil their obligations, contracted in 1855, and divide between them the payment of any deficit which might remain after they had squeezed what they could out of Turkey, and in this connection it must not be forgotten, that the revenues from Smyrna and Syria as well as the residue of the Egyptian tribute, were specially hypothecated to the service of this loan in case of default by Turkey.

The Porte would get a lump sum down for the extinguishment of the tribute, and presumably, for the cession in perpetuity of all her sovereign rights over Cyprus. At first sight it would appear that by such an arrangement Turkey and Cyprus would gain at the expense of the English taxpayer, but half the deficit would have to be borne by France, and secondly no further grants in aid from the English Exchequer, which have amounted, since the occupation, to an average sum of £30,000 a year, would have to be made.

If some such arrangement could be arrived at, the burden on the island would be gradually removed, and Cyprus, as an integral part of the Empire (for no Englishman could contemplate for a moment the possibility of its restitution to Turkey), would have every chance of a prosperous future. Looking at the history of the island for the last twenty-two years, it must be confessed that a comparison of the results of our occupation with those achieved by the French, during their twenty years

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administration of Tunis, do not show to our advantage. The present Colonial Secretary has been the first of his office to recognise that, although the Pax Britannica is of infinite value to the inhabitants of a Turkish island, it does not necessarily bring prosperity in its train, and that British capital, which could nowhere be applied with more satisfactory results than in an island of unsurpassed fertility and climate, must be employed to develop its resources and improve its means of communication.

Turning to the American Continent, another difficulty with the French of long standing presents itself in the "French Shore" question, which, like that of Venezuela, has been "simmering" for many years.

Its economical importance to France is small and declining. The right of in-shore cod-fishing, secured to the French by the Treaties of Paris in 1763, and of Versailles in 1783, has been liberally interpreted by the French fishermen in recent years to include not only that of catching and canning lobsters on the Newfoundland shores, but of preventing the natives from doing so. A *modus vivendi* was agreed to in 1890. A Royal Commission went into the subject three years age, whose report, however, has not yet been published; and as Mr. Bond, the Premier of the Colony, has recently paid a visit to this country, it may be conjectured that, before the close of this year, some arrangement may be arrived at.

The matter is of too slight importance for England and France to imperil the good relations between them, but we owe it to our oldest Colony to safeguard her interests as far as possible.

It is much to be regretted that the small group of disputed questions between this country and the United States still remain unsettled, notwithstanding all the efforts of Lord Salisbury to secure their being dealt with under a general treaty of arbitration.

The circumstances of the time seemed exceptionally propitious for the success of such a Treaty. England was fortunate in being represented at Washington by a veteran diplomatist whose knowledge of the country to which he has now been

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accredited for more than twelve years, is only equalled by the respect which he has secured from all classes in America. Mr. Hay, then, as now, Foreign Minister, had ever shown during his stay in this country as United States Minister, the conciliatory and tactful disposition which, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, is usually the characteristic of the able men who have in succession represented the United States in this country, and who seem to be specially designed to smoothe away differences, and soften acerbities which arise on the other side of the Atlantic. With such conciliatory negotiators on each side, and at a time when the general feeling in America was running strongly in favour of this country, Lord Salisbury had good reason to think that under a general treaty of arbitration, all the most important points of difference between the two countries might be satisfactorily disposed of. Of these, the two most important were the Alaskan Boundary and the Seal Fisheries of the Behring Sea.

The former was the subject dealt with by the Anglo-American Commission, of which Lord Herschell was the head, but no decision was come to till after his lamented death early in 1899. The English members of the Commission proposed that this question, which was of importance as involving rights of access to the Yukon Goldfields, should be referred to arbitration, as in the case of the Venezuelan difficulty; but the Americans insisted on some impossible conditions, one of which was that there should be an American umpire for the Court of Arbitration, which was to consist of three eminent jurists on each side, so that the proceedings were abortive; but at the end of 1899 a Provisional Agreement was come to "without prejudice to the claims of either party in the permanent adjustment of the International Boundary," so that the matter may be considered as temporarily disposed of.

With regard, however, to the Seal Fishing question, although there has been much discussion, no arrangement has been arrived at under the Arbitration Treaty, therefore, so far, little has been accomplished. Lord Salisbury by his important

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concessions to the United States embodied in the Samoan and Nicaraguan Conventions showed his anxiety to reciprocate and strengthen that remarkable expression of American feeling in favour of this country which signalised the close of the Spanish War. But Senator Morgan and his Anglophobe friends have so far been powerful enough to thwart his endeavours, favourably received though they have been by the President and Mr. Hay for the settlement of outstanding disputes.

The spirit in which the Senate is disposed to regard Agreements between the two countries is shown by the amendments which it recently made in the Convention agreed to in February 1900, by Lord Pauncefote and Mr. Hay relative to the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal. In order to pave the way for the carrying out of this great work, it was necessary for the United States to obtain from England some modification of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty of 1850, which forbad either Power to "occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume, or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America, nor attain any of the foregoing objects by protection afforded to, or alliance with, any State or people of Central America."

Lord Salisbury agreed last year to the Convention unconditionally, and it had then to go before the Senate, which calmly inserted the following words referring to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, "which Convention is hereby suspended."

In the friendly and dignified despatch in which Lord Lansdowne declines to accept the Convention as amended by the Senate, he thus deals with this petulant and unwarrantable proceeding. "The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is an International Contract of unquestionable validity; a Contract which, according to well-established International usage ought not to be abrogated or modified save with the consent of both parties to the Contract." The result is that the Clayton Bulwer Convention remains for the present in full force, and the United States must leave the canal alone until the Senate has learnt that International Agreements are not to be abrogated at its will and pleasure.

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So far then as questions between England and the United States are concerned, very little progress has been made in their solution, although, unquestionably, there is a warmer feeling between the two countries than perhaps has ever existed before.

Meantime, it must not be forgotten that there are other parties bent on impeding an *entente cordiale* between the two countries. The deadlock about the Nicaraguan Canal was regarded with unfeigned delight by Continental Anglophobes, always on the watch to make the most of any points of difference which exist between our American kinsmen and ourselves.

"It may safely be assumed that the greatest disappointment which could happen to the many open and covert enemies not only of Great Britain, but also of the United States, would be an agreement between the American and English Governments providing at once for the peaceable abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—for the exclusive control by the United States Government of any and all Isthmian Canals—equal treatment for British and American commerce in any canals so built, at least for a term of years, and as a necessary consequence the absolute neutrality of such canals in any war in which the United States would not be engaged."—*Times*, July 1, 1901.

One may reasonably hope that the lengthened visit of Lord Pauncefote to this country will conduce to an early settlement of some, at any rate, of the questions between us.

I have now enumerated the foreign problems of most immediate importance to England apart from China and South Africa, at the present time—and it will be seen that the Power mixed up more or less in nearly all of them is France. France, whose relations with this country have recently been strained almost to breaking-point—France, the Power with whom of all others it is desirable, nay necessary, to maintain friendly relations, and yet at the same time it is most difficult to do so, owing to the vast number of points in which her interests seem to clash with those of this country.

Anything like a rupture with France would be so intolerable a calamity, that recent Governments must not be blamed if they have apparently made some sacrifice of British interests and influence, as in Siam and West Africa, in order to come to terms with her.

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Perhaps it is as well that a case like that of Fashoda should have occurred, as a warning to her not to try our patience too far, and certainly, whatever soreness may have been caused by that incident, it has apparently stimulated, rather than hampered, negotiations between the two countries over West African matters. We, on our part, have certainly displayed no undue impatience for the settlement of disputed questions, even where the lives and honour of our troops have been involved.

At the end of 1893, there occurred the slaughter of three British officers and several men at Waima, a place within the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, by a French force operating, as was afterwards shown, more than forty miles beyond its own frontier. The collision was due to an unfortunate mistake on the part of the French commander, who also was killed, and there was some doubt, at the time, as to the geographical position of Waima, but when that had been determined, and the French force proved to have been trespassers on our territory, it was only strong Parliamentary pressure, exercised through several Sessions, which finally compelled the Foreign Office, as late as the summer of 1899, to send a despatch, which showed that Lord Salisbury was in earnest in asking for compensation for the widows and orphans of the slain officers and men. It is satisfactory to know that the French Government at last admitted its liability, and has allowed the case to go to arbitration, which is now pending.

When we think of the number and importance of the questions between England and Foreign Powers in this age of mighty armaments, and at a time when there appears to be prevalent, especially on the Continent, a general jealousy and dislike of England, even the most strenuous supporters of a spirited Foreign policy must pause and reflect whether it would be possible for us with 250,000 men locked up in South Africa to fight Russia to prevent her absorption of Manchuria, or the increase of her influence in Persia—or France, on account of the causes of difference previously mentioned, to which others, less immediately pressing could easily be added. At this time

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we must have careful regard for these considerations, and face the position from the common-sense point of view of our own capacity of resistance.

There are in this country, three classes of critics of the Foreign policy of Lord Salisbury. The first, which for brevity's sake may be described as the ultra-Jingo party, accuses the Government of moral cowardice whenever it recedes from its position on some comparatively unimportant question, or fails, in their opinion, to secure the utmost demands that can be made from the British point of view.

The second class consists of those persons who are Jingoes only on the one subject in which they are specially interested, but are reasonable enough on all others.

The third are those who first of all look upon it as a sin against humanity that a Conservative Government should exist at all in this country, and secondly, consider that its opponents whether Foreign or domestic, whether Irish Nationalists, or Boers, or Africanders, are to be conciliated, or petted, or fawned upon, because they must be right and a Conservative Government must be wrong. The electors of the United Kingdom have shown with adequate plainness at the General Election that the policy of the war in South Africa has their approval, that it must be fought out to a finish, and that the English race must rule in South Africa whatever Messrs. Courtney, Stead, Labouchere or Lloyd-George may say.

What then is the wisest course for this country to pursue at this critical period of its history? It is, in my opinion to support Lord Salisbury's policy of circumscribing the area of possible differences with other nations, and especially with France, whenever we have the chance; and meanwhile to lose no opportunity of strengthening our connection with Germany with whom our rivalry is entirely commercial, and who, if the present balance of power in Europe is to be maintained, has as much reason to desire an effective understanding with us, as we have to seek it from her.

CHARLES BILL.

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ITALY'S CASE AGAINST HER ALLIES

THE Triple Alliance has now been in existence for nineteen years, "grande mortalis ævi spatium," and a new generation has well-nigh grown up beneath its shadow. On the whole, it has fulfilled the function which was anticipated for it by Lord Salisbury. It has proved "glad tidings of great joy," in so far as it has implied peace on earth to men of goodwill, but recent events, the remarks of M. Zanardelli, and the speech of Count Goluchowski on May 23, no less than the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon, the debates in the Italian Chamber, the perfunctory orations of the Foreign Minister, and the recent activity of Austrian and Italian fleets in the Adriatic, are all signs which must be considered if we would forecast the future of this momentous pact. It was readily assumed when the Duke of Genoa saluted President Loubet that France was merely being used as a scarecrow to frighten Germany and Austria into making more satisfactory commercial arrangements with their junior partner; but if anything can be more certain than another, it is that neither of the two empires can afford to irritate further their own conservative protectionists, while in the present economic condition of Italy there is little satisfaction in being told that the aims of high politics must not be degraded by too intimate an association with commercial treaties. That utterance of the Hungarian Premier, to any one who takes the trouble to inquire how the

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Triplice has worked from the Italian point of view, is a masterpiece of irony, for the net result of the Alliance to the weaker partner has been a complete exploitation of Italian interests for the benefit of German stability and of Austro-Hungarian political and mercantile development. The manner in which Italy entered the Alliance and the circumstances under which she has from time to time renewed it; the ineptitudes of her own and the selfishness of foreign statesmen, have all conspired to bring her into her present attitude of mistrust and discontent. Unfortunately, we must also take into account the conduct of the English Government, which is to-day regarded by Italy with suspicion rather than affection. The new generation, which knew not Palmerston, is coming to accept the general Continental view that England is the most selfish of the Powers. Was it not our encouragement that sent France to Tunis and Italy to Adowa? And the latter is held to have gained little or nothing, and lost much from the vague promises which at one time Count di Robilant was jubilantly confident bound England to protect the Mediterranean interests of his country.

Europe knows little as yet of the policy or character of the new King of Italy, but every one is well aware that he is, unlike his father, a well-educated monarch who has thought deeply. He is married to a Princess of Montenegro, which means a friend of Russia and an enemy of Austria (for Montenegro has good grounds for disliking and mistrusting Austria), and the new Queen's views form a factor not to be ignored. With King Humbert there disappeared from the Italian Court the immense personal influence exercised by the Kaiser over its decisions. Whether or no in time that remarkable personality may wield the same power over the son as he did over the father it is interesting to speculate, but it seems improbable. It may be early yet to forecast the future of an alliance which has two years to run, but these political arrangements are sometimes worn out before they expire. "Alliances," said Bismarck, "are the expression of common interests and pur-

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poses," and it is more than conjectural whether at the present time the interests and purposes of two members at least of the Alliance are not vitally divergent. In fact, to the vast majority of Italians to-day, and to many impartial onlookers, the adversary appears no longer to be France but Austria-Hungary.

The Triplice, though it came into existence in the reign of Humbert, has its roots in the conceptions of Victor Emanuel and Minghetti; but at that time the League of the three Empires still existed, and Italy could be safely ignored by all parties to that compact while Italian policy was unsettled and wavering.

The consequence was that at the Berlin Conference Italy found herself left out in the cold. Austria, at the instigation of Russia and with the acquiescence of the other Powers, secured Bosnia-Herzegovina, and France, acting on hints from England and Germany, began to prepare her way in Tunis. But the most serious outcome of the Conference for Europe was the gradual break-up of the Drei-Kaiser-Bund and the substitution of the Triplice. This had its origin in the irritation aroused in Russia by Bismarck's policy at the Conference.

The Treaty of Bardo between France and Tunis in May 1881, and the Marseilles riots in June were followed by the visit of King Humbert to Franz Josef at Vienna in October (a visit which has never been returned at Rome) and the conclusion of the first arrangements for the Triplice on May 20, 1882. It was Italy, then, who sought the alliance of the other Powers, though the ground had been carefully prepared for her. There was a wild panic as to the designs of France, and Cavalotti hardly exaggerated when he dubbed the arrangement "Alleanza della paura." Germany, and we fear we must add England, had helped to make the breach. Gambetta was not far wrong when he said "La France a été tirée par les cheveux en Tunisie." Perhaps it was personal contact of our statesmen in Berlin with stronger natures, but it would seem as if the "business-like Imperialism" for which we sigh to-day was better understood twenty years ago. In any case, it was successful in alienating the Latin neighbours for many a long year.

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The Alliance was at its inception purely defensive and no way provocative of France but left the Italian sea-board still uninsured against attack. Early in 1885 Mancini entered into those arrangements with England which led to the despatch of an Italian expedition to Africa, the beginning of grievous sorrows for Italy.[1] The vanity and ill-regulated ambition of Italian statesmen have doubtless much to answer for, but we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that we induced her to take ship in

> "that perfidious bark,
> Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,"

to which in an evil hour she entrusted her reputation and the lives of her sons. If the disasters of Dogali and Adowa do not lie at our door, we cannot altogether waive away from ourselves the responsibility for them.

The union of the two Bulgarias and the coldness that ensued, almost to the point of rupture, between Austria and Russia put Italy in a much stronger position with regard to her allies. In September 1885 di Robilant became Premier. He was enabled to renew the Alliance till May 20, 1892, on better terms for Italy after denouncing the Commercial Treaty with France in December 1886. De Robilant suffered the destiny, not uncommon in history, of having to bring about arrangements which he distrusted and accentuate quarrels which he deplored. In 1887, the very year at a later period of which he renewed the Triplice, he was writing to de Launay, the Italian Ambassador in Berlin, "Italy is weary of this unprofitable alliance, and I do not feel any eagerness to compel her to renew it, for I am deeply convinced that it will always be unproductive for us." A wise prevision, indeed! But circumstances often overbear convictions, and Italy found herself launched by this doubting prophet himself on another five years of the triple partnership.

This second phase of the Triple Alliance differs widely

[1] As early as 1882 there was an understanding as to a common policy in Egypt.

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from the first. It was well understood that the original provisions were purely defensive, and the temper of the different Italian ministries had led them to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards France. With the rupture of the commercial arrangements above alluded to, the adherence to English policy in the Mediterranean, and the advent of Crispi (the convinced friend of England) to power we have to note a change of policy. A dispute about the estate of a Tunisian, who had died at Florence, and another arising out of the consular jurisdiction at Massowah, soon put France and Italy on the worst terms, and the death of the old Emperor William and the visit of the present Kaiser to Rome helped to widen the breach as well as that between Russia and Germany and strengthened the ties which bound the latter to Italy. In spite of the protests of the Radical party and others who found that the Triple Alliance brought no advantage to Italy, and though the fall of Crispi might have inaugurated a new state of affairs, the new Minister, Rudini, trod in the steps of his predecessors and renewed the Alliance eleven months before it would have legally expired, which would have been in May 1892. In June 1891 the new term began to run for six years, at the end of which time it was to enter on a new period of six years if none of the contracting parties raised an objection. This is what has happened, and we are now in this last phase of the compact, which will expire in 1908 or 1904, according as the renewal under Rudini be taken to date from 1891 or 1892, a matter on which authorities differ. It was undoubtedly the growing agitation in Italy against its renewal and the fear that it might be fanned into a dangerous flame that led to the precipitate action of the Rudini Ministry. In any case, the announcement of its renewal was ushered in by scenes so stormy that even Montecitorio has never witnessed their like. Whether or no the popular feeling that had shown itself at Radical meetings, which the Government had finally felt bound to suppress, had been altogether aroused by the Alliance may be doubted, but at any rate, even eight years ago there was a strong disposition to resist its

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renewal, on the ground that Italy got little out of it. In fact, Crispi, on his return to power in 1893, threatened to denounce the Triplice unless more explicit promises could be obtained for the support of Italy's African policy by her allies. The lack of support accorded to Crispi by King Humbert has been attributed to the Kaiser's influence with the latter, for, apart from his threatened action, Crispi's close intimacy with Bismarck was no recommendation to William II.

The attitude of France at the time of the Abyssinian disasters following on the massacre of Italian workmen at Aigues Mortes, and almost coinciding with her denunciation of the Italian Commercial Treaty with Tunis, only tended to drive her neighbour more securely into dependence on Austria and Germany. Since that time, and the advent of Visconti Venosta to the Foreign Office in 1896, a gradual amelioration of French and Italian relations is to be noticed. In 1898 a Commercial Treaty was again entered into with the happiest results. The anti-clerical policy of the present French Ministry, as opposed to the Ultramontane leanings of Austria, which have never allowed Kaiser Franz Josef to return an Italian monarch's visit in his own capital, all tend to affect men's minds, and the whole trend of Austrian policy in the east of Europe is rapidly working so as to substitute Austria-Hungary for France as the danger which is most to be apprehended by patriotic Italians.

This was very clearly brought out by the remarks of the *Tribuna* on the speech of Count Goluchowski made to the Hungarian Delegation on May 23. There is nothing new in these expressions to those who have studied Austrian and Italian views of foreign policy, but they deserve rather more consideration than is meted out to them by the *Times*, which complacently bade the Italians, on May 24, not to allow themselves to be disturbed by "apprehensions that Austria-Hungary contemplates a policy in Albania injurious not only to the political but to the economic interests of Italy . . . which we doubt not will prove in the main unfounded." The

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irony of the words "in the main" is delightful, for it is in reality no question of "apprehensions" on one side or "contemplation" on the other, but of a policy carefully and consistently pursued for years and rapidly approaching its inevitable consummation.

The acquisition of Bosnia-Herzegovina was the first step in the great advance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the near East. A steady and determined "Drang nach dem Mittelmeer" has since become the complement of the "Drang nach Osten." At the Treaty of Berlin, Germany and England saw no reason to dissent from the proposal originally made by Russia to Austria[1] in 1876, whereby the latter made so vast a stride into the Balkan Peninsula. The passionate denunciation of Austrian policy and its egoism launched by Mr. Gladstone at that time was certainly more Italian in its point of view than British. Looked at as a civilising agency the administration of Bosnia-Herzegovina has been a grand success, while for Austria-Hungary it has formed a basis for a wide development of policy.

It is not always remembered that with the right to occupy and administer Bosnia and Herzegovina, Austria also received the military supervision of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. This right she has used to the full and more than the full. The district is now completely in her hands, and is marked on some of our own maps as forming part of the Austrian Empire, as, indeed, to all intents and purposes it does. It has now several strongly fortified positions held by Austrian troops. The occupation of this slice of territory not only encloses Montenegro on the east and Servia on the west, but brings Austria up to the frontier of Albania at Mitrovitza, the northern terminus at present of the railway to Salonika. By appropriating Spizza, which had been wrested by Montenegro from the Turks, she further secured her coast line on the Adriatic. It is in connection with the future of Salonika that the occupation of the Novi-Bazar territory will have so serious

[1] See Bismarck, "Reflections and Reminiscences," vol. ii., page 231, *et seq.*

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an effect on Italian aspirations. The avowed design of Austria is to connect the line in question with another great trunk railway, the northern terminus of which will be at Vienna. The course of the line is to run from Vienna to Zakany, thence *viâ* Brod and the Save valley to Sarajevo, whence it will make for the junction of the Drina and the Lim, and by that valley into the Novi-Bazar territory, which it will leave at Mitrovitza. There is probably nothing very extravagant in the Austrian official calculation that it will be completed in 1905. A glance at the map will indicate at once how enormous a strategical importance the completion of such a line will give to the Novi-Bazar district. Other consequences must follow. Salonika will become a Teutonic port; the Austrian system will be extended from Bosnia to Albania, where its way has long been preparing; a consummation which only the energetic protestations of King Humbert prevented in 1900. Austria will by the construction of this line hold the hinterland of the Adriatic, and the Balkan Peninsula becomes a German outpost commanding the Eastern Mediterranean, which is the meeting-place of the principle maritime routes of the world.

There is another point to be considered with regard to the railway now in course of construction. It will in time seriously threaten the position of the Brindisi route as the recognised highway to India and the East. The crossing from Salonika to Port Said is about twenty hours shorter than that from Brindisi, and this would leave a considerable advantage to the Austrian line running from Ostend *viâ* Vienna to Salonika over the French-Swiss-Italian route, even though the land journey be longer. For some time to come there is no real danger of the English traffic passing through the wilds of Albania, but the Austrian system once established there, as it has been in Bosnia, it will not take many years to make the journey absolutely without risk. Finally, the completion of this line will definitively throttle the development of Servia, or, rather, will place her completely at the mercy of Austria-Hungary. Especially will this be so when the branch

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running from Vischegrad to Uskitze is completed, which will strike her in the south-west. This line would, of course, greatly assist the carriage of Servian produce to Hungary, and Hungary is rapidly becoming the only market open to Servia —*i.e.*, it will involve the dependence of Servia on Hungary. Roumania and Bulgaria already put into their own markets similar products to those of Servia. The price of transport on the existing line to Salonika is too high, and the Danube route to the Black Sea is not fit for cattle, therefore Servia perforce looks to the markets of Hungary. In three years time the new line will be approaching completion, and the commercial treaty with Hungary comes to an end. Servia will then be commercially at the mercy of her big neighbour. The astute policy pursued by the Austrian Government has the merit of killing both the Italian and the Servian birds with the same stone.

As for Albania, Italians know perfectly well the silent struggle that has been in progress of late between Austrian and Italian influence, and are well able to rate the soothing assurances of their advisers in the Press at their proper value. Here Austria has the invaluable assistance of the Roman Church in the carrying on of her propaganda, and the possession of large funds, which are the most powerful agency for political conversion among those populations. It is said that the astute Baron v. Kellay has under his control the distribution of the secret-service money, and that, in fact, he is rapidly becoming as omnipotent in the more civilised parts of Albania as he already is in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Catholic schools and parishes receive large subventions. If merely their avowed reasons for existence are in question there is no doubt that Austrian consuls are extraordinarily numerous in Albania. We find them at Scutari, Durazzo, Vallona, Uskub, and Prizrend. Their sub-agents are to be found in an army of Franciscans who have a seminary in Bosnia, and who do their best to convince the inhabitants that Austria is the Power from whom alone security for life and property is to be expected. This propaganda loses nothing from being con-

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ducted with great discretion. The country is poor and Austrian funds are large. The secrecy of the whole campaign probably does much to ensure its success. Every one is being persuaded that his neighbour is in favour of Austria or in her pay. In the same way the secular priesthood in Istria fights against the Italian element, and the handicap of Vatican hostility tells heavily against Italian ambition everywhere, but Italy is rousing herself to meet the Austrian menace.[1]

It must be remembered that the connection between Italy and Albania is of old standing. There is Albanian blood in many Sicilians and Southern Italians. Crispi came of that stock, and they are the descendants of the forces led by Scanderbeg into Apulia in the fifteenth century at the time of the wars been the Angevins and the Aragonese. Had fortune decided otherwise, Crispi himself would have forestalled the present state of things, for during his special mission at the Eastern crisis of 1877 he proposed to establish an Italian colony in Albania, and this was agreed to by Lord Derby and Bismarck, but the project came to nothing when the death of Victor Emanuel put an end to the negotiations in July 1878. It is true that efforts have never been wanting to promote an Italian propaganda in Albania, but of late they have assumed more public importance. The present King, through his family connections, is kept well informed on Balkan politics, and Montenegro may now be reckoned as an outpost of Italian as well as Russian influence. An Italian commercial agency has been set on foot at Scutari, where also the Italian Government, which formerly only supported elementary schools, has also established of late a technical institute for commercial training. A chair of Albanian literature has also been set up in the "Oriental Institute" at Naples. But this will not go far to overhaul the immense headway already made by Austria towards the extension into Albania of her Bosnian system, nor will it successfully combat the influence of the Church.

[1] Austria has a certain treaty right to consider herself the protector of the Porte's Catholic subjects in these parts. This dates from the time of the treaties of Carlowitz and Belgrade.

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If we turn to the Adriatic we shall see that the same policy has been followed by Austria with equal vigour and success. The arsenal at Pola has been developed with the greatest energy and the Bocce di Cattaro have now been put into a condition of formidable defence. Before these highly fortified ports the Italian coast opposite lies exposed.[1] During the last few years the Austrian navy has grown greatly in importance, and service in it has become increasingly popular among the classes from which the officers are drawn. In addition to the Austrian-Lloyd, three Austro-Hungarian steamship lines are hard at work, the "Adria," the "Hungaro-Croatian," and the "Ragusea." The first two of these lines are highly subventioned by the Hungarian Government. The three between them now do most of the Adriatic trade. It is Hungarian ships that transport Italian wines from Bari, Monopoli, and Manfredonia to Spalato, Metkovitch, and Trieste. When an Italian line strives to organise and develop a service direct from Venice or Bari to the East, the Austrian-Lloyd at once runs a competing line, and the annual Government subvention of the Austrian-Lloyd is now 8,000,000 florins. These enterprises do not all pay the Austrian-Lloyd, but they choke off Italian lines such as the "Puglia," and the "Rubattino" alone has been able to stand up against the competition. The postal service has passed almost entirely into Austrian hands, which means a very considerable advantage in the circulation of her propagandist literature and the suppression of her rival's, of which Austria has taken full advantage. Under the new *régime* a determined effort is being made by Italy to balance this state of affairs, and the "Puglia" is subventioned to run a weekly postal service between the Apulian Coast and Albania, which service has already commenced running. These facts may be enough to make it clear that Italy is not altogether unjustified in entertaining serious apprehensions as to the political future of the Adriatic and its eastern shores. It is true that many Austrian ships are in great part manned by

[1] The Italian Government is said to intend to make Venice once more a port capable of sheltering vessels of large tonnage, and to fortify it strongly.

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Italians, but that will not console their country for the extinction of her hopes any more than she is reconciled to the presence of France as ruling Power in Tunis by the fact that her own sons form by far the larger part of the non-indigenous population there, and conduct the greater part of its trade and commerce. Matters could be hardly worse for her if she looks forward to the ultimate absorption of German Austria by her other ally, and a diversion of influence in the Eastern Mediterranean from Vienna to Berlin.

We are neither arguing for nor against Austrian policy; we only point out that it is, as it has been through the course of ages, of necessity selfish. Italy recognises this, and is now asking herself whether it is worth while to continue the present arrangement. The vast majority of the army says "Yes," and the General Staff have issued an ingenious table which proves conclusively that the Italian is mulcted less for his army and navy than the citizen of any other State. The figures seem to be undisputed and come out thus per head in francs:

	Germany.	France.	Austria.	Belgium.	Italy.
Total (francs) . .	97·02	90·01	16·76	17·11	21·51
Army and Navy . .	19·52	25·40	11·54	—	11·09
Army alone . .	15·83	17·22	10·49	8·05	7·50

But it is not so much what is spent in taxation as how large or small the income is out of which it is drawn that is the test of capacity to support heavy fiscal burdens, and here the figures of the General Staff may be rated at their true value. According to the calculations of M. Delivet (quoted by Mr. Bolton King in his excellent work "Italy of To-day"), the cost of the army and navy in Italy absorbs a larger part of the private income of its citizens than is the case in any other country. Here are the figures:

France . . .	4·03
Germany . . .	4·28
Russia . . .	4·43
Spain . . .	4·96
Italy . . .	5·14

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Is this gigantic burden worth bearing any longer or will it be wiser for Italy to withdraw from the Triplice and strike out her own line, assisting France and Russia, actively or passively, in an attempt to save the situation in the Balkan Peninsula? The proposals put forward with the view of fighting the Vienna-Salonika route apart from direct political action, seem somewhat of this nature.

In the first place, by the completion of the Simplon Tunnel a very considerable saving in distance may be effected on the route from Calais to Brindisi. The actual course to be followed in approaching the great tunnel has not yet been decided upon; it is still the subject of local disputes, but it seems to be approaching solution, and the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line is disposed to adopt the following plan—a direct line from Paris to Lons le Saulnier by St. Jean de Losne, thence through the Jura by several tunnels of easy construction and without serious curves or gradients, debouching near Gex, almost on the level of Lake Leman. This would mean that the actual distance by the new line from Paris to Milan would fall to 849 kilomètres in place of 1049 by the Mont Cenis and 993 by the St. Gothard. When this is once effected the menace of the Salonika route to Port Said may be considered averted for some time.

With regard to the wider policy of fighting the proposed Austrian line to Salonika as the main line of communication between west and east, the reigning Prince of Montenegro is credited with the following proposal of a grand trunk line, commonly spoken of as the "Slav Line," from the Danube to the Adriatic, which would connect the Slav and Latin lands, and enable them to trade with and travel towards one another without being in any way beholden to a Teutonic agency. The projected line, starting from Kladovo on the Danube below the Iron Gates, would run to Nisch by the valley of the Tymok. From Nisch to Pristina it would turn south to avoid the territory of Novi-Bazar, thence it would turn north to Ipek and would enter Montenegrin territory. It would serve

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Andrivitza and Podgoritza; near the latter place it would re-enter Turkish territory, and finally arrive at Skutari, whence it would reach the sea in two branches, one at Antivari and the other at S. Giovanni di Medua. Latins and Slavs would then have a through route by land and water from Paris to Odessa without touching German soil. The project is at present very much in the air, but has aroused sufficient attention to be met with a counter proposal by the Austrian General Staff to connect the Danube and the Adriatic by means of a canal debouching in two branches, the one near Fiume, the other near Trieste.

These latter proposals are only deserving of notice at present as showing a state of mind, but the completion of the railway running direct from Vienna to Salonika is only a question of a few years; and it has already been indicated how gravely it compromises the position of Italy in the near East. It is the misfortune of Italy that in the present welter of Parliamentary strife in the dual monarchy the Italian representatives exercise little or no influence in the Reichsrath. This is in some measure owing to their own lack of unity, for there are eighteen in all, five from Trieste, six from the Trentino, three from Goritza, and four from Istria. Were they a firmly consolidated group, they might throw their weight with some effect into the scale of Teuton or Slav, but the difficulty is that to the Trieste representatives the Teuton is the enemy and to the others the Slav. The Italians also are scandalously under-represented for their population, compared with the German and Slav portions of Austria. The consequence is that Italian demands are consistently ignored by both parties. The Italian Parliamentary proposals are by no means subversive, and tend to show how far we have travelled since the days of extreme Irredentism.[1] They are purely educational and administrative. In the first place, an Italian University has been called for, ever

[1] Irredentism is, however, by no means dead. At King Humbert's funeral a deputation from the Municipality of Trieste laid a wreath on his coffin inscribed "Trieste, al suo re."

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since the cession of Venetia, but the Austrian Government maintains German and Slav Universities on Italian soil with Italian money, and does nothing for the Italian-speaking population. The same thing happens with regard to primary and secondary schools. The Trentino again demands administrative autonomy to keep it free from the encroachments of the Tyrolese authorities, but this is refused by all Ministries, and by Dr. Koerber more curtly than by any of his predecessors. Finally, the mercantile interests of Trieste have long demanded that she should be connected with Central Europe by a direct railway.[1] This would be more likely to follow if, or when, Germany absorbs German-Austria.

From what point of view, then, can it be said to-day that Italy benefits by an alliance with the Central Powers? The rights of her fellow nationalists in Austria are studiously ignored, a merciless commercial rivalry is instituted against her in the Adriatic, every effort is made to kill her political influence in the Balkan Peninsula, and the development of Austrian naval activity is already threatening her coasts. With Russia she has no possible direct ground of quarrel, and her relations with France have plainly been growing much more friendly of recent years. The greatest obstacle against friendship with France in the past has been the Vatican, but the relations of the Papacy and the French Government are not what they were. With the advent of the Archduke Ferdinand, a hot-headed clerical, to the throne of the Hapsburgs, Austrian relations with the Quirinal will not improve, and it must be remembered that the visit paid by King Humbert to Vienna nineteen years ago has never been returned at Rome, and the policy of the Vatican is to assist Austria strenuously in Albania as against Italy. Signs are not wanting that there is a strong commercial current in Italy setting towards France. At the shareholders' meeting of the "Banca d' Italia" held in March,

[1] For a full consideration of the case of the Italian-speaking subjects of Austria, see an article by "An Italian Deputy to the Reichsrath" in the *Nuova Antologia* for May.

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the new Governor, Signor Stringher, spoke in the warmest terms of France, and pointed out the superior stability of the French money market at the present time over those of Germany and England. So far as political personages are concerned, it must be remembered that Prinetti has a French wife, and is at one with Zanardelli in his views on foreign affairs.

The programme of the Radical party in Italy is the diminution of military expenditure, the abolition of corn duties, and the denunciation of the Triplice; and the declarations of Signor Zanardelli were warmly welcomed by the *Popolo Romano*, *Il Messagero*, and the *Secolo*. These are all indications of a popular feeling which a year or two may see developed into a force which the Government might be glad to use as an excuse for taking action from which it is itself not averse.

Besides the Papal question, the menace of France in the Mediterranean is the only ground for Italy joining in an alliance hostile to that country. But to avert such a danger, if it exists now, an arrangement with England is the only reasonable course. When, during the first Ministry of Crispi, the French threatened a raid on Spezzia, it was the visit of an English fleet to Genoa that finally stopped the project.[1] Italy would have been *hors de combat* long before the other members of the Alliance could have made any impression on France. The interests of England may oblige her to assist Italian policy in the Mediterranean with or without the Triplice, but it is doubtful if they do any longer, and if they do not, the history of our relations with her do not lead the cynical to believe that we should do it out of chivalry. Undoubtedly we were at one time, and may be still bound to assist Italy to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, but this arrangement Italy might now be wise to throw over if she can settle with France. In February 1887 Depretis told his colleagues that "with regard to England no Italian Cabinet would have

[1] If such a project really existed. According to one account the scare arose from a misreading by Crispi of the Italian Ambassador's telegram regarding French naval manœuvres.

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dared to hope for what our Count di Robilant has gained; our position is now secure both by land and sea"; and Lord Salisbury made in November of the same year the famous declaration at the Mansion House upon which many conjectures have been built, but which is vague enough when closely examined. Italy's connection with England in the Mediterranean has been by no means altogether happy. It was Lord Salisbury who instigated or encouraged France to go to Tunis; it was England who instigated the Depretis Cabinet to occupy Massowah, and thereby led to the development of the disastrous colonial policy; lastly, the vacillation of Lord Salisbury was the primary cause of the disaster at Adowa. By inveigling Italy into the agreement with ourselves and Austria to put pressure on Turkey in the Armenian business and then letting the opportunity slip, we only drew on Italy the resentment of Russia, which bore fruit in Abyssinia. To make matters worse, Lord Salisbury, listening to French remonstrances, reversed the policy of Lord Rosebery and refused to allow Italy to land troops at Zeila and threaten the communications of the Abyssinians.[1] This made defeat a certainty.

By the agreement with France arising out of the disputes in West Africa, we have put into the hands of the latter the trade routes through the hinterland of Tripoli and deprived that territory of all value to Italy. Finally, ill-feeling has arisen against us, not only on account of the Boer war, but also through the language question in Malta. Mr. Chamberlain, with all his virtues, has no charm for the Latin races. Our policy towards Italy has been of late years perhaps more consistently Machiavellian than in any other quarter, which is unfortunate, as we had there a stronger foundation of solid liking to build on.

Crispi would have been, on the whole, more wisely inspired if on his second advent to power he had not allowed himself to be led astray by his leaning towards England, to refuse the offer

[1] See Stillman, "Autobiography of a Journalist," vol. ii. p. 289, for a full account of this incident, so discreditable to England.

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by France of a highly beneficial commercial treaty in consideration of abandoning the arrangement with us in the Mediterranean. Like ourselves of late, Italy has suffered from a want of "business-like imperialism." In her allies she has to deal with two Powers, one of whom has gigantic ambitions in Central Europe and the near East, and the other, by the mere fact of her artificial and purely dynastic construction, must pursue a course of enlightened selfishness. Unfortunately, this policy is, as we have shown, of necessity anti-Italian. Had Germany already accomplished her purpose and absorbed German-speaking Austria and Trieste, the friendship of Italy would be well worth buying with the Trentino. Both countries would then be thrown together by the necessity of combating the Ultramontane danger. Italy would fare no worse if no better with Germany and Hungary in the Adriatic than she has with Hungary and Austria. As matters now are, she has two courses. The wisest, a policy of peace, retrenchment, and reform, cultivation of an understanding with France and concentration of all her resources on the economic struggle. As this counsel of perfection her pride will probably not permit her to follow, she should at all events do her best to secure herself from being sacrificed to the exigencies of the agrarian parties in Germany and Austria. In her present position she surely will not permit herself again to be exploited for the dubious benefit of posing as a Great Power.

"International policy," said Bismarck, "is a fluid element which, under certain circumstances, will solidify, but on a change of atmosphere reverts to its original diffuse condition." So far as Italy is concerned, that change of atmosphere seems to have set in, and perhaps the "diffuse condition" may be for a time most wisely retained. With the grave changes that may at any moment be at hand in Central Europe she may be able, if she bargains skilfully, to sell her adherence to some new system, with or without England, for a better return than she has secured under the present one.

W. B. Duffield.

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THE WORK AND FUTURE OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS

NO one, said Daudet, can be expected to tell the truth in the South of France. How could one under that merry, laughing sun? South Africa, too, has a sun and a very merry and laughing one, if heat be merriment and constancy laughter.

Some news from the front has lately inclined people to ask what causes war correspondents to write what is not true. A particular commando was surprised and routed; yet Lord Kitchener knew nothing of it. A British officer and non-commissioned officer were murdered under particular circumstances at Vlakfontein, and again the Commander-in-Chief knew nothing of it. Nay, more, when appealed to he angrily confirmed his ignorance. What prompted the authors of these accounts to include circumstantial but inaccurate details? Can it be the sun? As all the campaigns I happen to have seen have been carried on under a hot sun I am unable to say from experience what would be the effect of cool weather on accuracy. But it is safe to say that the sun is not the only incentive to inaccuracy in South Africa. There may be something peculiar to the country; there is certainly something peculiar to the atmosphere in which all military affairs are conducted. If there be the *mendacium Africanum*, just as for centuries there has been in conventional belief the *mendacium Vasconicum*, we must now add to the list the lie of

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indeterminate geographical distribution, the *mendacium militare*. I will endeavour to explain its source and in so doing I shall offer, in some sort, a plea for the war correspondent.

The first point to be noticed is that the war correspondent does not *want* to be inaccurate. All sins of inaccuracy find him out, as he very well knows. The truth is this: that in order to be ahead of his fellows with important news the correspondent is often willing to risk accuracy. He sends off a description of something which he has seen only through another's eyes, knowing that if his news arrive early and turn out to be substantially true he will win more praise than he would ever earn reprobation if the news should turn out to be false. "Substantial truth" is a new standard of sufficiency in British journalism, and it deserves to be discouraged. The risk the correspondent incurs is really a simple sum in proportion; but British correspondents still work out the sum in different ways. In America more men work it out in the same way; it is worth risking a good deal to "do a beat." Hence the general observation that "you cannot believe American papers."

The blame for this result belongs to the reader who demands not less than to the correspondent who supplies. To-day the newspaper reader is spoilt; he sits at his breakfast-table as it were in a stall at the theatre and sees the military drama trip before his eyes. A century ago the fastest ship would have brought him the news of a battle weeks after it had been fought. Delay was ever a great spoiler of the dramatic elements; and the man who consents to no delay to-day has not evaded the tribute of morbid agitation which his advantages exact from him.

Another reason for inaccuracy among correspondents is the complaisance of some in sending as news what they think their readers would wish to believe. Not being, as a rule, a political writer, the war correspondent sometimes writes on political aspects of the campaign, because for some occult reason it is more gratifying to a man to treat of subjects upon which his

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right to speak is not immediately clear. Once admit the political bias and you introduce a tendency to say what will fit in with your political theory. Here we have the source of a readiness to believe everything unfavourable that is said about your enemy on the one hand, and of an unreadiness to believe anything but what is strictly favourable on the other.

I know that in every war each side has to some extent calumniated the other, and the more remote from the field of action the more acute generally has been the calumny. The Boer War has perhaps not been worse than other wars in this respect; it may even have been better. But the war correspondent might quite well make it a rule to send home no story of perfidy or brutality which he has not seen himself, or for which he cannot state unexceptionable evidence. Of "atrocities" in civilised warfare there are three kinds. First, those that happened — a small class; second, those that never happened; third, those that are the result of a misunderstanding.

Misunderstandings are innumerable, and I do not know that the private soldier—an honest fellow, but limited—is deeply to be blamed for turning them into something worse. A shell fired by the enemy at a battery skims over a hill and falls in some place hidden from those who fired it. Probably —such is fate—it falls in or near a hospital. "Firing at the 'ospital again," growls the soldier, as the shell bursts, for all the world to see, among the red-crossed tents. "Oh, they ain't particular," says another. I have seen a battery of British horse artillery turned on a Boer ambulance train, and the most striking recollection I have preserved from that incident is of the expression of dismay which filled the face of the major when, a puff of wind displaying the flags on the train, he understood what he was doing. But can you doubt what was said on the other side? Correspondents do not often enough allow the benefit of the doubt.

The worst of it is that stories, ill-founded at their birth, work round and round a vicious circle, gaining confirmation as

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they go. I remember lying down among some privates of an infantry regiment and watching a bombardment by British guns. To all outward seeming no particular harm was being done; the hill-side was devastated, but no human being stirred there. Yet you should have heard the comments of the soldiers: "We're giving 'em socks up there and no mistake." "They must be pretty well fed up with them things,"—and so forth. You would have thought thousands of men were being visibly killed. "How do you know?" said a voice at last very pertinently. "Know!" was the answer; "why I read in the papers that the effects of lyddite"— and so on. The papers! The soldier quotes from a paper, as though it enjoyed a plenary verbal inspiration, the very information with which he himself has in the first instance perhaps hesitatingly supplied it. Evidence becomes fortified at every stroke of this battledore and shuttle-cock game.

Yet another cause of exaggeration is that the correspondent is expected to make his descriptions dramatic. The simple truth is that modern war is not dramatic. Yet the popular fallacy thrives that the stride of science has made war too horrible to be contemplated; nay, more, too horrible even to be waged again between civilised nations. It would be far nearer the truth to say that the ingenuity of man in escaping the effect of modern weapons has increased out of all proportion to the ingenuity which has invented the weapons. War was doubtless dramatic in the old days when there was no ingenuity; when Cæsar told his men to "strike at the faces" of Pompey's army at Pharsalia; when the spiked boarding bridges fell with a crash from the Roman masts on to the Carthaginian ships; when one line of English pikemen met another line of English pikemen; when one line armed with short-ranged muskets fired point-blank at another line, and then the line that remained less thin advanced over the bodies of the other line; even when Grant in the American Civil War was reduced to hurling masses of men against masses of men; but to-day, no; war is not dramatic. A battle is vague,

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scattered, sometimes even insufferably tedious. After Colenso I spoke to an onlooker who had not the least idea that the British arms had suffered a reverse.

And all these difficulties are met by correspondents in an atmosphere, as I have said, which is extraordinarily deceptive. In the theatre of a war second-hand evidence is perhaps the equivalent of twentieth-hand evidence in any other circumstances of life. I take it the reason is this: we are what some one has recently called a "newspaperised" people. At the seat of war just when expectation is painfully acute the channels of information to which we are all used are blocked. There are no newspapers. What happens? Insensibly, unavowedly, but not the less effectually, the whole army sets to work to supply the want. It manufactures information.

I did not count the number of times I was told in the Transvaal, after a long separation from papers, that Japan was at war with Russia, that peace would be declared on Monday or that De Wet was dead. I can only be thankful that I have managed with difficulty to reserve the right of scepticism ever since the day when I accepted the word of a Greek demarch, famed for his integrity, that nine Greeks had killed forty Turks and that he himself had seen the bodies.

If the discretionary work of a correspondent is always difficult, it is trebly difficult now that the war is a thing dispersed and elusive. When an army on one side faced an army on the other, it was the correspondent's fault if he did not see the battle the next morning; but now he is a fortunate man who sees ten shots fired in a month. He is forced to rely upon the evidence of others. And in selecting his evidence in the most difficult circumstances in the world he is oppressed with the sense of competition and with the sense of his employer's itching proximity to the other end of the cable. Labouring under such influences his discretion dwindles rather than grows. He is scarcely suffered to use his judgment.

It was not by the judgment of themselves, for example, that nearly all the correspondents within hail flocked to the head-

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quarters of Lord Roberts when the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria began. They joined that column because they could telegraph every day while they were with it, and that could be done with few other columns. But what were the telegrams worth? Nothing. Lord Roberts, tapping every source of information, telegraphed first; the correspondents, tapping very few, telegraphed afterwards. Competition with Lord Roberts was hopeless. He was far the best war correspondent in South Africa. When the correspondents' messages arrived home in undue course they were found to be inferior reproductions of what had already been said. I remember a friend telling me of a performance he had seen in a Spanish country theatre. The players were word-imperfect to an astonishing degree; but the prompter in the wings happened to have a great voice and a fine gift of declamation, neither of which he scrupled to use. The result was that the players gave a faltering version of what had already been proclaimed to the satisfaction of all. The correspondents with Lord Roberts were in a like case with those Spanish actors.

Meanwhile the predominantly important work of General French went unnoticed—because he carried no telegraph wire. The man who turned one position after another from Blandfort, Vet River and Kroonstad northwards, is still an indefinite though, no doubt, important figure in the eyes of the newspaper reader.

Telegraphing is likely to become less important in the work of war correspondence. Even now a man has no opportunity to emulate the triumphs of transmission achieved by Russell, Forbes, and others; the censor's conditions impose uniformity; they encourage equal opportunity and discourage enterprise; they are a great leveller—the friend of the poor paper, the enemy of the extravagant. In these circumstances is it worth doing? It is a question for editors to decide, if it be not decided soon and summarily for them by the War Office. If telegraphing were disallowed the work of the censors would be enormously simplified.

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If newspapers could cast their plans in unison there might be a valuable distribution of energy. Forty or more correspondents with Lord Roberts did what could have been equally well done by six. The rest might have been chronicling in letters events of the first military importance elsewhere. But I will not dwell on this; it is a counsel of perfection.

The work of the correspondent cannot be considered apart from the duties of the censor. The true duties of the censor can be defined in a sentence—to prevent the publication of news that would help the enemy. There can be no other duty. "But," says one, "you would not allow a correspondent to telegraph opinions that would discourage the army and the country?" No; but this comes under the same head. The true faith was never better expressed than by Lord Roberts, when he said: "Never give away a plan, but when events are over say what you please, criticise as you please." The censor must not be a political editor, nor a literary editor, nor an editor, in general, of opinions, nor must he exercise what may be called a moral censorship.

Some persons, indignant at false news from the front, have demanded that the censors should allow nothing to pass which they do not know to be true. This would be fatal; the censors have, as often as not, less means than the correspondent himself of knowing whether what is submitted to them be true or not. If once a moral censorship were established you may be sure that the censors would take no risks. They would suppress all information which did not come straight from the headquarters' staff and none could blame them for it. And yet the persons that desire this censorship are the same persons that demand more news from the front.

Take one example. A correspondent is pilloried in the House of Commons at question-time, and Mr. Brodrick or Lord Stanley is asked if he will not secure the punishment of the man who has sent grossly false news. The answer ought to be this: that if the correspondent has sent the news after being told by the Commander-in-Chief that it was false and

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should not be repeated, then he ought to be punished for insubordination—in a military sense. But he should not be punished simply because his news was false. There is only one way legitimately to abate the nuisance of inaccuracy, namely —to send to the front correspondents who have both judgment and honesty.

The work of war correspondence is in an odd state of flux, and it is certain that the conditions of it will soon have to be defined. I believe that a report on the subject will be presented to the War Office. Lord Stanley, who was the chief press-censor in South Africa, has often told me his views on the subject. Let me state the chief of them here, for they are bound to influence the decisions of the War Office.

(1) An elastic list of reputable newspapers should be kept. Only these papers should have the right to send correspondents to a war.

(2) A list of correspondents should be kept by the War Office. Application to be put on the list would have to be made with proper testimonials.

(3) When a war broke out, each paper, with a right to a correspondent, could choose a man from the list, or pool, at the War Office. The paper might possibly have made arrangements with a correspondent beforehand. That would be its own affair; only the correspondent's name must be on the list. Otherwise it might have to wait for weeks till the man's name appeared on the list.

(4) Should a war correspondent be allowed to telegraph at all? This is still an open question, but may quite likely be answered in the negative.

(5) Letters should not be censored at all.

(6) Despatch riders should not be allowed.

(7) A uniform might possibly be authorised for correspondents.

The chief danger in such proposals no doubt is that the fear of being excluded from the pool—which in many cases would mean a man's livelihood—might cause the correspondent

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himself to diminish his rights of free criticism. He might even be tempted to sacrifice his country's interest to the interest of the War Office, which would be in the relation of a subsidiary employer to him. Against such an obvious danger Lord Stanley would doubtless be prepared to guard. I simply state his views roughly as they have been set forth in conversation.

One thing is certain, the whole question involved is not whether war correspondents shall cease to exist, but under what restrictions they shall work. A fine brevity has traditionally characterised our military despatches; the country which pays for a war, while admiring this quality of dignity in its proper place, would never consent to despatches as its only source of information.

J. B. Atkins.

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NATIONALITY IN DRAMATIC ART

WHEN we English people speak of our national drama we mean, nine in ten of us, the drama of the Elizabethan poets. That is the only dramatic literature we have had which fully expressed the character and the ideas and the aspirations of the English race. You often hear it asked in wonder why the theatre was in Shakespeare's day the constant popular resort of all classes, and why it has never enjoyed anything like the same popularity since. The reason is clear. The Elizabethan dramatists were closely in touch with national sentiment. They bodied forth in stirring language, they interpreted by means of rich imagery, the thoughts and feelings that were in the mind and breast of every Englishman. The court gallant and the careful tradesman and the ruffling 'prentice took an equal delight in these dramas, though possibly in different aspects of them: each knew that the plays expressed what he himself and everybody else felt, but could not put into words.

> The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the life-like medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterised the English stage.[1]

[1] J. R. Green. "History of the English People."

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Thus the sense of sympathy grew to be an active principle of life. All classes of the community were brought closer together by the theatre. The theatre was one of the main arteries of national life.

Since then we have had a drama of the town—the plays of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, stretching from Etherege and Sedley down to Goldsmith and Sheridan—a drama which expressed merely a phase of society, and appealed only to a small class. The solid elements of English life no longer frequented the theatre. It was no longer a national institution. It had ceased to be a national institution, not so much because of the Puritanical dislike and distrust of art in any shape, as for these reasons—that a national sentiment with power upon the whole race no longer existed; that the break-up of "the Elizabethan social system ordered and planetary in functions and degrees, as the angelic hierarchy of the Areopagite" had plunged all but frivolous or philosophic minds into the all-absorbing tussle with religious and political problems; that the writers for the stage appealed to the frivolous alone, and only recognised the existence of the rest by an occasional sneer or gibe. I think it is possible that, if a group of dramatists had set themselves to deal seriously with noble themes and to carry on the traditions of the Elizabethan stage before its decline, they would have won back the nation to the theatre. But no such dramatists were found, and the mass of the nation, deprived of the emotional and imaginative stimulus of the play, found substitutes for it in the theatrical preaching of Whitfield, and the fervent sweetness of Charles Wesley's hymns. The Puritans had tried to stamp out of the English race its capacity for pleasurable emotion, and had completely failed. They had, it is true, hindered sorely the development of the art of England—we feel the hindrance to this day. But they had only succeeded in turning emotion into another channel. The stern intellectuality, the chill repression of the Puritan faith could never keep a hold upon the English race. Persuaded that emotion called forth by art was immoral, the

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nation surrendered its ideals and grovelled for a period in a slough of grossness and scepticism. From that slough it only escaped by making religion emotional, and finding in it the solace it had once derived from drama, the one art which had gained a really national influence. All that was best in England answered to the call—the larger number in the religious revival of the eighteenth century—a smaller, yet a more picked band, not quite a hundred years later when the Oxford movement gained its fullest force.

All this while, then, the drama has lain outside the track of English national life—so completely outside that only within recent years has it occurred to any one to suggest that some day it might possibly recapture the place it once held. The suggestion, once made, however, found ready welcome. The subject of a national drama is now a stock subject for discussion wherever interests go a little beyond the material concerns of the moment. It may be a *mirage*, a will-of-the-wisp that we follow. But it does seem that, if ever we are to see the revival for which so many of us hope, the times are ripening towards it now. The emotional force of the religious revivals has spent itself. Formalism and eccentricity have damped down the fires of devotional fervour. For a while it seemed as if the novel might take its place as a vehicle for the expression of ideas held in common by the nation at large. Thackeray and Dickens between them covered the whole ground, but neither was able to cover it alone. And then, even while we awaited the arrival of the man who could make a wider appeal, the reading class for which novelists of intelligence wrote was swamped by the Education Act, and the day when a book should be able to reveal the nation to itself was postponed for many a long year. But the drama is not in the same case as the novel. It makes a more direct call upon the emotions. It does not demand for its comprehensions the same training of the mind as would be required to grasp the same ideas conveyed in a book. A fine play is like life itself. Some see in it meanings and suggestions that are hidden from others.

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This man's delight in it is intellectual, that man's purely sensuous. You, perhaps, are content merely to watch and smile, while your neighbour is busy with analysis and introspection. But all have their interest aroused and find in it some kind of stimulus. Shakespeare makes some impression upon every one, but makes it in widely differing ways. One man, after a performance of *Macbeth*, will go home like de Quincey and write a philosophical essay upon the knocking at the gate; another will say, with the north-country working man, of whom Mr. Frank Benson once told us, that it has helped him to do a better week's work. *Hamlet* is the most popular drama in the world, because every one can find in it something to engage his attention and to occupy his mind. We can scarcely expect another Shakespeare. For myself I doubt, as Lowell doubted, "whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one truly great poet, and whether there be more than one period—and that very short—in the life of a language when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible." But surely we can have a national drama without another Shakespeare. Other nations give expression to their national characteristics through dramatic art, and yet the supply of great poets is not any more plentiful with them than it is amongst ourselves. What do these other nations possess which we lack? They possess a class of writers for the stage who strive to awaken an intelligent interest in drama and to make it contribute to the general flow of ideas; who are not content simply to provide entertainments which shall distract after-dinner audiences and enrich theatrical speculators. These writers, unlike ours, have sentiments in common with the audiences they write for. They are moved by the same springs of passion and emotion; they are interested in the same themes and in the same modes of expression. They appeal to their audiences, not by a process of calculation, but because both they and play-goers are, in virtue of their nationality, imbued with the same feelings, and the same general aspirations; and

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because they take, in a broad sense, the same view of life and of dramatic art.

Consider for a moment the foreign plays that we have been lucky enough to see in London during this year. *Place aux dames.* Take France first. *L'Aiglon* is not to us a good acting play. The poetry that we find in M. Rostand's noblest imaginings fails to get over the footlights. Read the Wagram scene and you are struck by its power and beauty; pity and terror cleanse the soul; it is mysterious, haunting, wonderful. On the stage, with a crowd of hoarse "supers" groaning behind the scene, the poetry, the imagination, the mystery have evaporated. What is left appeals not to the deeper emotions, but to the theatrical sense, to the fondness for resonant declamation and striking contrast; in a word, to the traditional French hankering after all that savours of *la gloire.* That is why the piece carries a French audience irresistibly along with it, whereas it leaves us cold and dissatisfied. We English people love poetry: the French people love rhetoric and *la gloire.* We would have the poet suggest to us more than he can put into words, to give us "huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance," to leave something to our imagination. "'st' Inglesi son matti sul misticismo: somiglia alle nebbie di là," says the scoffing student in Rossetti's *Hand and Soul.* Whereas the French mind dislikes anything that is not logical, clearly expressed, well within the four corners of its comprehension. It agrees with Rossetti's other painter in the Pitti Palace. "Je tiens que, quand on ne comprend pas une chose, c'est qu'elle ne signifie rien." Here then is one side of the French national character successfully appealed to by *L'Aiglon*, as it has been appealed to in the past by Victor Hugo and Dumas père, and M. Coppée, and a host of others.

Again, the average Frenchman's ideal of life is the ideal, to use a phrase now classic, of *l'homme sensuel moyen.* See how faithfully the modern French play represents that. *La Dame aux Camélias* represents it on the sentimental side. *Sapho* and *La Parisienne*, in which Madame Réjane exhibited the immense

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cleverness of her realist method, reveal it upon its moralising and its cynical sides. *La Tosca* (I am confining myself to the plays we have seen in London this year) gratifies the appetite for horrors and harlotry which *l'homme sensuel moyen* must now and then indulge. *La Course du Flambeau* catches him in a reflective mood—the mood of "the morning after" when he feels doubtful about the welfare of the human race. The main thing I want to insist upon is that you can trace in all of these plays, and they are a fair selection from the modern French drama, the existence of the ideal of the *l'homme sensuel moyen*, which is the ideal both of the playwright and of the spectators, and which therefore gives the modern French drama the title to be called a national drama in the natural sense of the words.

You find when you examine the modern German drama, that it can make good the same claim to this epithet "national." Its ideals are quite different from the French ideals. It sets itself for the most part to discuss heavily and without the smallest spice of humour the problems of our super-civilised existence. It offers pictures of provincial and metropolitan life that are strangely real in externals and strangely exaggerated in essence. But this exaggeration is inevitable considering the methods employed. The characters are scarcely human beings, studied for their own sake, so much as abstract types of passion or peculiarity, set up for the purpose of the dramatist's theme. Colonel Schwarze in *Magda*, for example, is an embodiment of the parental idea; von Röcknitz in *Glück im Winkel* merely sums up the German notion of a full-blooded, "magerful" *coureur de femmes;* even in *Johannisfeuer* the interest of the problem is rather universal than personal. As it is with Sudermann, so it is with Hauptmann as well; perhaps even more so. In *Die Weber* the characters are the playwright's puppets; it is the atmosphere and the episodes that give the drama its marvellous power and intensity. *Einsame Menschen* has more individual interest, but here, too, the people of the play are all carefully labelled. This is in accordance with the

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German audience's view of life, with the Teutonic attitude of mind which prefers a studied philosophic generalisation to the presentment of a particular human being. The serious drama of Germany, in fact, expresses the serious side of the national character just as the comic drama keeps touch with the German weakness for fun cut in thick slices. Both varieties are unmistakably German, as much in expression as in idea.

Turn now to a drama that is based upon ideals very unlike those both of France and of Germany—to the drama of Japan, as we have had it interpreted for us by the Japanese players. Here is a form of art that proceeds directly from national character. What do the Japanese chiefly delight in? In beauty of colour and form, from the simplest manifestations of natural loveliness to the strange, exotic imaginings of an art based upon traditions of incalculable antiquity and followed with a passion for perfection that is shown as clearly in trifles as in its most ambitious attempts. First of all, then, the Japanese drama satisfies this desire for beauty. The very scenery brings to us western folk a sense of refreshment and satisfaction; the dresses are things of rare delight, every one; all the movements and gestures of the actors fall into rich harmonies of expression, and an entire absence of self-consciousness lends them a charm like that of music or the ordered, inevitable processes of Nature. And what of the matter of their plays? They are rooted nearly all in that conception of duty which is so strong an element in the Japanese character—the duty which men and women owe to themselves, to one another and to the eternal verities of justice and of truth. In minor ways the drama of Japan satisfies to the full the Japanese sense of the mysterious, the terrible, the inevitable; and it satisfies as well their childlike delight in combats and in playfulness. These players have studied every means of heightening the effect of their efforts. Think of the intermittent striking of the gong throughout the intensely moving last act of *The Wife's Sacrifice*, the wailing voice raised now and again in melancholy chant, the stillness broken only by these ominous sounds and

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by the pathetic cheeping of the birds without, symbolic of the heedlessness of Nature to the little tragedies of humankind. If this simple and unfamiliar art, with its unsophisticated directness of method, can produce so deep an effect upon us with our abnormally developed sense of the ridiculous, imagine how it must affect the people out of whose passion for beauty and out of whose simple ethical code it has been gradually developed.

And now let us think of our own drama and ask ourselves how far it expresses any aspect of our national character. We can claim to have evolved during the past generation two art-forms which are distinctively English—the Savoy Opera and Mr. Pinero's farces of character. But then neither of these have "made school." Both depend for the most part upon the humour of individual men. They are not the inevitable outcome of a generally-accepted view of life; they are rather the creations of personal talent, forcing a certain number of people to look at themselves and the world in distorting mirrors. It is true that our peculiar humour makes us, as a race, derive a certain enjoyment from being shown our own absurdities by keen-witted satirists. Exaggeration, too, seems to come natural to us on the stage. So far, then, these two forms of drama are based upon national characteristics, but so far only, and no farther. They are, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "at the bottom fantastic": not so utterly untrue to our real selves as the sugar-plum play (*The Second in Command*, for one instance, *The Wilderness*, for another), or as the many deodorised farces which we borrow from the French and spoil in borrowing; but still fantastic in being removed from the main currents of the English spirit. A more serious drama is needed to reflect these, and that we lack entirely. Mr. Pinero seemed to be striving towards it when he wrote *The Profligate* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, but his interests cling more to the theatre than to the life without. He seems to be more set upon turning out pieces that shall draw the town than upon helping the world to solve the problems of its age, and of all

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ages. *The Gay Lord Quex* had no more relation to the main current of our national life than had the latest edition of the never-varying Gaiety entertainment—scarcely so much indeed, for the Gaiety piece does, after all, answer to a mood of a large section of Englishmen. But it is not merely surface moods that drama should reflect. It should drop its plummet to the depths of national character, and show the body of the time its form and pressure. The English race is not, as many writers persist in repeating, phlegmatic, unemotional, unimpassioned, and therefore neither interested nor interesting in drama. Beneath a calm surface there flow in our English nature deep and strong currents of noble emotion, of passionate attachment to ideals, of hidden feeling that, once aroused, sweeps away convention and the obstacles of prejudice or pride in a flood which may not be withstood. This, and the habit of discipline for discipline's sake, supply the chief clues to English character. But where in our drama do we find any hint of that? The French, the Germans, the Norwegians, the Japanese have each a drama that is in harmony with their views of life, their aspirations, their enthusiasms. Why should we be cheated of a like possession?

The Gay Lord Quex did not even offer a faithful picture of the small and uninteresting society with which exclusively it dealt. It represented that society as the gossip columns of newspapers would have us believe it to be: of personal observation, which alone can make such plays tolerable, there was no trace. It is personal observation that is sadly lacking also in the plays of Mr. Jones, who really has a desire to set his compositions in the dominant key of the period. He would write much more interesting and much truer plays if he would write of the life he knows, as he did in *Saints and Sinners*, for example. And he might be a powerful force on the side of the angels if he only had a little more courage. Mr. Jones frequently gets hold of fine ideas, but he spends all his time in running away from them. Think how Dumas *fils* would have treated the idea upon which *Mrs. Dane's Defence*

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is based—how he would have rallied all our nobler instincts on the side of the wronged woman—how scornfully he would have brushed aside the coward sophistries of the over-fed, soul-starved society lawyer—how he would have flung his challenge full in the face of the brute majority—how he would have enlarged our sympathies and increased our tenderness for the weak and worsted, and left us with hearts purified and minds cleared of cant! But Mr. Jones had Mr. Wyndham's box-office to consider and the susceptibilities of Mr. Wyndham's audiences to respect. So all that his play represented was:

> "One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod,
> One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels,
> One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!"

The hope, if there is any, of our building up a drama that shall strike its roots deep in our English nature, lies in the younger and so far little recognised playwrights like Mr. Granville Barker, who wrote *The Weather Hen*, or perhaps even more in the numberless unknown writers who are patiently feeling their way towards the expression of their ideas in plays. The unfortunate thing is that with the theatre in its present unorganised state they so seldom obtain a hearing. What we need, above all, is a Theatre of Experiments. Actor managers, who have to earn a profit for the benefit of the syndicates or the individual speculators who provide them with play-houses, cannot be expected to indulge in experiments. Many of them, if they were their own masters, would gladly try new plays by new authors. But they are powerless. The heavy hand of Capital is upon them. They are but driving-wheels in the money-making engine. The piston works them, not as they will, but as the driver wills. To abuse actor-managers alone for the deplorable condition of the theatre is scarcely just. They, after all, must have some enthusiasm for, some pride in their calling, or they would not be *actor*-managers. It is the hidden speculator who does the mischief, who knows nothing and cares nothing for art, regarding a theatre simply

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and solely as an instrument of gain. Until we establish a theatre or two where plays can be acted for their own sake, and for the sake of advancing the interests of dramatic art, not for the sake of amassing large sums of money, we shall stagnate as we are stagnating just now, and we shall never have a drama that can in any sense be called national. When a number of dramatists are at work producing plays full of fresh ideas and getting them acted, the ground will be prepared for the appearance of one or two authors of genius, and these one or two, if they keep on the right lines, will set a standard and hand down traditions and found a school. But we shall never get such a school of playwrights without the one or two authors of genius, nor will the authors of genius make their appearance unless there is manifested a keen interest in the theatre, and a widespread ambition in the playwriting direction. And the first step in this direction is, I believe, an Experimental playhouse, if need be, "supported by voluntary contributions." If we want to encourage the growth of a national drama, we must prepare the ground by establishing some kind of national theatre.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.

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A WOMAN-PAINTER AND SYMBOLISM

WE live—so we often hear—in a barren time; inspirers and inspiration have departed, and our only hope is in a hypothetical baby in a hypothetical cradle, who may, even now, be slowly preparing for the consolation of the public. Meanwhile, we are too apt to feel confident that the baby is the child of Mrs. Harris, and we rather forget to look out for it. But the last few weeks have shown us that originality and charm are still living—that a new and lovely imagination has arisen amongst us: a dreamer with dreams worth the dreaming, and a painter with a hand that can impart them. Genius is a big word, and when we think that it is the only one that we have for Shakespeare, we must hesitate to use it too frequently. But a woman of forcible inspiration we undoubtedly possess in the artist, Miss Fortescue-Brickdale, who has just been exhibiting her pictures at Dowdeswell's Galleries in Bond Street.

Many women possess intuition, but few women have possessed genius. And if a woman of genius in any art is scarce, a woman-painter of genius is scarcer still. If we count up the women who have been known as artists we shall be surprised to find out how few they are, and if we look at the work that brought them fame we are forced to conclude that their rarity alone can account for their reputation. There was probably no one worth mentioning before Margaret, the sister

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of the Van Eycks, but, as there is no authentic work of hers that survives, we can imagine it as good or as bad as we please. Almost the same may be said of Gerard David's wife, who helped that great master of Bruges on the illuminations of the Grimiani Breviary.

The Renaissance, it is true, produced two or three of its characteristic paragons. There was the famous Sophonisba Aguissola of Cremona, a real artist, born of a family of women-painters, and the only distinguished one among them. Enough of her fine work remains to show that, had there been more, she would have had a strong hold upon fame; but she migrated from Italy to Spain and made a fashionable marriage with a Spanish grandee, leaving scant record behind her, unless it be that of Vandyck, who drew her picture in his note-book when she was ninety-six. Or there was her contemporary, Katherine Hemessen, the Fleming, who also went to Spain, and whose portrait of a gentleman, delicate, but weak, we have in the National Gallery. Or, again, that feminine and rather inferior phenomenon, Artemisia Gentileschi of Rome—who painted Judith, and David and Goliath in the overblown Bolognese style, and came to England and worked at the court of Charles I. There is much more glamour and substance in the later name of Rosalba Carriera, the brilliant *pastelliste*, who took the portrait of Watteau and followed her calling under Louis XV.'s ægis. But she belongs to the eighteenth century, and so did Rachel Ruisch, the flower-painter, who did not die till 1750. Meanwhile, there had been no dearth of Renaissance pupils. Most great painters had them and daughters imitated their fathers. There was Judith Leyster, the wife of Molinaer and the pupil of Franz Hals; there were Miss Titian, Miss Veronese, Miss Dolce, Madame Boucher, the painter's wife, and Mademoiselle Ledoux, the disciple of Greuze; or, in England, Mary Beale, Lely's clever follower, and Miss Reynolds and the feeble Maria Cosway. But none of these had an original talent, and most of them are hardly worth remembering. The name of Reynolds, however, brings us naturally to Angelica

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Kauffmann, who was such a queen of the Muses in her own generation. Yet Angelica, at her best, does not rise above the pretty—at her worst she sinks into the absurd; while Madame Lebrun, though she had much more charm and character, does not pretend to go beyond the limits of the graceful.

Such a list can be little more than a string of worthless names. The nineteenth century, at all events, produces a few of stronger interest. Rosa Bonheur, Marie Bashkirtseff, Madame Bodichon, Lady Waterford, Mrs. Wells, were all spirits of distinction. So, at this moment, are Mrs. Allingham, the lyric poet of cottage-gardens—and, in her small corner, Miss Kate Greenaway. As for the rest of our contemporaries, the more or less noble army of women, old and young, French and English, who paint admirable portraits, impressionist sketches, or careful genre pictures, they are beyond our compass. For though several of them, especially among the Frenchwomen, are far above the average and the average is a fine one, there is not one of their number who will really influence the imagination of the young people now growing up. And even among all those that have been mentioned—among such, at least, as have left enough pictures to judge by—Rosa Bonheur is the only one who can take rank as a complete genius; and she worked in a restricted area and on subjects not universally appealing. The rest show a vein of genius, or a great gift, but they do not count as enduring creators. Marie Bashkirtseff, who has considerable originality, is too much the pupil of Bastien Lepage to stand forth alone; and Mrs. Wells also, beautiful artist though she was, painted under the present spell of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Madame Bodichon—who, with Mrs. Allingham, is the only landscape-painter of our group—is independent enough, but she rather belongs to the dry school of poetry which lacks inspiration. Lady Waterford was the most originative, as she was the most attractive of these modern women; yet her pictures (and their charm lies here) will always remain fragmentary: the work of an amateur, in the true sense of the word.

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Whether women are creative or not is an old point of debate. History seems to show that they are not, and exceptions only prove the rule. Their gifts are not constructive, but sympathetic; they are critics and interpreters rather than originators. The number of fine actors and fine singers and players among women is surprising; yet there is not one famous woman-dramatist or composer. The drama wants the big impersonal imagination which they so rarely possess. It is different in other branches of literature. There are plenty of good women-novelists and no dearth of great ones; for novel-writing includes many qualities besides purely literary ones: insight, acute sympathies, the social arts, are almost as needful to the novelist as style and the power of story-telling. His craft, too, admits the personal note. Poetry does more—it demands it; and every great poet has the woman in him as well as the man's creative faculty. Where poetry is personal and intense, a poetess can excel. Christina Rossetti's lyre could belong to none but a woman, and the same might be said of Mrs. Browning, Emily Brontë, Madame Desbordes-Valmore. Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Sand, are thoroughly feminine in their genius, and it is their strength that they are so. Their outlook, their emotions, their manner of expressing them, have nothing to do with man.

But the art of painting does not offer them the same kind of opportunity for their endowments, still less does music. Both of these are largely impersonal arts, and it may be that this accounts for the scarcity of women-composers and painters. Indeed, in the painting of pure landscape—the least personal of all subjects—there has not been a single woman who is really great. Perhaps it needs a metaphysician, or an American novelist, to define the exact distinction between the personal and the individual, and perhaps, too, there is no particular call to do so; but it seems pretty safe to assert that the two qualities have little enough to do with one another, and that you can destroy the one without affecting the other. For individuality

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is always the *sine quâ non* of art—the very breath of its nostrils; and the art of the painter who counts is the impress of a man's individual soul upon the world outside him: whether he choose nature or his fellow man as his subject. His pictures show his general tendencies, his attitude towards life; but the bigger they are, the more they would be marred by the presence of his private emotions. Take Jean François Millet, for instance—an artist full of distinct character—his feeling towards labour and suffering is clearly articulate in his drawings; yet they reveal nothing of his own life, they are not autobiographical. Or, to cite examples only of such work as includes sentiment, let us look at Rossetti's masterpieces—his "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," his "Annunciation," his pictures of Dante and Beatrice: they are noble expressions of an intense and exquisite mysticism, of a peculiar relation both to the spiritual and the material, but of nothing more egotistical.

It is not the least of Miss Brickdale's merits that she is an initiator; that she has discovered for herself a new and intimate mode of expression, in which a woman's qualities come full into play: an art which is personal and yet not egotistical; feminine without being weak. She has found a new sort of symbolism; she has invented parable-painting. There have been allegorical painters and symbolists of many kinds; Lady Waterford and Mrs. Wells were also painters of ideas, but they were vaguer and less defined, and Miss Brickdale has kept herself distinct from them and from all the rest. Her allegory is never abstruse—it always takes the form of poetic story-telling. Sometimes she stretches her parables till they nearly become dramas; sometimes she compresses them into painted aphorisms. There is a great deal of wit in her work, and she has given us something like an epigram in her picture of "Youth and the Lady": of the fantastic lady, with dishevelled golden hair, flying breathless (flowers and greensward behind her) after Youth, the fay—Youth, who flies even faster, till he almost recedes beyond the frame.

Parables demand, above all, a poet's creative imagination,

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and with that fusing power Miss Brickdale, rare among her kind, is happily equipped. They are a play of the intellect and Miss Brickdale is intellectual, more intellectual than passionate, but then passion is an attribute irrelevant to parables. They need other things, many of the novelist's faculties—subtlety, insight, sympathy—and all these the artist is rich in. She produces, as it were, a personal relation between her pictures and her public.

Yet in painting, though soul means most, body is essential. Subtlety needs grace, allegory a sense of the exquisite, if they are to strike home. A modern realistic parable after (much after) Bastien Lepage, would most likely be an ugly, scientific affair. But Miss Brickdale, of whose striking technique it is not our place here to speak, has dipped her brush in the mysterious well of enchantment, and charms the eye by curve and line and colour. Her colour is a feast, rich and pure enough to compare with Rossetti's, and daring with a southern brilliance and security; whether she is sumptuous, as in the poppy-red robe of her insolent Chance, and the blaring orange of her Fame's raiment; or whether she refreshes us by brightest greens and deepest blues and lilacs. She has, indeed, an especial gift for lilac, that subtlest of colours, so rarely handled by great painters: delighted in by Hans Memling, and Quentin Matsys in his "Life of St. Anne"—or, in our own day, by Puvis de Chavannes, who understood all the romance of it. So does Miss Brickdale, and she knows it in every one of its delicate gradations, from palest mauves to shadowy purples.

She uses it with poetic aptness in one of her finest pictures, "Grief and the Two Enemies." A monk in a robe of violet—the colour of Italian hills at nightfall—his face austere but tender, somewhat hidden by his cowl, is standing in a little pre-Raphaelite wood and joining together the hands of two knights in armour. The sun has gone down; their wrath has died out; Grief's own hands are strong and nervous, and against his purple dress there spring, in the foreground, a few pink foxgloves. Besides this parable of grief, the painter

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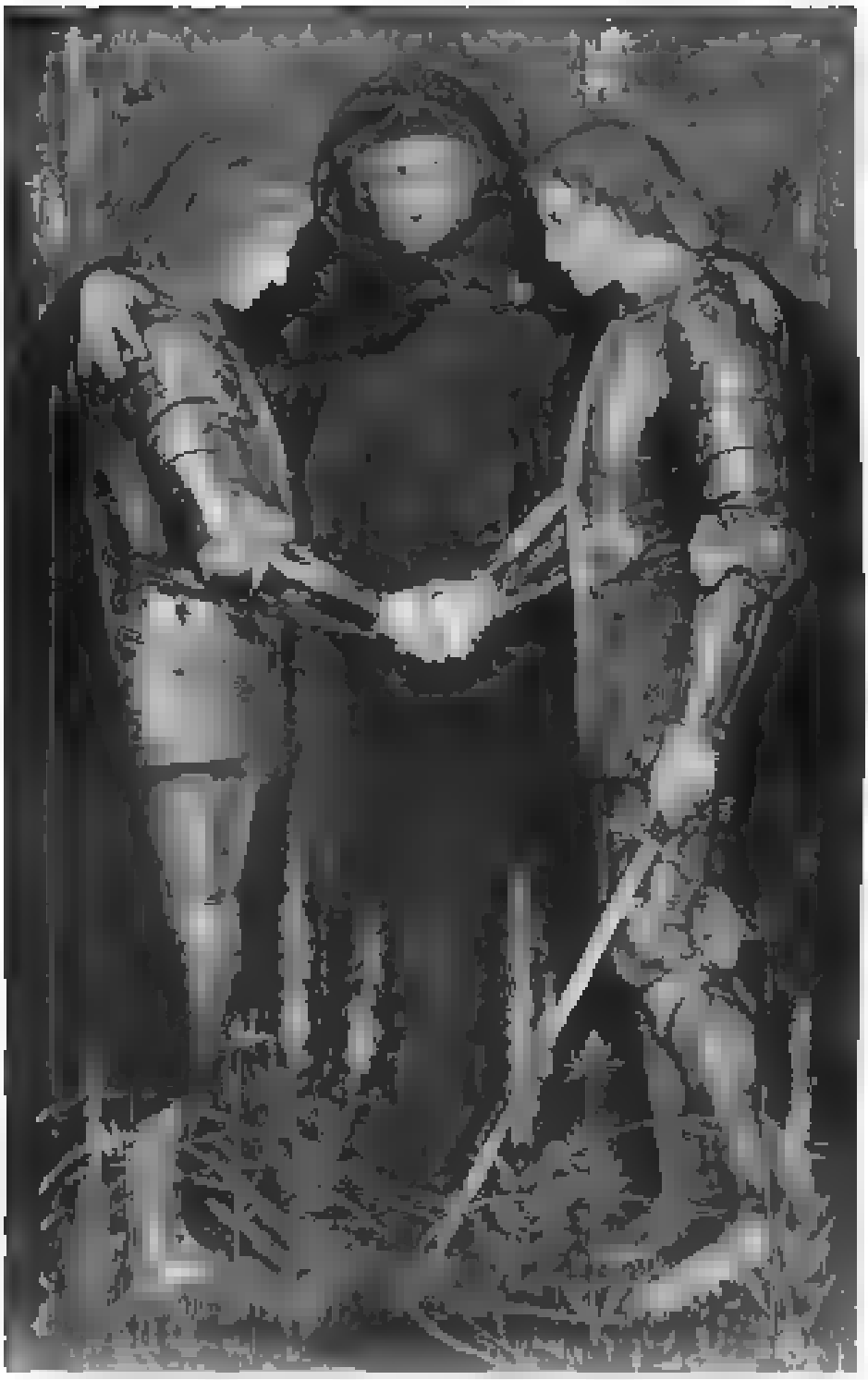

Order and the Two Factions

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has given us another of resignation. In "Time trieth Troth," a middle-aged husband and wife, in mediæval dresses of gold and brown and purple, are trudging uphill, over a carpet of autumn leaves. There is the sense of arduousness, even of strain, in their step and attitude and the beautiful face of the woman is full of loving-kindness and submission. It is turned away from the man, who walks with bent head. Yet they go on together hand in hand, and would do so anyhow, even if the woman's left hand on which the wedding-ring is seen, were not tied to her husband's by an almost imperceptible thread. Before them is the winged foot of Time and part of his figure; he has a wreath of roses hung on his back—no longer at his front as it must once have been; and beneath a tree in the distance there sits a pair of lovers, piping to each other and bound by no tie at all.

Miss Brickdale's problems are so full of interest and beauty that they tempt the inadequate pen to describe each in turn. She has wares for many comers—for the high mood and also for the human. Among the most spiritual of her dreams is the one called "The Departing Soul." A poor wretch lies dead in his prison-cell, and out at the door is passing the regal soul in all its majesty: crowned, sexless, dominant, in a shimmering garment of grey shot with gold. There may, however, be those who are inclined for less exalted fantasy; if so, they need go no farther than "Sleep that Knits up the Ravelled Sleeve of Care"—the delicious little angel of sleep, robed in twilight lilac, who, perched above a misty bank of white hemlock-flowers, against an evening sky, is fiddling into careless slumber the beggar lying in the long grass below. As for those who seek the dramatic, there is enough food to satisfy them. They will probably remain fascinated before "The Remembrance of a Guest that Tarrieth but a Day": a pair of Early Victorian lovers, wandering together in a country churchyard carpeted with marigolds, and plucking the petals from one of these golden-eyed *sans-soucis*. The fair-faced woman with the rose-coloured bow in her hat seems part of the summer sunshine, in

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spite of her black dress; the man stands beside her; but neither knows that behind them, near one of the grassy graves, there rises dimly, like smoke in the atmosphere, the ghost of a dead lover—of a dead husband, to judge by the colour of her skirts. The picture is a brief play: the epitome of a poem by Browning.

It must not, however, be imagined that Miss Brickdale only deals in the purely imaginative. She is not wanting in simple natural themes, and gives ample proof of it in "Riches," which is inspired by an almost passionate homeliness. It shows us no more than a working man of the roughest kind kissing his child—an ordinary poor man's baby with red hair and a red and black plaid frock, whom the blue-kerchiefed mother has brought out, probably with the father's dinner—the commonest of themes, dignified by art till it is poetry. The dreary grey shingle, the bare thorns of the place where the navvy is working, seem to exhale poverty, but the concentrated love in the man's face transmutes all else into gold. Or (to linger over one more picture) "It is a gift by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me" is homely in another fashion. A haughty young man of the world, in a new-fangled Chaucer dress of April green, returns to show off his gold chains and his splendour to his humble old parents, who stand in their fustian looking at him, divided between pride and shamefacedness—the tailor-father, scissors in hand; the mother creaking up the stairs, probably to fetch her best refreshments. There is humour as well as pathos in the fable.

Miss Brickdale has made for herself a peculiarly complete form of art, as complete as the "Poèmes en Prose" of Tourguéneff, or the Parables of Tolstoi. It is an art perfect within its own confines, and it is not the least distinctive mark of her force that she knows her limitations and, like the artist that she is, does not trangress them. She makes no claim to "tease us out of thought." She does not attempt the Abstract, nor will she probably do anything as big as Watts' great ideal types: his "Love and Death," and his "Sir Galahad"; or as Puvis

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"Like the entertainment of a guest
That tarrieth but a day."

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de Chavanne's exquisite civic allegories at Paris, at Amiens, at Rouen. But to cut his coat according to his cloth, provided the cloth is lovely, is the instinct of the real artist.

Common sense, after all, is as needful æsthetically as in every other walk of life, and there are magic gifts in prose as well as poetry. No matter which fairy was her godmother, she gave Miss Brickdale the faculty of measurement; and once having defined the dimensions best suited to her powers, she is free to excel within them. At all events, whatever she is, she is herself. Like every poet, she has passed—is, perhaps, still passing—under various influences, but her pictures are always her own. Her individuality gains the day, even in both of her most Rossettian paintings: "Conscience"—between his two Temptations—and "I have married a wife, therefore I cannot come." Though the form is the form of Dante Gabriel, it contains something that is not his. It is that something which she shows in the figure of the bride (in the latter picture), who, robed in brilliant blue, sits idle before her mirror, while the bridegroom fastens a pink rose in the red coils of her hair, and the King of the Cross, crown in hand, goes out disappointed through the door. Miss Brickdale takes from her masters what nourishes her, and—true test of vigour—discards the rest. She can afford to do so. For her faults are the faults of wealth, not of poverty; her aim is always in front of her execution, her idea in advance of its expression. She is a symbolist by nature, as much according to the vaguer as the stricter sense of that much-used, much-abused word.

The exuberantly scientific art-critics now in vogue, are fond of preaching that the beauty of a picture consists solely of paints and canvass. But "even the youngest among them is not infallible," and Ruskin, in all his extravagance, is better reading than they are. Every great picture (it is a platitude, after him, to say so) is, in a certain sense, a symbol—a symbol of the idea which inspired and transcends it. If it were otherwise, art would be nothing but illustration or *tours de force*. For where the means exceed the end, and cleverness the

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imagination, the result can hardly belong to the first order—even though the hands that made it be the hands of Mr. Sargent. Tolstoi concluded the whole matter when he said that in all art there must be, not morality, but a moral relation between the artist's work and the public. This is especially the case in symbolism—to use the term in its more definite acceptation.

There is all the world between the symbolatry of Dante and of Maeterlinck—of Giotto and the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is curious enough that a conception which sprang from the child-like simplicity, the naïf thought of mediævalism, should have been revived as the conscious expression of an intellectual and æsthetic attitude—an elaborate outlet for elaborate ideas. In the early days of chivalry and monasticism, symbolatry was a language with its own idioms and parts of speech, as inevitable as if they had been fixed by a spiritual *Académie*. The Fathers of the Church had each his appointed bird or beast; the bunch of grapes stood for the Eucharist; the broken spear belonged to St. George, the whole one to St. Michael; and no painter might take liberties with the allotted signs. Every creature, every flower in the wonderful blaze of old missals had its inner significance. Outside the laws of this saintly heraldry, there was always margin enough for the embroidery of individual fancy; but the main idea was not left to the variable poetic sense of the artist, and only the treatment of it was in his hands. Presently, as Renaissance tendencies began to show themselves, the emblems became more complicated and intellectual, though they still represented traditional ideas. Albert Dürer's "Melancholia," his "Death and the Knight," the works of Mantegna and Botticelli, the mythological pictures of Bellini, are symbolic of fantastic thought rather than of religion. Then, as the New Movement spread, and men resolved to look at things as they were, there sprang up in Venice, and later, in Spain and in the Netherlands, a gorgeous school of materialism—of glorified, ideal materialism, if the paradox be allowed us.

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"...it is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me

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Symbolism had had its day, and, unless we count the banal and inflated mythological allegories of the eighteenth century, or the genteel hierarchies of Ary Scheffer and his followers, it did not re-appear till the days of its pre-Raphaelite revival. A revival, indeed, this should not rightly be called, for modern symbolatry belongs to a new category. The literal symbols of early days, regulated by the changeless legendary code, sprang from a living belief and still represent a vital idea. But whatever symbolism has been used in recent times by Rossetti and his brethren, has been subject to no rules and expresses no universal faith: it is the outcome of each man's poetic fancy or poetic creed. Its appeal is to particular persons, and it cannot create as large or as warm an art as if it gave voice to general convictions. Perhaps this is the reason why it has never been revived in its full detail, even among the apostles of "the Germ."

For there are two kinds of symbolism—symbolism of symbols and symbolism of idea, and the pictures of our nineteenth-century symbolists belong mostly to the second kind. Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Watts, Mrs. Wells, Lady Waterford, are all painters of emblematic conceptions; but, as a language of signs, outside the ones that are essential to their thought, their actual use of symbols is rare. In Rossetti's "Annunciation" and "Girlhood of the Virgin," in Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat" and "Light of the World," in Watts' "Love and Death," his "Hope," or "Love and Life," the emblems are necessary features in the story that each one tells. It is, perhaps, only Holman Hunt and Rossetti who employ them in the other and more special way; Holman Hunt in his "Carpenter's Shop," and "Triumph of the Innocents," where every careful bubble has its place; Rossetti in the colour of the robes of Beatrice and of Love's flaming garments; or in the birds and flowers that flutter and blossom round his Fiammettas and Venuses. Neither of them ever violates the central law of symbolism—that the symbol must spring from the depths of the idea and the idea be deep enough to be worth the symbol. And the man of their school

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who has used the most symbols is, perhaps, the least of a symbolist in the large poetic sense. Sir Edward Burne-Jones weaves his symbols—and enchanting is the woof—into every one of his canvases, but they are more of an embroidery round his idea than a natural growth from it; intellectual conceits and the sport of a decorative fancy, rather than the outcome of real poetic imagination. As for the ideas themselves, they are hardly strong enough to bear symbolising and we soon come to an end of them. "The Days of Creation," with their abundant emblems; "Love among the Ruins," with its excessive sweetness and its obvious imagery; all the flowery and lovely company of pallid knights and ladies, with faces of one pattern, are exquisite pieces of decoration, but we quickly grow weary of them. Of course, there are exceptions; "Love's Pilgrimage," for instance, among others, seems, to our eyes at least, a real poem —the brambles that tear the pilgrim's feet apt and poetic symbols. Yet, if we judge by the sum of his paintings, it is as a great decorator, and not as a great creative artist, that Burne-Jones will live. In the days of famous tapestry his exalted sense of beauty would have left behind it more solid and satisfying work. That sense he certainly possessed in a measure which will place him among the blest, even though not among the immortals. And this is more than can be said about any of the younger men of the rising generation of symbolic painters. Either their affectation mars the sanity of their art, or they manufacture choice cups and pour banality into them. Byam Shaw himself, for all his skill, produces a feeling of too much ado about too little, and leaves us with an uncomfortable sense that the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers — allowing that they are in their most spiritual mood—would appreciate and even understand him.

But the greatest allegorical artist we have had in our own day has not been English. It is France that gave us the gift of Puvis de Chavannes. He has known, none better, how to unite the two sorts of symbolism; how to flash his idea by luminous emblems on the mind of the beholder; how to

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clothe it in gracious classic forms. He brings philosophy out into the sunshine and makes her smile; for his symbols are often philosophical, and he fills them with thought while he clothes them with Hellenic grace. So figurative is his mind that he lends an allegorical significance even to his more literal pictures. His poor naked fisherman in the Luxembourg, with the flat meagre body in the flat meagre boat, seems to stand for the whole dynasty of lowly unremitting labour. And the same spirit permeates his great symbolic works in Amiens and the Paris Hôtel de Ville; his "Knowledge and the Sciences" in the Sorbonne, or the "Arts and Crafts" at Rouen. These big frescoes affect those who know them like music, with their interlacing harmonies of line and colour, searchingly sweet. Who can forget their Elysian bands of men and women, radiant in strength, grave and serene in beauty, eternal in youth? their cool summer valleys, enriched by boughs, fruit-laden—by shining rivers and the deep shade of groves and trees, beneath which the forms of children play together on the grass. Puvis de Chavannes' genius, however, is adapted to public buildings, and his emblems have a public purpose. They have none—they should have none—of the intimacy of mediæval symbolatry.

But this kind of intimate feeling is just what suits Miss Brickdale's subject and just what she possesses. She is not only mystic in idea; she elucidates her idea by symbols that almost have the fanciful detail and minuteness of mediævalism, used afresh to express her new imaginations and ever a natural part of them. Naïveté, worse luck, cannot be revived; but if the artist cannot bring to life the old literal signs—the sacred picture-book which children and peasants alike could read—she can give us the added pleasure of guessing at her meaning. She is never recondite and nearly always lucid. Now and again there is some slight obscurity, because she tries to put too much into a small space, or tells her tale by an emblem where she had better have told it by a fact. But this is very seldom, only in two or three of all her forty-five pictures, and

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her best ones are distinguished by their simplicity. There is, for instance, something Boccaccian about the imagery of "Life's Travesties," of the band of victims—soldier, fool and prelate—whom Life, the mocking woman, drags behind her in her scarlet net; and nothing could be more fresh and careful than the symbolism (in Guests) of the figure of Light Love, who, followed by Death, enters his lady's chamber in a rosy robe sown with tears and edged round the hem with thorns—a tippet of peacock's feathers on his shoulders, and a wreath of roses on his head.

Miss Brickdale gives delightful proof that symbolic art, which can be the most tiresome thing in the world, can also be lovely and suggestive. It is dead when it tries to revive the dead, but it lives when it is applied to new poetic fancies. Perhaps it will be a natural form of reaction against realism, and against the painters who paint a spade so much more a spade than it really is.

Miss Brickdale does not confound ugliness with sincerity. She brings "the invisible full into play," but she does not "let the visible go to the dogs"; for she knows, in spite of Robert Browning, that it matters a great deal. Happily, it is evident that she has much more wealth in store for us. The human interest of her work comes from a spring that does not dry up. She makes no pretence of being a prophetess or a missionary; but she has a gift for the needy world, and a generous hand that loves giving.

EDITH SICHEL.

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KOROLÉNKO

I.

IN Russia as in England, the great novelists have passed away. Tolstoi remains as a monument of the past: but Tolstoi has put fiction from him, with all the other vanities of this wicked world. Still, in this new generation there are some notable men, and perhaps most notable of all is Korolénko. He has not the great novelists' gift of even skill over large canvases, but some of his small canvases come very near perfection.

He was born in 1853 of a Little Russian father and a Polish mother. As a discontented student he was soon in trouble with the police, suffering exile and imprisonment. In 1881 he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III., and suffered three years of exile in a desolate Yakút village, buried away among the frozen forests of North-East Siberia. To these three years of hardship we are indebted for his masterpiece, "Makár's Dream," just as we are indebted for Dostojévski's "Memoirs of a House of the Dead" to his confinement in a Siberian gaol. It was upon his return to Russia at the age of thirty-two that Korolénko began to attract attention by his stories. In 1885 he took up his abode near Nizhny on the Volga, married and settled down to a life of study and production.

Genius of the robuster kind is before all things free from egotism. Your great writer does not regard his misfortunes as matter of interest either for himself or for others, except as

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illustrations of the mysterious and melancholy ways of destiny: he makes his harvest of "copy" not by noting the effect of his sufferings upon different portions of his soul or anatomy, but by analysing his circumstances and the companions with whom they bring him into contact, and reproducing the general propositions at which he arrives in specific illustrations. Korolénko's genius is of this sturdy sort. Moreover he is something more than a Russian: he is a Little Russian; besides all the qualities which go to make the Russian point of view interesting to the West, he has the large, well-balanced geniality of the Ukraine, the product of those centuries of rough chivalry during which Little Russia was the vaward of Slavonic right against the invading Turk and Tartar. In his exile he seems hardly to have known what isolation was: he met soul to soul with Yakút and colonist; he studied their motives and "world-contemplation," and was contented. Wherever in the social scale Korolénko finds a man struggling with the enemy that wars against us in the guise of cold, hunger, misfortune, injustice, death, his sympathy goes out to him. Above all titles he may claim that of "apôtre de la pitié sociale," which M. de Vogüé gives to the great Russian writers before him.

As soon as Korolénko returned from Siberia he published "Makár's Dream," a prose epic of destiny, containing the essence of all that he had thought, seen and felt while he lived among the half-breeds of the Yakút district. The hero of the story is not so much an individual as a type—like all heroes of epic. But in this case the type and the individual are so low in the scale of organisms that they are practically identical, and realism is saved. Officially, Makár is a Christian; but when he is ill he calls in the *shaman* or medicine-man, who frightens the evil out of him with loud cries and terrifying grimaces. His mind is centred usually upon his stubborn struggle for life with the pitiless nature of the North: but when he is drunk his thoughts turn heavenwards; he ponders on the distant hill where there is no work and no taxes. One night, when he is more drunk than usual, he dreams that he dies in the forest

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and that Father Iván, his old parish priest, long since dead, fetches him to appear for judgment before the great "Toyon" (Yakút for a magnate of any degree). On the way across the plain that leads to the Toyon's house they pass several persons whose misfortunes afford inoffensive allegories in entertaining disguises. Death has robbed Makár of none of his old attributes: his first thought on perceiving that his feet, as he travels, leave no print in the snow is, what an advantage it will be in poaching the foxes out of other folk's traps. At last they approach their destination, and day begins to dawn.

Then for the first time Makár noticed that the plain was growing lighter. A few bright rays burst forth from behind the horizon, like the first notes of a mighty orchestra. They ran quickly over the sky and put out the bright stars. The stars went out and the moon sank down. And the snowy expanse grew dark once more.

Then over the plain rose the mists and stood circling it round like a guard of honour.

And in one place, in the East, the mists grew brighter, like warriors clad in gold.

And the mists swayed and the golden warriors bowed them down.

And from behind them came forth the sun and rested on their golden backs and glanced over all the plain.

And the plain was illumined with a wonderful blinding light.

And the mists rose up majestically in a mighty choir, parted in the West, and were borne swinging aloft.

And Makár seemed to hear a wondrous song. It was like that old familiar song wherewith the earth greets the sun each day. But Makár had never yet given good heed to it, and now for the first time he perceived what a marvellous song it was.

They enter the great Toyon's log-hut, and Makár's conductor, Father Iván, talks with one of the Toyon's winged labourers who is warming himself by the fire. After replying formally to the formal salutation, "What have you heard? What have you seen?" Father Iván says he has brought with him a man from Chalgán—it is the name of Makár's village.

Humph! says the angel: then I must get out the big scales.

At last the old Toyon comes in for judgment, richly dressed in frieze and furs. Makár enumerates his good deeds, all the

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trees he has cut and all the furrows he has driven. But reference to the books soon shows that he has exaggerated grossly, and when all his sins are reckoned up in the opposite scale, and he is detected tampering with the balance, he is condemned to punishment. But at this moment enters the Toyon's son, who has been out on business; and Makár, encouraged by his presence, breaks forth into the first speech he has ever made. The Great Toyon is a little aghast at first; old Father Iván, who stands behind Makár, tugs him vainly by the coat: Makár speaks on. The angels come in from their room across the passage and crowd in the doorway; and soon every one in the parlour of the little *izbá* is weeping for poor Makár's sorrows. All the world has been against him: the police, the priests, poverty, hunger, the griping frost and the parching heat.

The beast of the field plods on with its eyes to the ground, not knowing whither its master would drive it. . . . And so has he plodded on. . . . How should he know what they had taken his son for, when they made him a soldier? or where he died? or where his bleached bones are lying now? They say he has drunk a deal of *vodka*? That's true; but his soul craved for it so. . . .

"How many bottles did you say?" The Toyon turns to Father Iván.

"Four hundred," says the priest, referring to the books.

"Very good," proceeds Makár; "but was it worth calling *vodka*? Three-fourths of it was water, and the rest was adulterated with bad tobacco. . . . He had added on 3000 stakes to his wood-account, had he? . . . Granted! Granted he had cut but 16,000. And is that nothing? 2000 of them, mark you, he had cut while his first wife was lying ill at home. . . . And his heart was heavy within him, and he wanted to sit by his old woman; but needs-must drove him out into the forest. . . . And in the forest he wept salt tears that froze on his eye-lashes, and his grief and the frost together chilled him to the very heart. . . . But still he chopped on!

"And then his old woman died. She had to be buried, and he had no money. So he hired himself out to chop firewood to pay for her home in the other world. . . . But the merchant saw that he was in sore need, and paid him only ten kopecks a load . . . and there lay his old woman alone in the cold log-hut without a fire; and still he chopped on and cried; and he reckons that those loads ought to be counted at five times their number and more."

Tears stood in the old Toyon's eyes, and Makár saw that the scales of the balance wavered; the wooden scale rose up and the golden scale came down.

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Over whatever depths of pathos or poetry Korolénko carries his readers, from time to time he plumbs the waters with some line of humour that serves to show them just how far below lies the hard ground of their everyday mood. Grand and touching as is the scene of Makár pleading before the throne of justice, the reader has always before him the parlour of the log-hut, the big scales, the angel-servants listening open-mouthed in the doorway, the old priest twitching Makár's coat, or referring to the books. Its realism, its Yakút anthropomorphism, contrasting with the sublimity of the subject, give it a humour that drives the pity of it right home.

II.

Very little idea of Korolénko's work can be obtained from any of the English translations. Korolénko is a careful constructor: his translators, unconstrained by any bonds of reverence or taste, hew his stories into shapeless masses. Korolénko is a nice chooser of words: his translators turn his phrases inside out and shuffle metaphors like cards; some of them paraphrase his language as they go, and debase the style to the standard of fifth-rate English fiction. Korolénko is a keen observer of the features and moods of nature: his translators ignore the most obvious facts of natural history. Even where the translation lies within the bounds of correctness, the delicate phrase is broken by rough handling, and simple dialogues acquire a Meredithian inconsequence owing to the translators' failure to represent the minor implications of the original.

The English version of "Makár's Dream," though not the worst of the versions, is a good specimen of what a translation should not be. Most of the indispensable description of Makár's habits, beliefs, and liquors has been omitted. The passage quoted above, describing the sunrise at the approach to the Toyon's hut, is replaced by four or five bald lines from the translator's own inadequate fancy. Tangible errors are an earnest of the general insufficiency of the rendering.

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What Korolénko says:	What His Translator says:
He could clearly distinguish the *low barrier of wind-fallen wood* and the first trap: three long and heavy beams, resting on *an upright stake* and kept in place by a cunningly contrived system of *levers* and hair-ropes.	He sees distinctly *the top of the hill* and the first trap: it consists of three heavy beams which rested on a *pointed piece of wood that slants a little.* The whole thing is kept together by a clever combination of *hooks* and cord made of hair.
From time to time in the Northern sky, *from behind a black semicircular* cloud, uprose, feebly flickering, the first fiery pillars of the Northern light.	A Northern light was shining in the North, *half-hidden by a round* black cloud, round which *its flames were leaping up like fiery darts.*
The bare *twigs* of the *larches* were *furred* with silvery hoar-frost.	The bare *branches* of the *trees* were *covered* with silvery hoar-frost.
The *shaggy* fir-trees stretched out *broad paws.*	The *moss-grown* fir-trees stretched out their *huge arms.*

The translator is himself of course responsible for such pearls of diction as "the boundless snow-bound taïga," and "a mystery seemed to plane over the boundless taïga." "That peculiar creaking sound one knows so well in winter," as an amplification of Korolénko's "even grating"—of a sledge in snow—is on a par with another translator's "peculiar dull thud which made our hair stand on end" for Korolénko's plain "noise of knocking."

Taking the English versions of Korolénko's stories as a whole, one is surprised at the translators' ignorance of common words and common objects. These are a few of the wonders of nature which they record: "the partridges came out of their holes and stared at him with round eyes," "the bell moaned like a wounded bird," "his lantern, like a falling star, seemed to be suspended in space." Here is a translation of a passage wherein Korolénko speaks of a vagrant who knew the voice of every tree in the forest:

Korolénko.	Translator.
The majestic pine with its *dark clusters of needles* tinkling high overhead.	The tall fir-trees rustle with their *thick green boughs.*

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KOROLÉNKO.	TRANSLATOR.
The fir-trees talking in loud and long-drawn whispers.	The pines whisper mysteriously among each other.[1]
The gay bright *larches* waving their *supple twigs.*	The bright green, merry, *leafy trees* wave their *slender branches.*
The trembling *aspen* with its timorous leaves a-quiver.	And the *mountain-ash* trembles.

It would be tedious to enumerate the occasions on which the translators call birches "beeches," sedge-warblers "sparrows," &c. Yet one would have thought that if they were not better at guessing, they might at least have looked the things up in a dictionary.

Two translators make a sentry who is about to fire off his gun at a runaway "pitifully shut his eyes" before pulling the trigger; and "pack of flunkeys" becomes "tribe of Ham."

Those who wish to get a notion of the real Korolénko may go to Golschmann and Jaubert's "Le Musicien Aveugle," Paris, 1895. This translation is literal, correct, and complete. Korolénko's "Blind Musician" is a careful and interesting study of the development of the mind of a boy born blind in easy circumstances. Haunted by the longing common to most human beings to be in touch with the great movement of the world, but thwarted by his physical limitations, he finds salvation at last in music, by which he can act upon the feelings of the many. The history of the understandings and misunderstandings of the blind boy's large nature, pieced out from the sounds he has heard and the shapes he has felt, is a fine study, recalling the youth of de Guérin's young centaur in his dark cave. The story has some faults of redundancy and failures of imagination, but critics have been found to pronounce it Korolénko's best work.

M. Golschmann has published another book of translations from Korolénko, entitled "Le Songe de Makár."

[1] The translator seems here to be trying to cap the grammatical achievement of the old ballad-maker, who sang:

> And at their partinge brinish tears
> Stoode in eache others eye.

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Mrs. Delano's "Vagrant," New York, 1887, is a conscientious translation of some of Korolénko's stories: but the pieces in the volume are not his best, and there are too many mistakes for the translation to be called first-rate.

The only other passable rendering, in French or English, is Candiani's collection, "La Forêt Murmure," Paris, 1895: there is a thick layer of Candiani over the Korolénko in this volume; but most of the humour of the original will be found in it, however much the poetical portion may have suffered in translation.

III.

It is a commonplace that many writers of fiction would show their public spirit best by putting away their stationery at Korolénko's age and writing no more; having exhausted their permutations and combinations of incident, and having never found time to add to their first impressions of the universe, all that they can effect by writing after they have reached the forties is to make big incomes and depress the standard of literature with the weight of their great names. Korolénko's method is a guarantee that this generalisation cannot apply to him.

His method is to be gathered from internal evidence and explicit declaration. It begins with observation; not the flickering glance of the mere student of manners, but a diligent analysis of motive and the point-of-view. Compelled by the authorities to dwell among Votiáks, Yakúts, and other barbarians, Korolénko found that the lowest of humanity may be interesting. Since he returned to civilised Russia he has gone wherever there are crowds of men and activity of emotions. He has diligently attended religious processions, pilgrimages, missions, law courts, eclipses, famines—probing enthusiasms, sorrows, fears, and pleasures. He has foregathered with husbandmen, carriers, ferrymen, smiths, bootmakers, Jews, Tartars, criminals, tramps and beggars, and found out, in familiar talk, all that is best in them. In the evenings he has filled stacks of

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note-books with the incidents and impressions of the day. This is his raw material.

When a sufficient quantity of raw material has gathered round some moral nucleus, it takes organic form as a story, eking out its body with new matter from memory and imagination. This is not an accusation against Korolénko of writing to inculcate a moral. Like all good writers he regards his moral objectively: he does not solve problems of casuistry; he reports imaginary solutions of them by imaginary people. As often as not the nucleus of the story is an irony, not a moral. In "Makár's Dream" it is an appreciation of true justice. The idea arises from the materials themselves. After much study of Makár and his kind, he conceives the type and its destiny as a comment on accepted ethics—a proof of the inadequacy of moral result as a measure of moral effort, and of the consequent iniquity of statistical justice. He then finds the highest expression of this comment in Makár's own protest against the judgment of the conventional God of whom the priests have told him.

Associating now with respectable acquaintances, now with criminals and outcasts, Korolénko arrived at the conclusion that if you scrape from the rogue his crust of lawlessness, which may be the result of evil circumstances as much as evil will, you may find in him some of the best human virtues in their highest development; while many a worthy and respected citizen may fail in some of the most essential things of life, through an accident of fate or disposition. He has worked out the idea to its most vivid expression in "Keeping Bad Company." The hero of this story, the son of the judge, a little boy neglected by his widowed and sorrow-stricken father, consorts with the very dregs of the people, outlaws that have been rejected even by the pauper dwellers in the cellarage of the ruined castle, and have found a lodgment in the tombs on the neighbouring hill, supporting a miserable existence by means of plunder and fortuitous alms. Among these rogues the boy finds those domestic virtues which are wanting in his

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own home; and it is by the example and precept of one of the worst of the gang that the judge is awakened at last from the moral torpor with which his grief has numbed him, and learns to do the duties of a father. The irony which forms the nucleus of the story is worked out with a wealth of description and character-drawing, treasured from recollections of men whom Korolénko met in Vólogda and Siberia, and remembrances of Róvno where he had been at school fifteen years before.

Korolénko does not convert all his raw material into stories; much of it he has presented in a lower stage of manipulation; in appearance, mere sketches, diaries, reports, but in reality worked up on preconceived principles, like an artist's landscapes or a musician's "impromptus." Such are "Behind the Eikon" (1887), "Pávlovo Sketches" (1890), "The Year of Famine" (pub. 1893). One of the best of them is "The Eclipse" (pub. 1888), where he describes the religious terror of the people of Júrjevec and their scornful indignation against the *ostroûms*[1] who are come to take observations of the sun's corona.

Excellent also is "At-Davan." It contains a lively picture of a certain cornet of Cossacks, Arabín by name. Korolénko had seen him modest and obscure in the great town of Irkútsk. Sent on long journeys as Government express to the empty North, seeing none but his inferiors on the way, he became intoxicated with official power. He filled the half-breed Yakúts along all the basin of the frozen Lena with frightened awe. They sat by their fires chanting long epics, wherein the insignificant Cossack was raised to their tribal pantheon as "Arabuin-Toyon," with legs like centennial larches and eyeballs weighing five pounds each. When he arrived at the posting stations, "he burst in like a whirlwind, stormed, spread panic-terror, threatened with his pistol . . . and passed on forgetful of the bill." His track was marked with dead horses and frightened natives. The madness grew. "He galloped through the towns standing in his sledge, waving a red flag

[1] *Ostro-ûm*, or "wise-head," is an ingenuous and ingenious mispronunciation of *astronóm*, or "astronomer."

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over his head . . . his six horses flying like birds, with mortal terror in their eyes; the driver sitting pale and cold as a corpse upon the box," while the peaceful townsmen fled away on every side. When at last he shot one of the postmasters dead, he was tried in the courts, and found to have brought himself from megalomania to raving lunacy.

A great stickler for truth, Korolénko does not confine himself to describing only what has come under his direct notice. He has the trained observer's power of reconstructing the animal from the single bone. Proszka, in his unfinished story of "Prochór and the Students," is a daintily drawn ruffian, whom Korolénko seems to know to the very bottom of his soul. Thanks to the decline of his prestige as a rogue, to the regenerating influence of natural beauty, and to a large measure of caprice, Proszka feels himself drawn to a virtuous life. We are the witnesses of his soul's awakening.

He lies alone in the long grass one fine morning and grins.

> It was a sidelong, indefinite sort of grin. Proszka's face was ill suited for the exercise: there was a twitching like the twitching of a fisherman's float when the fish begin to nibble at the bait below . . . feeble at first and growing more decided as it proceeded. At last the smile spread wide over his fleshy cheek-bones; his mouth expanded; there was a sparkle in his half-invisible eyes. . . . He looked like a cat having its back stroked. . . . Nature's tender caress had found its way to his heart, and he could feel how his spirit was being unwrinkled, smoothed out, and beautified. Something had evaporated out of him, something had sunk and vanished in his consciousness, and from the depths rose in its place something different, unfamiliar, vague, indefinite. . . . At times Proszka felt a vague longing within him; and when, out of habit, he asked himself—do I want a drink? the disinclination that rebelled within him left no doubt that a drink would not meet the requirements of the case. . . . He lay still and surrendered himself to his mood, hoping at last to catch the elusive feeling that troubled him, as at times one strives to recall some pleasant, half-remembered dream. But in this he failed—probably because his attention, unused to the strain, soon wearied—and with the smile still upon his face, Proszka gently fell asleep.

A Russian critic has remarked a certain quality of description which Korolénko shares with Dickens. There is more

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restraint in the descriptions of the Russian writer. An instance of the quality is to be found in the picture of the nursery in "One Night"; animate and inanimate nature conspire to fulfil the same impression:

It was nearly midnight. The deep breathing of the sleeping children was plainly audible. In a corner of the room stood a copper basin on the floor. There was a little water in the bottom, with a candle standing in it. The candle was sadly in need of snuffing: the wick was topped by a black cap and sputtered feebly. A pendulum-clock ticked on the wall, and in the circle of light on the floor round the basin were posted several cockroaches. Leaning back on their hind legs and lifting their heads in the air, they sat gazing at the flame and waving their whiskers.

A storm was raging without. The rain pattered on the roof, beat the leaves in the garden and plashed in the puddles in the yard. Now and again it would grow quieter and retreat into the gloomy depths of the night: but it soon came flying back to the house with renewed vigour, blustering more noisily than before, streaming more violently over the roof, and whipping the shutters; at times it even seemed that it was pouring and plashing in the room itself . . . at such moments an uneasy feeling filled the chamber; the clock seemed hushed, the candle made as though it would go out, the shadows came crawling down from the ceiling, the cockroaches moved their whiskers with an air of alarm and made evident preparations for flight. . . .

This story, "One Night," and "A Paradox" are triumphs of the rare and delicate art of depicting children and their ways of thought. Nothing could be more natural than the description of the pleasures and imaginings of the two little boys in the latter story. They have deserted the old wheelless coach that stands on the rubbish heap, the vehicle in which they have journeyed in imagination to such strange lands and met with such wild adventures; and they have discovered a new and entrancing diversion which engages them for seven whole days. They sit upon the fence in the yard and fish in the old tub with brass pins and no bait, in the wild hope—of the absurdity of which they are implicitly aware—that at last one of them will pull out a great struggling silver fish. Even the faint smell of the putrescent water in the tub contributes an element to the pleasure. Great is their shame when the mere appearance of Pavel, the matter-of-fact servant, shatters their little

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world of conscious self-deception; they sit blushing on the fence, braving out their disillusion to the bitter end.

IV.

No Russian writer can hope to be taken seriously by the native critics unless he declare for this or that "tendency" or school. Looked at from the Russian critic's point of view, Korolénko must be classified as a Slavyanophil and a *naródnik* or student of "the people." He believes in progress, but holds that it must be national, not imported. He favours the improvement of the peasants' lot, but believes that such improvement must come from the peasants and not from doctrinaires. He declared early for Slavyanophily by contributing to the monthly magazine *Russian Thought*, which is the champion of Slavyanophily against the Hesperiophil *Véstnik Evrópy*.

The moral of "Free Fight in the House" (1894) and "Tongue-tied" (1895), if they have any, is that the Anglo-Saxon is a failure; that Ireland is a most distressful country; that Americans fly in the face of Providence on overhead railways, draw big salaries from Tammany Hall, and encourage the brutal game of "box."

The moral of "Pávlovo Sketches" is more plausible and obvious. The sketches go to show that political economy is a system of generalisations, not of ideals, and that it should be a guide in making economic laws, not an excuse for making none.

It must be confessed that Korolénko has to some extent disappointed the hopes which he raised by his work in the eighties. Some say that he is trammelled by the fear of the censorship; but the main cause of his infertility of later years, and of his downright failure in "Tongue-tied," is that he has deviated from the path which his earlier labours and successes seemed to have marked out so clearly for him. He has given too much time to observation and not enough to creation. He has internationalised his pity for the "people" and ranged

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abroad to find food for his sympathy, while his right place is in Russia. In English-speaking countries he is limited to the most superficial kind of observation by his incomplete knowledge of the language. "Také the baggage of miss," is a specimen of his naive linguistics. In one story a Pole who is studying the language meets an Irishman; they shake hands and hold the following idiomatic conversation:

IRISHMAN. Good-bye. [*Evidently an Irish form of greeting.*]
POLE. Yes.
IRISHMAN. Tammany Hall. Very well.

The latest news of Korolénko is that he is at work on a novel dealing with Pugaczëv, a Cossack of the Ural who passed himself off as Peter III. and raised all the South-east of Russia against Catharine the Great. Puszkin wrote a novel on his rebellion, called "The Captain's Daughter"; but the subject is large enough for two, and we may hope for the best from Korolénko's new venture.

G. L. CALDERON.

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THE VALET'S TRAGEDY

THE contest for the gloomy laurels of the Man in the Iron Mask now lies between but two candidates. The favourite is, and has long been, Count Mattioli. Kidnapped in May 1679, by the agents of Louis XIV., this gentleman lay in French prisons till 1694 at least. If he did not die in the April of that year, he was probably the famous masked captive who died in the Bastille in 1703. The claims of Mattioli, to whose fortunes we return, have been almost universally accepted, and are especially urged by M. Marius Topin (1870) and M. Funck-Brentano (1895–1898). The latter scholar, while convinced that Mattioli was the Mask, admits that the next best claim is that of a prisoner styled Eustache Dauger in the correspondence of his gaoler and of the French Minister. Dauger, again, is the chosen candidate of M. Lair, in his admirable life of the great financier, Fouquet (1890). The man Dauger was only a valet, mixed up in an obscure political plot of 1668-1669. After reading the arguments of the advocates of Mattioli, I could not but perceive that, whatever captive died, masked, at the Bastille in 1703, the valet Dauger was the real source of most of the legends about the Man in the Iron Mask. A study of M. Lair's book confirmed this opinion. I therefore pushed the inquiry into a source neglected by the French historians, namely, the correspondence of the English ambassadors, agents, and statesmen for the years 1668, 1669.[1] One result

[1] The papers are in the Record Office.

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is to confirm a wild theory of my own (hesitated in a newspaper article) to the effect that the Man in the Iron Mask (if Dauger were he) may have been as great a mystery to himself as to historical inquirers. He may not have known *what* he was imprisoned for doing! More important is the probable conclusion that the long and mysterious captivity of Eustache Dauger, and of another perfectly harmless valet and victim was the mere automatic result of the "red tape" of the old French absolute monarchy. These wretches were caught in the toils of the system, and suffered to no purpose, for no crime. The two men, especially Dauger, were mere supernumeraries in the obscure intrigue of a conspirator known as Roux de Marsilly.

This truly abominable tragedy of Roux de Marsilly is "another story," and cannot here be narrated. It must suffice to say that, in 1669, while Charles II. was negotiating the famous or infamous secret treaty with Louis XIV.—the treaty of alliance against Holland, and in favour of the restoration of Roman Catholicism in England—Roux de Marsilly, a French Huguenot, was treating with Arlington and others, perhaps with Buckingham, in favour of a Protestant league against France. How far, how deeply, the English Ministers and Charles II. were involved in the matter is uncertain. Their position, when Marsilly was kidnapped on Swiss soil, and carried to the Bastille, in May 1669, became extremely delicate. Marsilly had been subsidised by Arlington, had been admitted to many interviews with him, had been a more or less accredited agent of England, and now lay in the Bastille under a capital charge of conspiring against the life of Louis XIV. Our ambassador in France, Lord Montague, betrayed Marsilly, as far as in him lay, told all that he knew; and the wretch, protesting his innocence of murderous intentions, was executed with inhuman tortures (June 22, 1669).

When he started from England for Switzerland in February 1669, Marsilly left in London a valet, called by him "Martin," who had quitted his service and was living with his own family.

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This man is the "Eustache Dauger" of our mystery. The French Government was anxious to lay hands on him, for he had certainly, as the letters of Marsilly prove, come and gone freely between that conspirator and his English employers. He might be privy to the strange double game which Charles II. had played with Louis XIV., and Arlington, on the other side, with Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Spain. If Dauger had any political secrets, they were secrets which—compromising Arlington and Buckingham, at least—were perilous to the relations of Charles II. and Louis XIV., and to that secret royal policy into which both French and English statesmen were tardily and reluctantly initiated by the two kings. How much Dauger knew, what amount of mischief he could effect, was uncertain. Much or little, it was a matter which, strange to say, caused the greatest anxiety to Louis XIV. and to his Ministers for very many years. Probably long before Dauger died (the date is unknown, but it was more than twenty-five years after Marsilly's execution), his secret, if secret he possessed, had ceased to be of importance. But he was in the toils of the French red tape, the system of secrecy which never released its victim. He was guarded, we shall see, with such unheard-of rigour, that popular fancy took him for some great, perhaps royal, personage.

Marsilly was publicly tortured to death in Paris on June 22. By July 19 his ex-valet, Dauger, had entered on his mysterious term of captivity. How the French got possession of him, whether he yielded to cajolery, or was betrayed by Charles II., is uncertain. The French Ambassador at St. James's, Colbert (brother of the celebrated Minister), writes thus to M. de Lyonne, in Paris, on July 1, 1669:[1] "Monsieur Joly has spoken to the man Martin" (Dauger), "and has really persuaded him that, by going to France and telling all that he knows against Roux, he will play the part of a lad of honour and a good subject."

But Martin, after all, was *not* persuaded!

Martin replied to Joly that *he knew nothing at all*, and that,

[1] Transcripts from Paris. MSS. vol. xxxiii. Record Office.

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once in France, people would think he was well acquainted with the traffickings of Roux, *and so he would be kept in prison to make him divulge what he did not know.*" The possible Man in the Iron Mask did not know his own secret! But, later in the conversation, Martin foolishly admitted that he knew a great deal; perhaps he did this out of mere fatal vanity. Cross to France, however, he would not, even when offered a safe conduct and promise of reward. Colbert therefore proposes to ask Charles to surrender the valet, and probably Charles descended to the meanness. By July 19, at all events, Louvois, the War Minister of Louis XIV., was bidding Saint-Mars, at Pignerol in Piedmont, expect from Dunkirk a prisoner of the very highest importance—a valet! This valet, now called "Eustache Dauger," can only have been our Martin, who, by one means or another, had been brought from England to Dunkirk. It is hardly conceivable that when a valet is "wanted" by the French police on July 1, for political reasons, and when, by July 19 they have caught a valet of extreme political importance, the two valets should be two different men. Martin must be Dauger.

Here, then, by July 19, 1669, we find our unhappy serving-man in the toils. Why was he to be handled with such mysterious rigour? It is true that State prisoners of very little account were kept with great secrecy. But it cannot well be argued that they were treated with the extraordinary precautions which, in the case of Dauger, were not relaxed for twenty-five or thirty years. The King says, according to Louvois, that the safety of Dauger is "of the last importance to his Service." He must have intercourse with nobody. His windows must be where nobody can pass; several bolted doors must cut him off from the sound of human voices. Saint-Mars himself, the commandant, must feed the valet daily. "*You must never, under any pretence, listen to what he may wish to tell you. You must threaten him with death if he speaks one word except about his actual needs.* He is only a valet, and does not need much furniture."

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Saint-Mars replied that, in presence of M. de Vauroy, the chief officer of Dunkirk (who himself carried Dauger to Pignerol) he had threatened to run Dauger through the body if he ever dared to speak, even to Saint-Mars. He has mentioned this prisoner, he says, to no mortal. People believe that Dauger is a marshal of France, so strange and unusual are the precautions taken for his security.

A marshal of France! The legend has begun. At this time (1669) Saint-Mars had in charge Fouquet, the great fallen Minister, the richest and most dangerous subject of Louis XIV. By-and-bye he also held Lauzun, the adventurous wooer of la Grande Mademoiselle. But it was the valet, Dauger, that caused "sensation."

On February 20, 1672, Saint-Mars, for the sake of economy, wished to use Dauger as valet to Lauzun. In the opinion of Saint-Mars, Dauger did not want to be released, "would never ask to be set free." Then why was he so anxiously guarded? Louvois refused to let Dauger be put with Lauzun as valet. In 1675, however, he allowed Dauger to act as valet to Fouquet, but with Lauzun Dauger must have no intercourse. Fouquet had then another prisoner valet, La Rivière. This man had apparently been accused of no crime. He was of a melancholy character, and a dropsical habit of body: Fouquet had amused himself by doctoring him and teaching him to read. In the month of December 1678, Saint-Mars, the commandant of the prison, brought to Fouquet a sealed letter from Louvois, the seal unbroken. His own reply was also to be sealed, and not to be seen by Saint-Mars. Louvois wrote that the King wished to know one thing, before giving Fouquet ampler liberty. Had his valet, Eustache Dauger, told his other valet, La Rivière, what he had done before coming to Pignerol: (*de ce à quoi il a été employé auparavant que d'être à Pignerol*) "His Majesty bids me ask you this question, and expects, that you will answer without considering anything but the truth, that he may know what measures to take," these depending on whether Dauger has, or has not, told La Rivière the story of

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his past life.[1] Moreover, Lauzun was never, said Louvois, to be allowed to enter Fouquet's room when Dauger was present. The humorous point is that, thanks to a hole dug in the wall between his room and Fouquet's, Lauzun saw Dauger whenever he pleased.

From the letter of Louvois to Fouquet, about Dauger (December 23, 1678), it is plain that Louis XIV. had no more pressing anxiety than to conceal *what it was that Eustache Dauger had done.* It is apparent that Saint-Mars himself either was unacquainted with this secret, or was supposed by Louvois and the King to be unaware of it. He had been ordered never to allow Dauger to tell him: he was not to see the letters on the subject between Lauzun and Fouquet. We still do not know, and never shall know, whether Dauger himself knew his own secret, or whether (as he had anticipated) he was locked up for not divulging what he did not know.

The answer of Fouquet to Louvois must have satisfied Louis that Dauger had not imparted his secret to the other valet, La Rivière. Fouquet was therefore allowed a great deal of liberty in 1679, might see his family, the officers of the garrison, and Lauzun—it being provided that Lauzun and Dauger should never meet. In March 1680, Fouquet died, and henceforth the two valets were most rigorously guarded; Dauger, because he was supposed to know something; La Rivière, because Dauger might have imparted the real or fancied secret to him. We shall return to these poor serving-men, but here it is necessary to state that, ten months before the death of their master, Fouquet, an important new captive had been brought to the prison of Pignerol.

This captive was Count Mattioli, the secretary of the Duke of Mantua. He was kidnapped on Italian soil on May 2, 1679, and hurried to the mountain fortress of Pignerol, then on French ground. His offence was the betraying of the secret negotiations for the cession of the town and fortress of Casal,

[1] Lair, *Nicolas Fouquet*, ii. pp. 463, 464.

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by the Duke of Mantua, to Louis XIV. The disappearance of Mattioli was, of course, known to the world, the cause of his *enlèvement*, and the place of his captivity, Pignerol, were matters of newspaper comment at least as early as 1687. There was thus no mystery, at the time, about Mattioli; his crime and punishment were perfectly well known to students of politics. He has been regarded as the mysterious Man in the Iron Mask, but, for years after his arrest he was the least mysterious of State prisoners. Here, then, is Mattioli in Pignerol in May 1679. While Fouquet enjoyed relative freedom, while Lauzun schemed escapes or made insulting love to Mademoiselle Fouquet, Mattioli lived on the bread and water of affliction. He was threatened with torture to make him deliver up some papers compromising to Louis XIV. It was expressly commanded that he should have nothing beyond the barest necessaries of life. He was to be kept *dans la dure prison*. In brief, he was used no better than the meanest of prisoners. The awful life of isolation, without employment, without books, without writing materials, without sight or sound of man save when Saint-Mars or his lieutenant brought food for the day, drove captives mad. In January 1680 two prisoners, a monk and one Dubreuil had become insane. By February 14, 1680, Mattioli was daily conversing with God and his angels. "I believe his brain is turned," says Saint-Mars. In March, as we saw, Fouquet died. The prisoners, not counting Lauzun (released soon after), were five: (1) Mattioli (mad); (2) Dubreuil (mad); (3) The monk (mad); (4) Dauger, and (5) La Rivière. These two, being employed as valets, kept their wits. On the death of Fouquet, Louvois wrote to Saint-Mars about the two valets. Lauzun must be made to believe that they had been set at liberty, but, in fact, they must be most carefully guarded *in a single chamber*. They were shut up in one of the dungeons of the "Tour d'en bas." Dauger had done something as to which Louvois writes: "Let me know how Dauger can possibly have done what you tell me, and how he got the necessary drugs, as I

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cannot suppose that you supplied him with them" (July 10, 1680).[1]

Here, then, by July 1680, are the two valets locked in one dungeon of the "Tour d'en bas." By September Saint-Mars had placed Mattioli, with the mad monk, in another chamber of the same tower. "Mattioli is almost as mad as the monk," who arose from bed and preached naked. Mattioli behaved so rudely and violently that the lieutenant of Saint-Mars had to show him a whip, and threaten him with a flogging. This had its effect. Mattioli, to make his peace, offered a valuable ring to Blainvilliers. The ring was kept to be restored to him, if ever Louis let him go free—a contingency mentioned more than once in the correspondence.

Apparently Mattioli now sobered down, and probably was given a separate chamber and a valet. By May 1681 Dauger and La Rivière still occupied their common chamber in the "Tour d'en bas." They were regarded by Louvois as the most important of the five prisoners then at Pignerol. They, not Mattioli, were the captives about whose safe and secret keeping Louis and Louvois were most anxious. This appears from a letter of Louvois to Saint-Mars, of May 12, 1681. "The gaoler, Saint-Mars, is to be promoted from Pignerol to Exiles. Thither," says Louvois, "the king desires to transport *such of your prisoners as he thinks too important to have in other hands than yours.*" These prisoners are "*the two in the low chamber of the tower*," the two valets, Dauger and La Rivière.

From a letter of Saint-Mars (June 1681) we know that Mattioli was not one of these. He says: "I shall keep at Exiles two birds (*merles*) whom I have here: they are only known as *the gentry of the low room in the tower; Mattioli may stay on here at Pignerol with the other prisoners*" (Dubreuil and the mad monk).

Now, mountains of argument have been built on these words *deux merles*, "two gaol-birds." One of the two, we shall see, became the source of the legend of the Man in the Iron

[1] Lair, *Nicolas Fouquet*, ii. pp. 476, 477.

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Mask. "How can a wretched gaol-bird (*merle*) have been the Mask?" asks M. Topin. "The rogue's whole furniture and table-linen were sold for £1 19*s*. He only got a new suit of clothes every three years." All very true; but this gaol-bird and his mate, by the direct statement of Louvois, are "the prisoners too important to be entrusted to other hands than yours"—the hands of Saint-Mars—while Mattioli is so unimportant that he may be left at Pignerol under Villebois.

The truth is, that the offence and the punishment of Mattioli were known to, or surmised by, European diplomatists. Casal, moreover, at this time was openly ceded to Louis XIV., and Mattioli could not have told the world more than it already knew. But, for some inscrutable reason, the secret which Dauger knew, or was suspected of knowing, became more and more a source of anxiety to Louvois and Louis. What can he have known? The charges against his master, Roux de Marsilly, had been publicly proclaimed. Twelve years had passed since the dealings of Arlington with Marsilly. Yet, Louvois became more and more nervous.

In accordance with commands of his, on March 2, 1682, the two valets, who had hitherto occupied one chamber, at Pignerol and at Exiles, were cut off from all communication with each other. Says Saint-Mars, "Since receiving your letter I have warded the pair as strictly and exactly as I did M. Fouquet, and M. Lauzun, who cannot brag that he sent out or received any intelligence. Night and day two sentinels watch their tower; and my own windows command a view of the sentinels. Nobody speaks to my captives but myself, my lieutenant, their confessor, and the doctor, who lives eighteen miles away, and only sees them when I am present." Years went by; on January 1687 one of the two captives died; we really do not know which. However, the intensified secrecy with which the survivor was now guarded seems more appropriate to Dauger; and M. Funck-Brentano and M. Lair have no doubt that it was La Rivière who expired. He was dropsical, and the dead prisoner died of dropsy.

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As for the strange secrecy as to Dauger, here is an example. Saint-Mars, in January 1687, was appointed to the fortress of the Isles Sainte Marguerite, that sun themselves in the bay of Cannes. On January 20 he asks leave to go to see his little kingdom. He must leave Dauger, but *has forbidden even his lieutenant to speak to that prisoner*. This was an increase of precaution since 1682. He wishes to take the captive to the Isles, but how? A sedan chair covered over with oilcloth seems best. A litter might break down, litters often did, and some one might then see the passenger. Now M. Funck-Brentano says, to minimise the importance of Dauger, "he was shut up like so much luggage in a chair hermetically closed with oilcloth, carried by eight Piedmontese in relays of four."

Luggage is not usually carried in hermetically sealed sedan chairs, but Saint-Mars has explained why, by surplus of precaution, he did not use a litter. The litter might break down and Dauger might be seen. A new prison was built specially, at the cost of 5000 livres, for Dauger at Sainte Marguerite, with large sunny rooms. On May 3, 1687, Saint-Mars had entered on his island realm, Dauger being nearly killed by twelve days journey in a closed chair. He excited the utmost curiosity. On January 8, 1688, Saint-Mars writes that his prisoner is believed by the world to be either a son of Oliver Cromwell, or the Duc de Beaufort, who was never seen again after a night battle in Crete, on June 25, 1669, just before Dauger was arrested. Saint-Mars sent in a note of the *total* of Dauger's expenses for the year 1687. He actually did not dare to send the *items*, he says, lest they, if the bill fell into the wrong hands, might reveal too much!

Meanwhile, an Italian news-letter, copied into a Leyden paper, of August 1687, declared that Mattioli had just been brought from Pignerol to Sainte Marguerite. There was no mystery about Mattioli, the story of his capture was published, but the press, on one point, was in error; Mattioli was still at Pignerol. The known advent of the late Commandant of Pignerol, Saint-Mars, with a single concealed prisoner, at the

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island, naturally suggested the erroneous idea that the prisoner was Mattioli. The prisoner was really Dauger.

From 1688 to 1691 no letter about Dauger has been published. Apparently he was the only prisoner on the island, except one Chézut, who was there before Dauger arrived, and gave up his chamber to Dauger while the new cells were being built. Between 1689 and 1693 six Protestant preachers were brought to the island. Louvois, the Minister, died in 1691, and was succeeded by Barbezieux. On August 18, 1691, Barbezieux wrote to ask Saint-Mars about "the prisoner whom he had guarded for twenty years." The only such prisoner was Dauger, who entered Pignerol in August 1669. Saint-Mars replied: "I can assure you that *nobody has seen him but myself.*"

By the beginning of March 1694, Pignerol had been bombarded by the enemies of France; presently Louis XIV. had to cede it to Savoy. The prisoners there must be removed. Mattioli, in Pignerol, at the end of 1693, had been in trouble. He and his valet had tried to smuggle out letters written on the linings of their pockets. These were seized and burned. On March 20, 1694, Barbezieux wrote to Laprade, now commanding at Pignerol, that he must take his three prisoners, one by one, with all secrecy, to Sainte Marguerite. Laprade alone must give them their food on the journey. The military officer of the escort was warned to ask no questions. Already (February 26, 1694) Barbezieux had informed Saint-Mars that these prisoners were coming. "They are of more consequence, one of them at least, than the prisoners on the island, and must be put in the safest places." The "one" is doubtless Mattioli. In 1681 Louvois had thought Dauger and La Rivière more important than Mattioli, who, in March 1694, came from Pignerol to Sainte Marguerite. But in April 1694 a prisoner died at the island, a prisoner who, like Mattioli, *had a valet.* We hear of no other prisoner on the island who had a valet. A letter of Saint-Mars (January 6, 1696) proves that no prisoner then had a valet

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for each prisoner collected his own dirty plates and dishes, piled them up, and handed them to the lieutenant.

Mr. Funck-Brentano argues that in this very letter (January 6, 1696) Saint-Mars speaks of "les valets de messieurs les prisonniers." But, in *that* part of the letter Saint-Mars is giving reminiscences of Fouquet and Lauzun, who, of course, had valets, and had money, as he shows. Dauger had no money. M. Funck-Brentano next argues that early in 1694 one of the preacher prisoners, Melzac, died, and cites M. Jung ("La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer," p. 91). This is odd, as M. Jung says that Melzac, or Malzac, *died in the end of* 1692, *or early in* 1693. Why, then, does M. Funck-Brentano cite M. Jung for the death of the preacher early in 1694, when M. Jung (conjecturally) dates his decease at least a year earlier?[1] It is hardly a conjecture, as, on March 3, 1693, Barbezieux begs Saint-Mars to mention his Protestant prisoners under nicknames. There are *three*, and Malzac is not one of them. Malzac, in 1692, suffered from a horrible disease, discreditable to one of the godly, and in October 1692 had been allowed medical expenses. Whether they included a valet or not, Malzac seems to have been non-existent by March 1693. Had he possessed a valet, and had he died in 1694, why should *his* valet have been "shut up in the vaulted prison"? This was the fate of the valet of the prisoner (Mattioli ?) who died in April 1694.

Mattioli, then, had a valet in December 1693, at Pignerol. He went to Sainte Marguerite in March 1694. In April 1694 a prisoner with a valet died at Sainte Marguerite. In January 1696 no prisoner at Sainte Marguerite had a valet. Therefore,

[1] M. Funck-Brentano's statement is in *Révue Historique*, lvi. p. 298. "Malzac died at the beginning of 1694," citing Jung, p. 91. Now on p. 91 M. Jung writes, "At the beginning of 1694 Saint-Mars had six prisoners, of whom one, Melzac, dies." But M. Jung (pp. 269, 270) later writes, "It is probable that Melzac died at the end of 1692, or early in 1693," and he gives his reasons. M. Funck-Brentano must have overlooked M. Jung's change of opinion between his p. 91 and his pp. 269, 270.

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there is a strong presumption that the "prisonnier au valet," who died in April 1694 was Mattioli.

After December 1698, when he was still at Pignerol, the name of Mattioli, freely used before, never occurs in the correspondence. But we often hear of "l'ancien prisonnier," "the old prisoner." He was, on the face of it, Dauger, by far the oldest prisoner. In 1688, Saint-Mars having only one prisoner (Dauger), calls him merely "my prisoner." In 1691, when Saint-Mars had several prisoners, Barbezieux styles Dauger "your prisoner of twenty years' standing." When, in 1696–1698, Saint-Mars mentions "mon ancien prisonnier," "my prisoner of long standing," he may obviously mean Dauger, not Mattioli—above all, if Mattioli died in 1694. M. Funck-Brentano argues that "mon ancien prisonnier" can only mean "my erstwhile prisoner, he who was lost and is restored to me" —that is, Mattioli. This is not the view of M. Jung, or M. Lair, or M. Loiseleur.

Friends of Mattioli's claims rest much on this letter of Barbezieux to Saint-Mars (November 17, 1697), "You have only to watch over the security of all your prisoners, *without ever explaining to any one what it is that your prisoner of long standing did.*" That secret, it is argued, *must* apply to Mattioli. But all the world knew what Mattioli had done! Nobody knew, and nobody knows, what Eustache Dauger had done. It was one of the *arcana imperii*. Saint-Mars (1669) was not to ask. Louis XIV. could only lighten the captivity of Fouquet (1679) if his valet, La Rivière, did not know what Dauger had done. La Rivière (apparently a harmless man) lived and died in confinement, the sole reason being that he might know what Dauger had done. Consequently there is the strongest presumption that the *ancien prisonnier* of 1697 is Dauger, and that "what he had done (which Saint-Mars must tell to no one) was what Dauger did," not what Mattioli did. All Europe knew what Mattioli had done.

On July 19, 1698, Barbezieux bade Saint-Mars come to assume the command of the Bastille. He is to bring his "old

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prisoner," whom not a soul is to see. Saint-Mars therefore brought his man *masked*, exactly like another prisoner carried from Provence to the Bastille in 1695. M. Funck-Brentano argues that Saint-Mars was now quite fond of his old Mattioli, so noble, so learned.

At last, on September 18, 1698, Saint-Mars lodged his "old prisoner" in the Bastille, "an old prisoner whom he had at Pignerol," says the journal of du Jonca, Lieutenant of the Bastille. His food was brought him by Rosarges alone, the "Major," a gentleman who had always been with Saint-Mars. Argues M. Funck-Brentano, all this proves that the captive was a gentleman, not a valet. Why? First, because the Bastille, under Louis XIV. was "une prison de distinction." Yet M. Funck-Brentano tells us that in Mazarin's time "valets mixed up with royal plots" were kept in the Bastille. Yet, in 1701, in this "noble prison," the Mask was turned out of his room to make place for a female fortune-teller, and was obliged to chum with a profligate valet of nineteen, and a "beggarly" pro-Boer, who "blamed the conduct of France, and approved that of other nations, especially the Dutch." M. Funck-Brentano himself publishes these facts (1898), in part published earlier (1890) by M. Lair. Not much *noblesse* here! Next, if Rosarges, a gentleman, served the Mask, Saint-Mars alone (1669) carried his food to Dauger. So the service of Rosarges does not ennoble the Mask and differentiate him from Dauger, who was even more nobly served, by Saint-Mars.

On November 19, 1703, the Mask died suddenly, and was buried on the 20th. The parish register of the church names him "Marchialy or Marchioly," one may read it either way. Du Jonca, the Lieutenant of the Bastille, in his contemporary journal, calls him "Mr. de Marchiel." Now, Saint-Mars often spells Mattioli, "Marthioly."

This is the real strength of the argument for Mattioli's claims to the Mask. M. Lair replies, "Saint-Mars had a mania for burying prisoners under fancy names," and gives

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examples. One is only a gardener, François Eliard (1701), concerning whom it is expressly said that, as he is a State prisoner, his real name is not to be given, so he is registered as Pierre Maret (others read *Navet*, "Peter Potato"). If Saint-Mars, looking about for a false name for Dauger's burial register, hit on *Marsilly* (the name of Dauger's old master), that *might* be miswritten *Marchioly*. However it be, the age of the Mask is certainly falsified; the register gives "about forty-five years old." Mattioli was sixty-three; Dauger cannot have been under fifty-three.

There the case stands. If Mattioli died in April 1694, he cannot be the Man in the Iron Mask. Of Dauger's death we find no record, unless he was the Man in the Iron Mask. He was certainly, in 1669 and 1680, at Pignerol and at Sainte Marguerite, the centre of the mystery about some great prisoner, a Marshal of France, the Duc de Beaufort, or a son of Oliver Cromwell. Mattioli was no mystery, no secret. Dauger is so mysterious that probably the secret of his mystery was unknown to himself. By 1701, when obscure wretches were shut up with the Mask, the secret, whatever its nature, had ceased to be of moment. The captive was now the mere victim of cruel routine. But twenty years earlier, Saint-Mars had said that Dauger "takes things easily, resigned to the will of God and the King."

A. LANG.

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MAGIC

I BELIEVE in the practice and philosophy of what we have agreed to call magic, in what I must call the evocation of spirits, though I do not know what they are, in the power of creating magical illusions, in the visions of truth in the depths of the mind when the eyes are closed; and I believe in three doctrines, which have, as I think, been handed down from early times, and been the foundations of nearly all magical practices. These doctrines are:

(1) That the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy.

(2) That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of nature herself.

(3) That this great mind and great memory can be evoked by symbols.

I often think I would put this belief in magic from me if I could, for I have come to see or to imagine, in men and women, in houses, in handicrafts, in nearly all sights and sounds, a certain evil, a certain ugliness, that comes from the slow perishing through the centuries of a quality of mind that made this belief and its evidences common over the world.

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II

Some ten or twelve years ago, a man with whom I have since quarrelled for sound reasons; a very singular man who had given his life to studies other men despised, asked me and an acquaintance, who is now dead, to witness a magical work. He lived a little way from London, and on the way my acquaintance told me that he did not believe in magic, but that a novel of Bulwer Lytton's had taken such a hold upon his imagination that he was going to give much of his time and all his thought to magic. He longed to believe in it, and had studied, though not learnedly, geomancy, astrology, chiromancy, and much cabalistic symbolism, and yet doubted if the soul outlived the body. He awaited the magical work full of scepticism. He expected nothing more than an air of romance, an illusion as of the stage, that might capture the consenting imagination for an hour. The evoker of spirits and his beautiful wife received us in a little house, on the edge of some kind of garden or park belonging to an eccentric rich man, whose curiosities he arranged and dusted, and he made his evocation in a long room that had a raised place on the floor at one end, a kind of dais, but was furnished meagrely and cheaply. I sat with my acquaintance in the middle of the room, and the evoker of spirits on the dais, and his wife between us and him. He held a wooden mace in his hand, and turning to a tablet of many coloured squares, with a number on each of the squares, that stood near him on a chair, he repeated a form of words. Almost at once my imagination began to move of itself and to bring before me vivid images that, though never too vivid to be imagination, as I had always understood it, had yet a motion of their own, a life I could not change or shape. I remember seeing a number of white figures, and wondering whether their mitred heads had been suggested by the mitred head of the mace, and then, of a sudden, the image of my acquaintance in the midst of them. I told what I had seen, and the evoker of spirits cried in a

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deep voice, "Let him be blotted out," and as he said it the image of my acquaintance vanished, and the evoker of spirits or his wife saw a man dressed in black with a curious square cap standing among the white figures. It was my acquaintance, the seeress said, as he had been in a past life, the life that had moulded his present, and that life would now unfold before us. I too seemed to see the man with a strange vividness. The story unfolded itself chiefly before the mind's eye of the seeress, but sometimes I saw what she described before I heard her description. She thought the man in black was perhaps a Fleming of the sixteenth century, and I could see him pass along narrow streets till he came to a narrow door with some rusty ironwork above it. He went in, and wishing to find out how far we had one vision among us, I kept silent when I saw a dead body lying upon a table within the door. The seeress described him going down a long hall and up into what she thought a pulpit, and beginning to speak. She said, "He is a clergyman, I can hear his words. They sound like low Dutch." Then after a little silence, "No, I am wrong. I can see the listeners; he is a doctor lecturing among his pupils." I said, "Do you see anything near the door?" and she said, "Yes, I see a subject for dissection." Then we saw him go out again into the narrow streets, I following the story of the seeress, sometimes merely following her words, but sometimes seeing for myself. My acquaintance saw nothing; I think he was forbidden to see, it being his own life, and I think could not in any case. His imagination had no will of its own. Presently the man in black went into a house with two gables facing the road, and up some stairs into a room where a hump-backed woman gave him a key; and then along a corridor, and down some stairs into a large cellar full of retorts and strange vessels of all kinds. Here he seemed to stay a long while, and one saw him eating bread that he took down from a shelf. The evoker of spirits and the seeress began to speculate about the man's character and habits, and decided, from a visionary impression, that his mind was absorbed in naturalism, but

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that his imagination had been excited by stories of the marvels wrought by magic in past times, and that he was trying to copy them by naturalistic means. Presently one of them saw him go to a vessel that stood over a slow fire, and take out of the vessel a thing wrapped up in numberless cloths, which he partly unwrapped, showing at length what looked like the image of a man made by somebody who could not model. The evoker of spirits said that the man in black was trying to make flesh by chemical means, and though he had not succeeded, his brooding had drawn so many evil spirits about him, that the image was partly alive. He could see it moving a little where it lay upon a table. At that moment I heard something like little squeals, but kept silent, as when I saw the dead body. In a moment more the seeress said, "I hear little squeals." Then the evoker of spirits heard them, but said, "They are not squeals; he is pouring a red liquid out of a retort through a slit in the cloth; the slit is over the mouth of the image and the liquid is gurgling in rather a curious way." Weeks seemed to pass by hurriedly, and somebody saw the man still busy in his cellar. Then more weeks seemed to pass, and now we saw him lying sick in a room upstairs, and a man in a conical cap standing beside him. We could see the image too. It was in the cellar, but now it could move feebly about the floor. I saw fainter images of the image passing continually from where it crawled to the man in his bed, and I asked the evoker of spirits what they were. He said, "They are the images of his terror." Presently the man in the conical cap began to speak, but who heard him I cannot remember. He made the sick man get out of bed and walk, leaning upon him, and in much terror till they came to the cellar. There the man in the conical cap made some symbol over the image, which fell back as if asleep, and putting a knife into the other's hand he said, "I have taken from it the magical life, but you must take from it the life that you gave." Somebody saw the sick man stoop and sever the head of the image from its body, and then fall as if he had given himself a mortal

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wound, for he had filled it with his own life. And then the vision changed and fluttered, and he was lying sick again in the room upstairs. He seemed to lie there a long time with the man in the conical cap watching beside him, and then, I cannot remember how, the evoker of spirits discovered that though he would in part recover, he would never be well, and that the story had got abroad in the town and shattered his good name. His pupils had left him and men avoided him. He was accursed. He was a magician.

The story was finished, and I looked at my acquaintance. He was white and awestruck. He said, as nearly as I can remember, "All my life I have seen myself in dreams making a man by some means like that. When I was a child I was always thinking out contrivances for galvanising a corpse into life." Presently he said, "Perhaps my bad health in this life comes from that experiment." I asked if he had read "Frankenstein," and he answered that he had. He was the only one of us who had, and he had taken no part in the vision.

III

Then I asked to have some past life of mine revealed, and a new evocation was made before the tablet full of little squares. I cannot remember so well who saw this or that detail, for now I was interested in little but the vision itself. I had come to a conclusion about the method. I knew that a vision may be in part common to several people.

A man in chain armour passed through a castle door, and the seeress noticed with surprise the bareness and rudeness of the castle rooms. There was nothing of the magnificence or the pageantry she had expected. The man came to a large hall and to a little chapel opening out of it, where a ceremony was taking place. There were six girls dressed in white, who took from the altar some yellow object—I thought it was gold, for though, like my acquaintance, I was told not to see, I could not help seeing. Somebody else thought that it was yellow flowers, and I think the girls, though I cannot remember

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clearly, laid it between the man's hands. He went out after a time, and as he passed through the great hall one of us, I forget who, noticed that he passed over two gravestones. Then the vision became broken, but presently he stood in a monk's habit among men-at-arms in the middle of a village reading from a parchment. He was calling villagers about him, and presently he and they and the men-at-arms took ship for some long voyage. The vision became broken again, and when we could see clearly they had come to what seemed the Holy Land. They had begun some kind of sacred labour among palm trees. The common men among them stood idle, but the gentlemen carried large stones, bringing them from certain directions, from the cardinal points I think, with a ceremonious formality. The evoker of spirits said they must be making some kind of masonic house. His mind, like the minds of so many students of these hidden things, was always running on masonry and discovering it in strange places.

We broke the vision that we might have supper, breaking it with some form of words which I forget. When supper had ended the seeress cried out that while we had been eating they had been building, and they had built not a masonic house but a great stone cross. And now they had all gone away but the man who had been in chain armour and two monks we had not noticed before. He was standing against the cross, his feet upon two stone rests a little above the ground, and his arms spread out. He seemed to stand there all day, but when night came he went to a little cell, that was beside two other cells. I think they were like the cells I have seen in the Arran Islands, but I cannot be certain. Many days seemed to pass, and all day every day he stood upon the cross and we never saw anybody there but him and the two monks. Many years seemed to pass, making the vision flutter like a drift of leaves before our eyes, and he grew old and white-haired, and we saw the two monks, old and and white-haired, holding him upon the cross. I asked the evoker of spirits why the man stood there, and before he had time to answer I saw two people, a man

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and a woman, rising like a dream within a dream, before the eyes of the man upon the cross. The evoker of spirits saw them too, and said that one of them held up his arms and they were without hands. I thought of the two gravestones the man in chain-mail had passed over in the great hall when he came out of the chapel, and asked the evoker of spirits if the knight was undergoing a penance for violence, and while I was asking him, and he was saying that it might be so but he did not know, the vision, having completed its circle, vanished.

It had not, so far as I could see, the personal significance of the other vision, but it was certainly strange and beautiful, though I alone seemed to see its beauty. Who was it that made the story, if it were but a story? I did not, and the seeress did not, and the evoker of spirits did not and could not. It arose in three minds, for I cannot remember my acquaintance taking any part, and it rose without confusion, and without labour, except the labour of keeping the mind's eye awake, and more swiftly than any pen could have written it out. It may be, as Blake said of one of his poems, that the author was in eternity. In coming years I was to see and hear of many such visions, and though I was not to be convinced, though half convinced once or twice, that they were old lives, in an ordinary sense of the word life, I was to learn that they have almost always some quite definite relation to dominant moods and moulding events in this life. They are, perhaps, in most cases, though the vision I have but just described was not, it seems, among the cases, symbolical histories of these moods and events, or rather symbolical shadows of the impulses that have made them, messages as it were out of the ancestral being of the questioner.

At the time these two visions meant little more to me, if I can remember my feeling at the time, than a proof of the supremacy of imagination, of the power of many minds to become one, overpowering one another by spoken words and by unspoken thought till they have become a single intense, unhesitating energy. One mind was doubtless the master, I

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thought, but all the minds gave a little, creating or revealing for a moment what I must call a supernatural artist.

IV

Some years afterwards I was staying with some friends in Paris. I had got up before breakfast and gone out to buy a newspaper. I had noticed the servant, a girl who had come from the country some years before, laying the table for breakfast. As I had passed her I had been telling myself one of those long foolish tales which one tells only to oneself. If something had happened that had not happened, I would have hurt my arm, I thought. I saw myself with my arm in a sling in the middle of some childish adventures. I returned with the newspaper and met my host and hostess in the door. The moment they saw me they cried out, "Why, the *bonne* has just told us you had your arm in a sling. We thought something must have happened to you last night, that you had been run over maybe"—or some such words. I had been dining out at the other end of Paris, and had come in after everybody had gone to bed. I had cast my imagination so strongly upon the servant that she had seen it and with what had appeared to be more than the mind's eye.

One afternoon, about the same time, I was thinking very intently of a certain fellow student for whom I had a message, which I hesitated about writing. In a couple of days I got a letter from a place some hundreds of miles away where that student was. On the afternoon when I had been thinking so intently I had suddenly appeared there amid a crowd of people in a hotel and as seeming solid as if in the flesh. My fellow student had seen me but no one else, and had asked me to come again when the people had gone. I had vanished but had come again in the middle of the night and given the message. I myself had no knowledge of casting an imagination upon one so far away.

I could tell of stranger images, of stranger enchantments, of stranger imaginations, cast consciously or unconsciously

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over as great distances by friends or by myself were it not that the greater energies of the mind seldom break forth but when the deeps are loosened. They break forth amid events too private or too sacred for public speech, or seem themselves, I know not why, to belong to hidden things. I have written of these breakings forth, these loosenings of the deep, with some care and some detail, but I shall keep my record shut. After all, one can but bear witness less to convince him who won't believe than to protect him who does, as Blake puts it, enduring unbelief and misbelief and ridicule as best one may. I shall be content to show that past times have believed as I do, by quoting Joseph Glanvill's description of the Scholar Gipsy. Joseph Glanvill is dead, and will not mind unbelief and misbelief and ridicule.

The Scholar Gipsy, too, is dead, unless indeed perfectly wise magicians can live till it please them to die, and he is wandering somewhere, even if one cannot see him, as Arnold imagined, "at some lone ale-house in the Berkshire moors, on the warm ingle-bench" or "crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock Hithe," "trailing his fingers in the cool stream," or "giving store of flowers—the frail-leaf'd white anemone, dark hare-bells drenched with dew of summer eves," to the girls "who from the distant hamlets come to dance around the Fyfield elm in May," or "sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown," living on through time "with a free onward impulse." This is Joseph Glanvill's story:

> There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford who, being of very pregnant and ready parts and yet wanting the encouragement of preferment, was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there, and to cast himself upon the wide world for a livelihood. Now his necessities growing daily on him, and wanting the help of friends to relieve him, he was at last forced to join himself to a company of vagabond gypsies, whom occasionally he met with, and to follow their trade for a maintenance. . . . After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. The scholar had quickly spied out these old friends among the gypsies, and their amazement to see him among such society had well nigh discovered him; but by a sign he prevented them

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owning him before that crew, and taking one of them aside privately, desired him with his friend to go to an inn, not far distant, promising there to come to them. They accordingly went thither and he follows: after their first salutation his friends inquire how he came to lead so odd a life as that was, and so joined himself into such a beggarly company. The scholar gypsy having given them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them and could do wonders by the power of the imagination, and that himself had learned much of their art and improved it further than themselves could. And to evince the truth of what he told them, he said he'd remove into another room, leaving them to discourse together; and upon his return tell them the sense of what they had talked of; which accordingly he performed, giving them a full account of what had passed between them in his absence. The scholars being amazed at so unexpected a discovery, earnestly desired him to unriddle the mystery. In which he gave them satisfaction, by telling them that what he did was by the power of imagination, his phantasy leading theirs; and that himself had dictated to them the discourse they had held together while he was from them; that there were warrantable ways of heightening the imagination to that pitch as to bend another's, and that when he had compassed the whole secret some parts of which he was yet ignorant of, he intended to leave their company and give the world an account of what he had learned.

If all who have described events like this have not dreamed, we should rewrite our histories, for all men, certainly all imaginative men, must be for ever casting forth enchantments, glamours, illusions; and all men, especially tranquil men who have no powerful egotistic life, must be continually passing under their power. Our most elaborate thoughts, elaborate purposes, precise emotions, are often, as I think, not really ours, but have on a sudden come up, as it were, out of hell or down out of heaven. The historian should remember, should he not? angels and devils not less than kings and soldiers, and plotters and thinkers. What matter if the angel or devil, as indeed certain old writers believed, first wrapped itself with an organised shape in some man's imagination, what matter "if God himself only acts or is in existing beings or men," as Blake believed, we must none the less admit that invisible beings, far wandering influences, shapes that may have floated from a hermit of the wilderness, brood over council chambers

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and studies and battle-fields. We should never be certain that it was not some woman treading in the wine-press who began that subtle change in men's minds, that powerful movement of thought and imagination about which so many Germans have written; or that the passion, because of which so many countries were given to the sword, did not begin in the mind of some shepherd boy, lighting up his eyes for a moment before it ran upon its way.

V

We cannot doubt that barbaric people receive such influences more visibly and obviously, and in all likelihood more easily and fully than we do, for our life in cities, which deafens or kills the passive meditative life, and our education that enlarges the separated, self-moving mind, have made our souls less sensitive. Our souls that were once naked to the winds of heaven are now thickly clad, and have learned to build a house and light a fire upon its hearth, and shut to the doors and windows. The winds can, indeed, make us draw near to the fire, or can even lift the carpet and whistle under the door, but they could do worse out on the plains long ago. A certain learned man, quoted by Mr. Lang in his "Making of Religion," contends that the memories of primitive man and his thoughts of distant places must have had the intensity of hallucination, because there was nothing in his mind to draw his attention away from them—an explanation that does not seem to me complete—and Mr. Lang goes on to quote certain travellers to prove that savages live always on the edges of vision. One Laplander who wished to become a Christian, and thought visions but heathenish, confessed to a traveller, to whom he had given a minute account of many distant events, read doubtless in that traveller's mind, "that he knew not how to make use of his eyes, since things altogether distant were present to them." I myself could find in one district in Galway but one man who had not seen what I can but call spirits, and he was in his dotage. "There is no man mowing

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a meadow but sees them at one time or another," said a man in a different district.

If I can unintentionally cast a glamour, an enchantment, over persons of our own time who have lived for years in great cities, there is no reason to doubt that men could cast intentionally a far stronger enchantment, a far stronger glamour over the more sensitive people of ancient times, or that men can still do so where the old order of life remains unbroken. Why should not the Scholar Gipsy cast his spell over his friends? Why should not St. Patrick, or him of whom the story was first told, pass his enemies, he and all his clerics, as a herd of deer? Why should not enchanters like him in the "Morte d'Arthur" make troops of horse seem but grey stones? Why should not the Roman soldiers, though they came of a civilisation which was ceasing to be sensitive to these things, have trembled for a moment before the enchantments of the Druids of Mona? Why should not the Jesuit father, or the Count Saint Germain, or whoever the tale was first told of, have really seemed to leave the city in a coach and four by all the Twelve Gates at once? Why should not Moses and the enchanters of Pharaoh have made their staffs as the medicine men of many primitive peoples make their pieces of old rope seem like devouring serpents? Why should not that mediæval enchanter have made summer and all its blossoms seem to break forth in middle winter?

May we not learn some day to rewrite our histories, when they touch upon these things too?

Men who are imaginative writers to-day may well have preferred to influence the imagination of others more directly in past times. Instead of learning their craft with paper and a pen they may have sat for hours imagining themselves to be stocks and stones and beasts of the wood till the images were so vivid that the passers-by became but a part of the imagination of the dreamer, and wept or laughed or ran away as he would have them. Have not poetry and music arisen, as it seems, out of the sounds the enchanters made to help their imagination to

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enchant, to charm, to bind with a spell themselves and the passers-by? These very words, a chief part of all praises of music or poetry, still cry to us their origin. And just as the musician and the poet enchants and charms and binds with a spell his own mind when he would enchant the mind of others, so did the enchanter create or reveal for himself as well as for others the supernatural artist or genius, the seeming transitory mind made out of many minds, whose work I saw, or thought I saw, in that suburban house. He kept the doors too, as it seems, of those less transitory minds, the genius of the family, the genius of the tribe, or it may be when he was mighty souled enough, the genius of the world. Our history speaks of opinions and discoveries, but in ancient times when, as I think, men had their eyes ever upon those doors, history spoke of commandments and revelations. They looked as carefully and as patiently towards Sinai and its thunders as we look towards parliaments and laboratories. We are always praising men in whom the individual life has come to perfection, but they were always praising the one mind, their foundation of all perfection.

VI

I once saw a young Irish woman, fresh from a convent school, cast into a profound trance, though not by a method known to any hypnotist. In her waking state she thought the apple of Eve was the kind of apple you can buy at the greengrocer's, but in her trance she saw the Tree of Life with ever sighing souls moving in its branches instead of sap, and among its leaves all the fowl of the air, and on its highest bough one white fowl bearing a crown. When I went home I took a translation of "The Book of Concealed Mystery" from the shelf, and cutting the pages came upon this passage, which I cannot think I had ever read: "The Tree, . . . is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and of Evil . . . in its branches the birds lodge and build their nests, the souls and the angels have their place."

I once saw a young Church of Ireland man, a bank clerk in

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the west of Ireland, thrown in a like trance. I have no doubt that he, too, was quite certain that the apple of Eve was a greengrocer's apple, and yet he saw the tree and heard the souls sighing through its branches, and saw apples with human faces, and laying his ear to an apple heard a sound as of fighting hosts within. Presently he strayed from the tree and came to the edge of Eden, and there he found himself not by the wilderness he had learned of at the Sunday school, but upon the submit of a great mountain, of a mountain "two miles high." The whole summit, in contradiction to all that would have seemed probable to his waking mind, was a great walled garden. Some years afterwards I found a mediæval diagram, which pictured Eden as a walled garden upon a high mountain.

Where did these intricate symbols come from? Neither I nor the one or two people present or the seers had ever seen, I am convinced, the description in "The Book of Concealed Mystery," or the mediæval diagram. Remember that the images appeared in a moment perfect in all their complexity. If one can imagine that the seers or that I myself or another had indeed read of these images and forgotten it, that the supernatural artist's knowledge of what was in our buried memories accounted for these visions, there are numberless other visions to account for. One cannot go on believing in improbable knowledge for ever. For instance, I find in my diary that on December 27, 1897, a seer, to whom I had given a certain old Irish symbol, saw Brigit, the goddess, holding out "a glittering and wriggling serpent," and yet I feel certain that neither I nor he knew anything of her association with the serpent until "Carmina Gadelica" was published a few months ago. And an old Irish woman who can neither read nor write has described to me a woman dressed like Dian, with helmet, and short skirt and sandals, and what seemed to be buskins. Why, too, among all the countless stories of visions that I have gathered in Ireland, or that a friend has gathered for me, are there none that mix the dress of different

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periods? The seers when they are but speaking from tradition will mix everything together, and speak of Finn mac Cool going to the Assizes at Cork. Mr. Lang, who is more preoccupied with scientific proofs than I am, tells of a crystal gazer of his acquaintance whose vision was corroborated by historical documents unknown at the time of the vision. Almost every one who has ever busied himself with such matters has found like examples. They are as yet too little classified, too little analysed, to convince the stranger, but some of them are proof enough for those they have happened to, proof that there is a memory of nature that reveals events and symbols of distant centuries. Mystics of many countries and many centuries have spoken of this memory; and the honest men and charlatans, who keep the magical traditions which will some day be studied as a part of folk lore, base most that is of importance in their claims upon this memory. I have read of it in Paracelsus and in some Indian book that describes the people of past days as still living within it, "Thinking the thought and doing the deed." And I have found it in the prophetic books of William Blake, who calls its images "the bright sculptures of Los's Halls"; and says that all events, "all love stories," renew themselves from those images. It is perhaps well that so few believe in it, for if many did many would go out of parliaments and universities and libraries and run into the wilderness to so waste the body, and to so hush the unquiet mind that, still living, they might pass the doors the dead pass daily; for who among the wise would trouble himself with making laws or in writing history or in weighing the earth if the things of eternity seemed ready to hand?

VII

I find in my diary of magical events for 1899 that I awoke at 8 P.M. out of a nightmare, and imagined one symbol to prevent its recurrence, and imagined another, a simple geometrical form, which calls up dreams of luxuriant vegetable life, that I might have pleasant dreams. I imagined it faintly,

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being very sleepy, and went to sleep. I had confused dreams which seemed to have no relation with the symbol. I awoke about eight, having for the time forgotten both nightmare and symbol. Presently I dozed off again and began half to dream and half to see, as one does between sleep and waking, enormous flowers and grapes. I awoke and recognised that what I had dreamed or seen was the kind of thing appropriate to the symbol before I remembered having used it. I find another record, though made some time after the event, of having imagined over the head of a person, who was a little of a seer, a combined symbol of elemental air and elemental water. This person, who did not know what symbol I was using, saw a pigeon flying with a lobster in his bill. I find that on December 13, 1898, I used a certain star-shaped symbol with a seeress, getting her to look at it intently before she began seeing. She saw a rough stone house and in the middle of the house the skull of a horse. I find that I had used the same symbol a few days before with a seer, and that he had seen a rough stone house, and in the middle of the house something under a cloth marked with the Hammer of Thor. He had lifted the cloth and discovered a skeleton of gold with teeth of diamonds, and eyes of some unknown dim precious stones. I had made a note to this last vision, pointing out that we had been using a Solar symbol a little earlier. Solar symbols often call up visions of gold and precious stones. I do not give these examples to prove my arguments, but to illustrate them. I know that my examples will awaken in all who have not met the like, or who are not on other grounds inclined towards my arguments, a most natural incredulity. It was long before I myself would admit an inherent power in symbols, for it long seemed to me that one could account for everything by the power of one imagination over another, telepathy as it is called with that separation of knowledge and life, of word and emotion, which is the sterility of scientific speech. The symbol seemed powerful, I thought, merely because we thought it powerful, and we would do just as well without it. In those

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days I used symbols made with some ingenuity instead of merely imagining them. I used to give them to the person I was experimenting with, and tell him to hold them to his forehead without looking at them; and sometimes I made a mistake. I learned from these mistakes that if I did not myself imagine the symbol, in which case he would have a mixed vision, it was the symbol I gave by mistake that produced the vision. Then I met with a seer who could say to me, "I have a vision of a square pond, but I can see your thought, and you expect me to see an oblong pond," or, "The symbol you are imagining has made me see a woman holding a crystal, but it was a moonlight sea I should have seen." I discovered that the symbol hardly ever failed to call up its typical scene, its typical event, its typical person, but that I could practically never call up, no matter how vividly I imagined it, the particular scene, the particular event, the particular person I had in my own mind, and that when I could, the two visions rose side by side.

I cannot now think symbols less than the greatest of all powers whether they are used consciously by the masters of magic, or half unconsciously by their successors, the poet, the musician and the artist. At first I tried to distinguish between symbols and symbols, between what I called inherent symbols and arbitrary symbols, but the distinction has come to mean little or nothing. Whether their power has arisen out of themselves, or whether it has an arbitrary origin, matters little, for they act, as I believe, because the great memory associates them with certain events and moods and persons. Whatever the passions of man have gathered about, becomes a symbol in the great memory, and in the hands of him who has the secret, it is a worker of wonders, a caller-up of angels or of devils. The symbols are of all kinds, for everything in heaven or earth has its association, momentous or trivial, in the great memory, and one never knows what forgotten events may have plunged it, like the toadstool and the ragweed, into the great passions. Knowledgeable men and women in

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Ireland sometimes distinguish between the simples that work cures by some medical property in the herb, and those that do their work by magic. Such magical simples as the husk of the flax, water out of the fork of an elm tree, do their work, as I think, by awaking in the depths of the mind where it mingles with the great mind, and is enlarged by the great memory, some curative energy, some hypnotic command. They are not what we call faith cures, for they have been much used and successfully, the traditions of all lands affirm, over children and over animals, and to me they seem the only medicine that could have been committed safely to ancient hands. To pluck the wrong leaf would have been to go uncured, but, if one had eaten it, one might have been poisoned.

VIII

I have now described that belief in magic which has set me all but unwilling among those lean and fierce minds who are at war with their time, who cannot accept the days as they pass, simply and gladly; and I look at what I have written with some alarm, for I have told more of the ancient secret than many among my fellow students think it right to tell. I have come to believe so many strange things because of experience, that I see little reason to doubt the truth of many things that are beyond my experience; and it may be that there are beings who watch over that ancient secret, as all tradition affirms, and resent, and perhaps avenge, too fluent speech. They say in the Aran Islands that if you speak overmuch of the things of Faery your tongue becomes like a stone, and it seems to me, though doubtless naturalistic reason would call it Auto-suggestion or the like, that I have often felt my tongue become just so heavy and clumsy. More than once, too, as I wrote this very essay I have become uneasy, and have torn up some paragraph, not for any literary reason, but because some incident or some symbol that would perhaps have meant nothing to the reader, seemed, I know not why, to belong to hidden things. Yet I must write or be of no account to any

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cause, good or evil; I must commit what merchandise of wisdom I have to this ship of written speech, and after all, I have many a time watched it put out to sea with not less alarm when all the speech was rhyme. We who write, we who bear witness, must often hear our hearts cry out against us, complaining because of their hidden things, and I know not but he who speaks of wisdom may not sometimes in the change that is coming upon the world, have to fear the anger of the people of Faery, whose country is the heart of the world —"The Land of the Living Heart." Who can keep always to the little pathway between speech and silence, where one meets none but discreet revelations? And surely, at whatever risk, we must cry out that imagination is always seeking to re-make the world according to the impulses and the patterns in that great Mind, and that great Memory? Can there be anything so important as to cry out that what we call romance, poetry, intellectual beauty, is the only signal that the supreme Enchanter, or some one in his councils, is speaking of what has been, and shall be again, in the consummation of time?

W. B. Yeats.

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COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar and sunlight fell
Where the sunlight fell of old,
And the hour was the hour my heart remembered well,
And the sermon rolled and rolled
As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted
And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
That I so clearly heard,
The green young forest of saplings clustered round
Was heeding not one word:
Their heads were bowed in a still serried patience
Such as an angel's breath could never have stirred.

For some were already away to the hazardous pitch,
Or lining the parapet wall,
And some were in glorious battle, or great and rich,
Or throned in a college hall:
And among the rest was one like my own young phantom
Dreaming forever beyond my utmost call.

"O Youth," the preacher was crying, "deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how
They built thee bone by bone,

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And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

"Therefore the days are coming when thou shalt burn
With passion whitely hot;
Rest shall be rest no more; thy feet shall spurn
All that thy hand hath got;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and lead thee swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest not."

And the School passed; and I saw the living and dead
Set in their seats again,
And I longed to hear them speak of the word that was said,
But I knew that I longed in vain.
And they stretched forth their hands, and the wind of the spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless plain.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXVI

A BUSINESS CALL

"MY dear, isn't there something odd about Mr. Neeld?" Mrs. Iver put the question, her anxious charity struggling with a natural inquisitiveness.

"About Neeld? I don't know. Is there?" He did not so much as look up from his paper. "He's coming with us to Blent to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes. And he seems quite excited about that. And he was positively rude to Miss Swinkerton at lunch when she told him that Lady Tristram meant to give a ball next winter. I expect his nerves are out of order."

Small wonder if they were, surely! Let us suppose Guy Fawkes' scheme not prematurely discovered, and one Member of a full House privy to it and awaiting the result. That Member's position would be very like Mr. Neeld's. Would he listen to the debate with attention? Could he answer questions with sedulous courtesy?

From the moment of his arrival Mr. Neeld had been plunged into the Tristram affair, and surrounded by people who were connected with it. But it must be admitted that he

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had it on his brain and saw it everywhere. For to-day it was not the leading topic of the neighbourhood, and Miss S.'s observation had been only by the way. The engagement was the topic, and only Neeld (or perhaps Mina Zabriska too, at Blent) insisted on digging up a hypothetical past and repeating, in retrospective rumination, that Harry Tristram might have been the lucky man. As for such an idea—well, Miss S. happened to know that there had never been anything in it; Janie Iver herself had told her so, she said. The question between Janie and Miss S., which this assertion raises, may be passed by without discussion.

He had met Gainsborough essaying a furtive entry into Blentmouth and heading towards the curiosity-shop—with a good excuse this time. It was Cecily's birthday, and the occasion, which was to be celebrated by a dinner-party, must be marked by a present also. Neeld went with the little gentleman, and they bought a bit of old Chelsea (which looked very young for its age). Coming out, Gainsborough sighted Mrs. Trumbler coming up High Street and Miss S. coming down it. He doubled up a side street to the churchyard, Neeld pursuing him at a more leisurely pace.

"It's positively worthy of a place at Blent—in the Long Gallery," panted Gainsborough, hugging his brown-paper-covered prize. "You'll be interested to see the changes we're making, Mr. Neeld. Cecily has begun to take an enormous interest in the house, and I—I'm settling down."

"You don't regret London ever?"

"I shall run up now and then. My duty is to my daughter. Of course her life is changed." He sighed, as he added, "We're getting quite used to that."

"She has come to love the place, I daresay?"

"Yes, yes. She's in very good spirits and quite happy in her position now, I think." He glanced over his shoulder. Miss S. was in sight. "Good-bye. So glad we shall see you to-night." He made his escape at a run. Neeld, having been interrogated at lunch already, was allowed to pass by with a lift of his hat.

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Janie was very happy. She at least thought no more of that bygone episode. She asked no questions about Harry Tristram. He had dropped out of her life. He seemed to have dropped out of the life of the countryside too. That was strange anyhow, when it was remembered how large a local figure the young man had cut when Neeld came first to Fairholme; it was stranger still in view of what must soon be. The announcement of the engagement seemed to assume to write *Finis* to Harry as a factor in Blentmouth society. In that point of view the moment chosen for it was full of an unconscious irony. Janie would not have gone back to him now, and Neeld did not suspect her of any feeling which could have made that possible. It was merely odd that she should be putting an appropriate finish to a thing which in the meantime had been suddenly, absolutely, and radically undone. Neeld was loyal to his word; but none may know the terrible temptation he suffered; a nod, a wink, a hint, an ambiguity—anything would have given him some relief.

Harry was mentioned only once—in connection with his letter to Iver about the Arbitration. Iver was not inclined to let him go.

"He has great business ability. It's a pity to waste his time. He can make money, Neeld."

"Disney's a good friend to have," Neeld suggested.

"If he stays in, yes. But this thing won't be popular."

Neeld could maintain no interest in the conversation. It had to proceed all along on a baseless presumption, to deal with a state of things which did not exist. What might be wise for Harry—Harry-nothing-at-all—might be unwise for Tristram of Blent, and conversely.

"I must leave it to him," Iver concluded. "But I shall tell him that I hope he won't go. He's got his way in the world to make first. He can try politics later on, if he likes."

"No doubt you're right," murmured old Neeld, both uneasy and uninterested. He was feeling something of what he had experienced once before; he knew the truth and he had to

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keep his friend in the dark. In those earlier days he had one confidant, one accomplice, in Mina Zabriska. The heavy secret was all his own to carry now.

As a consequence of his preoccupation Janie Iver found him rather unsympathetic, and with her usual candour she told him so.

"You don't really appreciate Bob," said she. "Nobody quite knows him except me. I didn't use to, but now I know what a strong character he has."

Unwontedly cynical thoughts rose in old Mr. Neeld. Had he come down to Fairholme to listen to the platitudes of virtuous love? Indeed he had come for no such thing. All young men have strong characters while they are engaged.

"And it's such a comfort to have a man one can lean upon," Janie pursued, looking, however, admirably capable of standing without extraneous support.

There it was again! She'd be calling him her "master" next—as the heroine does in the Third Act, to unfailing applause. What was all this to ears that listened for a whisper of Harry Tristram?

"The most delightful thing is," Janie pursued, "that our marriage is to make no change at all in his way of life. We're going to live at Mingham just as he has lived all his life—a real country life on a farm!" There was no hint that other ideals of existence had ever possessed an alluring charm; the high life with Harry, the broad and cosmopolitan life with the Major—where were they? "I've insisted on it, the one thing I've had my own way in."

Bob was being transmogrified into a Man of Iron, if not of Blood. Vainly Mr. Neeld consulted his memories.

"And Mingham's so bound up with it all. I used to go there with Mina Zabriska." She smiled in retrospect; it would have been pardonable if Neeld had smiled too. "I haven't seen her for ever so long," Janie added, "but she'll be at Blent to-night."

Ah, if he might give just the barest hint to Mina now!

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"Bob isn't particularly fond of her, you see, so we don't meet much now. He thinks she's rather spiteful."

"Not at all," said Neeld, almost sharply. "She's a very intelligent woman."

"Oh yes, intelligent!" She said no more. If people did not agree with Bob—well, there it was.

Bob bore his idealisation very well. It was easy to foresee a happy and a remarkably equable married life. But the whole thing had no flavour for Mr. Neeld's palate, spoilt by the spices of Tristram vagaries. A decent show of friendliness was all he could muster. It was all that Iver himself seemed to expect; he was resigned but by no means exultant.

"The girl's very happy, and that's the thing. For myself—well, I've got most of the things I started to get, and if this isn't quite what I looked forward to— Well, you remember how things fell out?"

Neeld nodded. He remembered that very well.

"And, as I say, it's all very satisfactory." He shrugged his shoulders and relighted his cigar. He was decidedly a reasonable man, thought Neeld.

The evening came—Neeld had been impatient for it—and they drove over to Blent, where Bob was to meet them.

"It's a fine place for a girl to have," said Iver, stirred to a sudden sense of the beauty of the old house as it came into view.

They were all silent for a moment. Such a place to have, such a place to lose! Neeld heard Mrs. Iver sighing in her good-natured motherly fashion. But still Harry was not mentioned.

"And if they had a business man—with his head on his shoulders—to manage the estate, it'd be worth half as much again." This time it was Iver who sighed; the idea of anything not having all the money made out of it that could be made offended his instincts.

"She'll have a husband, dear," his wife reminded him.

"I wonder if Bob'll get there before we do," said Janie,

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with the air of starting a subject of real interest in lieu of continuing idle talk.

The evening was hot and the hall-door of Blent stood open. Cecily was sitting in the hall, and came out to greet them. She seemed to Neeld to complete the picture as she stood there in her young fairness, graciously welcoming her guests. She was pale, but wore a gay air and did the honours with natural dignity. No sign of strangeness to the place, and no embarrassment, were visible.

"Oh, my dear, how you remind me of Lady Tristram!" good Mrs. Iver broke out.

Neeld pressed the girl's hand with a grip that she noticed; she looked at him in a sort of question and for a moment flushed a little.

"It's very kind of you to come," she said to him softly.

"How are you, Mr. Neeld?" The Imp had suddenly darted out from somewhere and was offering her hand. "I'm staying here, you know." And in a whisper she added. "That young man of Janie's has been here a quarter of an hour, and Cecily wasn't dressed, and I've had to talk to him. Oh, dear!" She had her hand on his arm and drew him apart. "Any news of Harry Tristram?" she whispered.

"Er—no—none."

Her quick eyes looked at him in suspicion; he had hesitated a little.

"You've seen him?" she asked.

"Just casually, Madame Zabriska."

She turned away with a peevish little pout. "Then you're not very interesting," she seemed to say. But Neeld forgave her: she had asked him about Harry. He could forgive more easily because he had deluded her.

Addie Tristram's picture was at one end of the dining-room now, and Cecily's place was under it.

"My first dinner-party! Although it's a small one," she said to Iver as she sat down.

"Your first at Blent?"

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"The first anywhere—actually!" she laughed, and then grew thoughtful for a moment, glancing out into the dark and listening to the flap of a bat's wings against the window.

"You'll have plenty now," said he, as he watched her admiringly. He forgot, man that he was, that girls do not find permanent happiness in dinner-parties.

It was evident that Neeld ought never to have come to Blent that evening. For the talk was of futures, and, out of deference to the young hostess, even more of hers than of the engaged couple's. Theirs indeed was not provocative of discussion; if satisfactory, it was also obvious. Cecily's opened more topics, and she herself was willing and seemed even eager to discuss it. She fell in with Mrs. Iver's suggestion that she ought to be a centre of good works in the district, and in pursuance of this idea should accept the position of Patron to Miss Swinkerton's complicated scheme of benevolence. She agreed with Iver that the affairs of the estate probably wanted overhauling and that a capable man should be engaged for the task, even at some expense. She professed herself ready to co-operate with Bob in protecting the fishing of the Blent. She was, in a word, very much the proprietor. It was difficult for Neeld to sit and hear all this. And opposite to him sat Mina Zabriska, rather silent and demure, but losing no chance of reminding him by a stealthy glance that this ordinary talk covered a remarkable situation—as indeed it did, but not of the precise nature that Mina supposed. Neeld felt as though he were behind the scenes of fate's theatre, and he did not find the place comfortable. He saw the next tableau in preparation and had to ask himself what its effect would be on an unsuspecting audience. He came to the conclusion that foreknowledge was an attribute not likely to make human beings happy; it could not easily make terms with sympathy.

When dessert was on the table, Iver, true to his habits and traditions, felt that it was the occasion for a few friendly informal words; the birthday and the majority of young Lady Tristram demanded so much recognition. Admirably concise

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and simple in ordinary conversation, he became, like so many of his countrymen, rather heavy and pompous when he got on his legs. Yet he made what everybody except Mina Zabriska considered a very appropriate little speech. Gainsborough grew quite enthusiastic over it; and Neeld thought it was wonderfully good (if it had not happened, of course, to be by force of circumstances an absurdity from beginning to end). Cecily was content to say, "Thank you," but her father could not refuse himself the privilege of reply; the reply was on her behalf but it was mainly about himself—also a not uncommon characteristic of after-dinner oratory. However he agreed with Iver that everything was for the best, and that they were entitled to congratulate their hostess and themselves on things at large. Then Neeld had a turn over the engagement (a subject dull but safe!) and the proceedings were stopped only by Bob Broadley's headlong flight when the question of his response arose.

"Thank goodness, that's over!" said Mina snappishly, as she stepped out into the garden, followed by Mr. Neeld. The rest went off to see the treasures of the Long Gallery. Mina turned to him with a quick question: "You saw Mr. Tristram, how is he?"

"Harry Tristram is quite well and in very good spirits. I never saw a man better in my life."

Mina was silent for a moment. Then she broke out: "I call it disgusting. He's in good spirits, and she's in good spirits, and—and there's an end of it, I suppose! The next thing will be——"

"It's not the end, if there's a next thing," Neeld suggested timidly.

"Oh, don't be tiresome. The next thing'll be some stupid girl for him and some idiot of a man for her. How I wish I'd never come to Merrion!"

"Don't despair; things may turn out better than you think."

"They can't," she declared fretfully. "I shall go away."

"What a pity! Miss Gainsborough—Lady Tristram, I mean—will miss you so much."

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"Let her!" said the Imp ungraciously. "I've put myself out enough about the Tristrams."

Neeld forbore to remind her of the entirely voluntary nature of her sacrifices; after all he was not the man to throw stones on that account.

"Wait a few days anyhow," he urged her. "In a few days something must happen."

"A few days? Oh yes!" As a matter of fact she meant to stay all the winter. "She's started," she went on, with an irritated jerk of her head towards the Long Gallery, "putting all the things in different places and rearranging everything."

"I should imagine that Mr. Gainsborough's enjoying himself then?"

"She doesn't let him touch a thing," replied Mina with a fleeting smile. "He just stands about with a duster. That contents him well enough, though. Oh, yes, I shall go. The Broadleys won't care about me, and Cecily won't want me long."

Neeld could give real comfort only at the price of indiscretion. Moreover he was not at all sure that a disclosure of the truth would bring any comfort, for Mina wanted to be on both sides and to harmonise devotion to Cecily with zeal for Harry. Neeld did not quite see how this was to be done, since it was understood that as Harry would take nothing from Cecily, so Cecily would refuse anything from Harry.

"We must wait and see how it all turns out," said he.

"I hate people who say that," grumbled Mina disconsolately. "And I do think that the Ivers have grown extraordinarily stupid—caught it from Bob Broadley, I suppose."

When injustice springs not from judgment but from temper, it is not worth arguing against. Neeld held his tongue and they sat silent on the seat by the river, looking across to Merrion and hearing the voices of their friends through the open windows of the Long Gallery.

Presently there came to them through the stillness of the night the sound of wheels, not on the Blentmouth side, but up the valley, on the Mingham and Fillingford Road. The sound

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ceased without the appearance of any vehicle, but it had reminded Neeld of the progress of time.

"It must be getting late," he said, rising. "I'll go and see if they think of starting home. Did you hear wheels on the road—towards the Pool?"

"Bob Broadley's cart coming for him, I suppose."

"No, I don't think so. He's going back to Fairholme with us. I heard him say so."

Mina was languidly indifferent, and Mr. Neeld trotted off into the house. Mina sat on, frowning at the idea that in a few minutes she would have to go in and say good-bye; for the voices came no more from the Long Gallery and she heard the guests laughing and chattering in the hall, as they prepared for departure. Suddenly she discerned the figure of a man coming into sight across the river. He walked slowly, as it seemed stealthily, till he came to the end of the footbridge. Then he halted and looked up at the house. It was gaily lighted. After waiting a moment the man turned back and disappeared up the road in the direction of Mingham. Mina rose and strolled to the bridge. She crossed it and looked up the road. She could make out dimly the stranger's retreating form.

She heard Cecily calling to her, and ran back to the house. A wonderful idea had come into her head, born of a vaguely familiar aspect that the bearing of the man had for her. But she laughed at it, telling herself that it was all nonsense; and as she joined in the talk and farewells it grew faint and was almost forgotten. Yet she whispered to old Neeld with a laugh:

"I saw a man on the road just now who looked rather like Harry. I couldn't see him properly, you know."

Neeld started and looked at her with obvious excitement. She repaid his stare with one of equal intensity.

"Why, you don't think——?" she began in amazement.

"Come, Neeld, we're waiting for you," cried Iver from the waggonette, while Bob, in irrepressible spirits, burst into song as he gathered up the reins. He had deposed the coachman and had Janie with him on the box.

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They drove off, waving their hands and shouting good-night. Mina ran a little way after them and saw Neeld turning his head this way and that, as though he thought there might be something to see. When she returned she found Gainsborough saying good-night to his daughter; at the same time the lights in the Long Gallery were put out. Cecily slipped her arm through hers and they walked out again into the garden. After three or four minutes the waggonette, having made the necessary circuit to reach the carriage-bridge, drove by on the road across the river, with more waving of hands and shouts of good-night. An absolute stillness came as the noise of its wheels died away.

"I've got through that all right," said Cecily with a laugh, drawing her friend with her towards the bridge. "I suppose I shall be quite accustomed to it soon."

They went on to the bridge and halted in the middle of it, by a common impulse as it seemed.

"The sound of a river always says to me that it all doesn't matter much," Cecily went on, leaning on the parapet. "I believe that's been expressed more poetically!"

"It's great nonsense, however it's expressed," observed Mina scornfully.

"I sometimes feel as if it was true." Probably that Cecily thought that nobody—no girl—no girl in love—had ever had the feeling before. A delusive appearance of novelty is one of the most dangerous weapons of Cupid. But Mina was an experienced woman—had been married too!

"Don't talk stuff, my dear," she cried crossly. "And why are we standing on this horrid little bridge?"

She turned round; Cecily still gazed in melancholy abstraction into the stream. Cecily, then, faced down the valley, Mina looked up it; and at the moment the moon showed a quarter of her face and illuminated a streak of the Fillingford road.

The man was there. He was there again. The moonlight fell on his face. He smiled at Mina, pointed a hand towards Blentmouth, and smiled again. He seemed to mock the

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ignorance of the vanished waggonette. Mina made no sign. He laid his fingers on his lips, and nodded slightly towards Cecily. The clouds covered the moon again, and there was no more on the Fillingford road than a black blotch on the deep grey of the night; even this vanished a moment after. And still Cecily gazed down into the Blent.

Presently she turned round. "I suppose we must go in," she said grudgingly. "It's getting rather chilly." They were both in low-cut frocks, and had come out without any wraps. With the intuition of a born schemer, Mina seized on the chance.

"Oh, it's so lovely!" she cried, with an apparently overwhelming enthusiasm for nature. "Too perfectly lovely! I'll run in and get some cloaks. Wait here till I come back, Cecily.'

"Well, don't be long," said Cecily, crossing her bare arms with a little shiver,

Off the Imp ran, and vanished into the house. But she made no search for wraps. After a moment's hesitation in the hall, the deceitful creature ran into the library. All was dark there; a window was open and showed the bridge, with Cecily's figure on it, making a white blur in the darkness. Mina crouched on the window-sill and waited. The absolute unpardonableness of her conduct occurred to her; with a smile she dismissed the consideration. He—and she—who desires the end must needs put up with the means; it is all the easier when the means happen to be uncommonly thrilling.

Harry was humbled! That was the conclusion which shot through her mind. What else could his coming mean? If it meant less than that, it was mere cruelty. If it meant that—A keen pang of disappointment shot through her. It was the only way to what she desired, but it was not the way which she would have preferred him to tread. Yet because it was the only way, she wished—with the reservation that it would have been much better if could have happened in some other fashion. But anyhow the position, not to say her position, had every element of excitement. "Poor old Mr. Neeld!" she

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murmured once. It was hard on him to miss this. At the moment Neeld was smiling over the ignorance in which he had been bound to keep her. It is never safe to suppose, however pleasant it may be to believe, that nobody is pitying us; either of his knowledge or of his ignorance some one is always at it.

She started violently and turned round. The butler was there, candle in hand.

"Is her ladyship still out, ma'am?" he asked, advancing. "I was going to lock up." He was hardly surprised to find her—they knew she was odd—and would not have shown it, if he had been.

"Oh, go to bed," she cried in a low voice. "We'll lock up. We don't want anything, anything at all."

"Very good. Good-night, ma'am."

What an escape! Suppose Cecily had seen her at the window!

But Cecily was not looking at the window. She moved to the far end of the bridge and stood gazing up towards Merrion, where one light twinkled in an upper room. Mina saw her stretch out her arms for a moment towards the sky. What had happened? It was impossible that he had gone away! Mina craned her head out of the window, looking and listening. Happen what might, be the end of it what it might, this situation was deliciously strong of the Tristrams. They were redeeming their characters; they had not settled down into the ordinary or been gulfed in the slough of the commonplace. Unexpected appearances and midnight interviews of sentimental moment were still to be hoped for from them. There was not yet an end of all.

He came; Mina saw his figure on the road, at first dimly, then with a sudden distinctness as a gleam of moonlight shone. He stood a little way up the road to Cecily's right. She did not see him yet, for she looked up to Merrion. He took a step forward, his tread sounding loud on the road. There was a sudden turn of Cecily's head. A moment's silence followed. He came up to her, holding out his hand. She drew back, shrinking from it. Laying her hands on the gate of the bridge

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she seemed to set it as a fence between them. Her voice reached Mina's ears, low, yet as distinct as though she had been by her side, and full of a terrified alarm and a bitter reproach.

"You here! Oh, you promised, you promised!"

With a bound Mina's conscience awoke. She had heard what no ears save his had any right to hear. What if she were found? The conscience was not above asking that, but it was not below feeling an intolerable shame even without the discovery that it suggested as her punishment. Blushing red there in the dark, she slipped from the window-seat and groped her way to a chair. Here she flung herself down with a sob of excitement and emotion. He had promised. And the promise was broken in his coming.

Now she heard their steps on the path outside; they were walking towards the house. Telling herself that it was impossible for her to move now, for fear she should encounter them, she sank lower in her armchair.

"Well, where shall we go?" she heard Cecily ask in cold stiff tones.

"To the Long Gallery," said Harry.

The next moment old Mason the butler was in the room again, this time in great excitement.

"There's some one in the garden with her ladyship, ma'am," he cried. "I think—I think it's my lord!"

"Who?" asked Mina, sitting up, feigning to be calm and sleepy.

"Mr. Harry, I mean, ma'am."

"Oh! Well then, go and see."

The old man turned and went out into the hall.

"How are you, Mason?" she heard Harry say. "Her ladyship and I have some business to talk about. May I have a sandwich afterwards?"

There he was, spoiling the drama, in Mina's humble opinion! Who should think of sandwiches now?

"Do what Mr. Tristram says, Mason," said Cecily.

She heard them begin to mount the stairs. Jumping up she ran softly to the door and out into the hall. Mason stood

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there with his candle, staring up after Cecily and Harry. He turned to Mina with a quizzical smile wrinkling his good-natured face.

"You'd think it a funny time for business, wouldn't you, ma'am?" he asked. He paused for a moment, stroking his chin. "Unless you'd happened to be in service twenty years with her late ladyship, Well, I'm glad to see him again, anyhow."

"What shall we do?" whispered Mina. "Are you going to bed, Mason?"

"Not me, ma'am. Why, I don't know what mayn't happen before the morning!" He shook his head in humorous commentary on those he had served. "But there's no call for you to sit up, ma'am."

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Mason," said the Imp indignantly. "It would be most—most improper if I didn't sit up. Why, it's nearly midnight!"

"They won't think of that up there," said he.

The sound of a door slammed came from upstairs. Mina's eyes met Mason's for a moment by an involuntary impulse, then hastily turned away. It is an excellent thing to be out of the reach of temptation. The door was shut!

"Give me a candle here in the library," said Mina with all her dignity. And there, in the library, she sat down to wonder and to wait.

Mason went off after the sandwiches, smiling still. There was really nothing odd in it, when once you were accustomed to the family ways.

CHAPTER XXVII

BEFORE TRANSLATION

Harry Tristram had come back to Blent in the mood which belonged to the place as of old—the mood that claimed as his right what had become his by love, knew no scruples if only he could gain and keep it, was ready to play a bold game and take a great chance. He did not argue about what he was

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going to do. He did not justify it, and perhaps could not. Yet to him what he purposed was so clearly the best thing that Cecily must be forced into it. She could not be forced by force; if he told her the truth, he would meet at the outset a resistance which he could not quell. He might encounter that after all, later on, in spite of a present success. That was the great risk he was determined to run. At the most there would be something gained; if she were and would be nothing else, she should and must at least be mistress of Blent. His imagination had set her in that place; his pride, no less than his love, demanded it for her. He had gone away once that she might have it. If need be, again he would go away. That stood for decision later.

She walked slowly to the end of the Long Gallery and sat down in the great arm-chair; it held its old position in spite of the changes which Harry noted with quick eyes and a suppressed smile as he followed her and set his candle on a table near. He lit two more from it and then turned to her. She was pale and defiant.

"Well," she said, "why are you here?"

She asked and he gave no excuse for the untimely hour of his visit and no explanation of it. It seemed a small, perhaps indeed a natural, thing to both of them.

"I'm here because I couldn't keep away," he answered gravely, standing before her.

"You promised to keep away. Can't you keep promises?"

"No, not such promises as that."

"And so you make my life impossible! You see this room, you see how I've changed it? I've been changing everything I could. Why? To forget you, to blot you out, to be rid of you. I've been bringing myself to take my place. To-night I seemed at last to be winning my way to it. Now you come. You gave me all this; why do you make it impossible to me?" A bright colour came on her cheeks now as she grew vehement in her reproaches, and her voice was intense, though low.

A luxury of joy swept over him as he listened. Every

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taunt witnessed to his power, every reproach to her love. He played a trick indeed and a part, but there was no trick and no acting in so far as he was her lover. If that truth could not redeem his deception, it stifled all sense of guilt.

"And you were forgetting? You were getting rid of me?" he asked smiling and fixing his eyes on her.

"Perhaps. And now——!" She made a gesture of despair. "Tell me—why have you come?" Her tone changed to entreaty.

"I've come because I must be where you are, because I was mad to send you away before, mad not to come to you before, to think I could live without you, not to see that we two must be together; because you're everything to me." He had come nearer to her now and stood by her. "Ever since I went away I have seen you in this room, in that chair. I think it was your ghost only that came to town." He laughed a moment. "I wouldn't have the ghost. I didn't know why. Now I know. I wanted the you that was here—the real you as you had been on the night I went away. So I've come back to you. We're ourselves here, Cecily. We Tristrams are ourselves at Blent."

She had listened silently, her eyes on his. She seemed bewildered by the sudden rush of his passion and the enraptured eagerness of his words that made her own vehemence sound to her poor and thin. Pride had its share in her protest, love was the sole spring of his intensity. Yet she was puzzled by the victorious light in his eyes. What he said, what he came to do, was such a surrender as she had never hoped from him; and he triumphant in surrendering!

The thought flashed though her mind, troubling her and for the time hindering her joy in his confession. She did not trust him yet.

"I've had an offer made to me," he resumed, regaining his composure. "A sort of political post. If I accept it I shall have to leave England for a considerable time, almost immediately. That brought the thing to a point." Again he laughed. "It's important to you too; because if you say

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no to me to-night, you'll be rid of me for ever so long. Your life won't be made impossible. I shouldn't come to Blent again."

"A post that would take you away?" she murmured.

"Yes. You'd be left here in peace. I've not come to blackmail you into loving me, Cecily. Yes, you shall be left in peace to move the furniture about." Glancing towards the table, he saw Mr. Gainsborough's birthday gift. He took it up, looked at it for a moment, and then replaced it. His manner was involuntarily expressive. Even if she brought that sort of thing to Blent—! He turned back at the sound of a little laugh from Cecily and found her eyes sparkling.

"Father's birthday present, Harry," said she.

Delighted with her mirth, he came to her, holding out his hands. She shook her head and leant back, looking at him.

"Sit as my mother did. You know. Yes, like that!" he cried.

She had obeyed him with a smile. Not to be denied now, he seized the hand that lay in her lap.

"A birthday! Yes, of course, you're twenty-one! Really mistress of it all now! And you don't know what to do with it, except spoil the arrangement of the furniture?"

She laughed low and luxuriously. "What am I to do with it?" she asked.

"Well, won't you give it all to me?" As he spoke he laughed and kissed her hand. "I've come to ask you for it. Here I am. I've come fortune-hunting to-night."

"It's all mine now, you say? Harry, take it without me."

"If I did, I'd burn it to the ground that it mightn't remind me of you."

"Yes, yes! That's what I've wanted to do!" she exclaimed, drawing her hand out of his and raising her arms a moment in the air. Addie Tristram's pose was gone, but Harry did not miss it now.

"Take it without you indeed! It's all for you and because of you."

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"Really, really?" She grew grave. "Harry dear, for pity's sake tell me if you love me!"

"Haven't I told you?" he cried gaily. "Where are the poets? Oh, for some good quotations! I'm infernally unpoetical, I know. Is this it—that you're always before my eyes, always in my head, that you're terribly in the way, that when I've got anything worth thinking I think it to you, anything worth doing I do it to you, anything good to say I say it to you? Is this it, that I curse myself and curse you? Is this it, that I know myself only as your lover and that if I'm not that, then I seem nothing at all. I've never been in love before, but all that sounds rather like it."

"And you'll take Blent from me?"

"Yes, as the climax of all, I'll take Blent from you."

To her it seemed the climax, the thing she found hardest to believe, the best evidence for the truth of those extravagant words which sounded so sweet in her ears. Harry saw this, but he held on his way. Nay, now he himself forgot his trick, and could still have gone on had there been none, had he in truth been accepting Blent from her hands. Even at the price of pride he would have had her now.

She rose suddenly, and began to walk to and fro across the end of the room, while he stood by the table watching her.

"Well, isn't it time you said something to me?" he suggested with a smile.

"Give me time, Harry, give me time. The world's all changed to-night. You—yes, you came suddenly out of the darkness of the night"—she waved her hand towards the window—"and changed the world for me. How am I to believe it? And if I can believe it, what can I say? Let me alone for a minute, Harry dear."

He was well content to wait and watch. All time seemed before them, and how better could he fill it? He seemed himself to suffer in this hour a joyful transformation; to know better why men lived and loved to live, to reach out to the full strength and the full function of his being. The world changed for him as he changed it for her.

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Twice and thrice she had paced the gallery before she came and stood opposite to him. She put her hands up to her throat, saying: "I'm stifled—stifled with happiness, Harry."

For answer he sprang forward and caught her in his arms. In the movement he brushed roughly against the table; there was a little crash, and poor Mr. Gainsborough's birthday gift lay smashed to bits on the floor. For the second time their love bore hard on Mr. Gainsborough's crockery. Startled they turned to look, and then they both broke into merry laughter. The trumpery thing had seemed a sign to them, and now the sign was broken. Their first kiss was mirthful over its destruction.

With a sigh of joy she disengaged herself from him.

"That's settled then," said Harry. He paused a moment. "You had Janie and Bob Broadley here to-night? I saw them as I lay hidden by the road. Does that kind of engagement attract you, Cecily?"

"Ours won't be like that," she said, laughing triumphantly.

"Don't let's have one at all," he suggested, coming near to her again. "Let's have no engagement. Just a wedding."

"What?" she cried.

"It must be a beastly time," he went on, "and all the talk there's been about us will make it more beastly still. Fancy Miss S. and all the rest of them! And—do you particularly want to wait? What I want is to be settled down, here with you."

Her eyes sparkled as she listened; she was in the mood, she was of the stuff, for any adventure.

"I should like to run off with you now," said he. "I don't want to leave you at all, you see."

"Run off now?" She gave a joyful little laugh. "That's just what I should like!"

"Then we'll do it," he declared. "Well, to-morrow morning anyhow."

"Do you mean it?" she asked.

"Do you say no to it?"

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She drew herself up with pride. "I say no to nothing that you ask of me."

Their hands met again as she declared her love and trust. "You've really come to me?" he heard her murmur. "Back to Blent and back to me?"

"Yes," he answered smiling. She had brought into his mind again the truth she did not know. He had no time to think of it, for she offered him her lips again. The moment when he might have told her thus went by. It was but an impulse; for he still loved what he was doing, and took delight in the risks of it. And he could not bear so to impair her joy. Soon she must know, but she should not yet be robbed of her joy that it was she who could bring him back to Blent. For him in his knowledge, for her in her ignorance, there was an added richness of pleasure that he would not throw away, even although now he believed that were the truth known she would come to him still. Must not that be, since now he, even he, would come to her, though the truth had been otherwise?

"There's a train from Fillingford at eight in the morning. I'm going back there to-night. I've got a fly waiting by the Pool—if the man hasn't gone to sleep and the horse run away. Will you meet me there? We'll go up to town and be married as soon as we can—the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

"And then ——?"

"Oh, then just come back here. We can go nowhere but here, Cecily."

"Just come back and——?"

"And let them find it out, and talk, and talk, and talk!" he laughed.

"It would be delightful!" she cried.

"Nobody to know till it's done!"

"Yes, yes, I like it like that. Not father even, though?"

"You'll be gone before he's up. Leave a line for him."

"But I—I can't go alone with you."

"Why not?" asked Harry, seeming a trifle vexed.

"I'll tell you!" she cried. "Let's take Mina with us, Harry!"

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He laughed; the Imp was the one person whose presence he was ready to endure. Indeed, there would perhaps be a piquancy in that.

"All right. An elopement made respectable by Mina!" He had a touch of scorn even for mitigated respectability.

"Shall we call her and tell her now?"

"Well, are you tired of this interview?"

"I don't know whether I want it to go on, or whether I must go and tell somebody about it."

"I shouldn't hesitate," smiled Harry.

"You? No. But I— Oh, Harry dear, I want to whisper my triumph."

"But we must be calm and business-like about it now."

"Yes!" She entered eagerly into the fun. "That'll puzzle Mina even more."

"We're not doing anything unusual," he insisted with affected gravity.

"No—not for our family at least."

"It's just the obvious thing to do."

"Oh, it's just the delicious thing too!" She almost danced in gaiety. "Let me call Mina. Do!"

"Not for a moment, as you love me! Give a moment more.

"Oh, Harry, there'll be no end to that!"

"I don't know why there should be."

"We should miss the train at Fillingford!"

"Ah, if it means that!"

"Or I shall come sleepy and ugly to it; and you'd leave me on the platform and go away!"

"Shout for Mina—now—without another word!"

"Oh, just one more," she pleaded, laughing.

"I can't promise to be moderate."

"Come, we'll go and find her. Give me your hand." She caught his hand in hers, and snatched the candle from the table. She held it high above her head, looking round the room and back to his eyes again. "My home now, because my love is here," she said. "Mine and yours, and yours and mine—and both the same thing, Harry, now."

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He listened smiling. Yes, it would be the same thing now.

There they stood together for a moment, and together they sighed as they turned away. To them the room was sacred now, as it had always been beautiful; in it their love seemed to lie enshrined.

They went downstairs together full of merriment, the surface expression of their joy. "Look grave," he whispered, setting his face in a comical exaggeration of seriousness. Cecily tried to obey and tumbled into a gurgle of delight.

"I will directly," she gasped, as they came to the hall Mason stood there waiting.

"I've put the sandwiches here, and the old brown, my lord."

Harry alone noticed the slip in his address—and Harry took no notice of it.

"I shall be glad to meet the old brown again," he said, smiling. Mason gave the pair a benevolent glance and withdrew to his quarters.

Mina strolled out of the library with an accidental air. Harry had sat down to his sandwiches and old brown. Cecily ran across to Mina and kissed her.

"We're going to be married!" she whispered. She had told it all in a sentence; yet she added: "Oh, I've such a heap of things to tell you, Mina!" Was not all that scene in the Long Gallery to be reproduced—doubtless only in a faint adumbration of its real glory, yet with a sense of recovering it and living it again?

"No?" cried Mina. "Oh, how splendid! Soon?"

Harry threw a quick glance at Cecily. She responded by assuming a demure calmness of demeanour.

"Not as soon as we could wish," said Harry, munching and sipping. "In fact, not before the day after to-morrow, I'm afraid, Madame Zabriska."

"The day after——?"

"What I have always hated is Government interference. Why can't I be married when I like? Why have I to get a

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licence and all that nonsense? Why must I wait till the day after to-morrow?" He grew indignant.

"It's past twelve now; it is to-morrow," said Cecily.

"Quite so. As you suggest, Cecily, we could be married to-day but for these absurd restrictions. There's a train at eight from Fillingford——"

"You're going—both of you—by that?" Mina cried.

"I hope it suits you, because we want you to come with us, if you'll be so kind," said Harry.

"You see it would look just a little unusual if we went alone," added Cecily.

"And it's not going to look unusual anyhow? Are you mad? Or—or do you mean it?"

"Don't you think both may be true?" asked Harry. Cecily's gravity broke down. She kissed Mina again, laughing in an abandonment of exultation.

"Oh, you're both mad!"

"Not at all. You're judging us by the standard of your other engaged couple to-night."

"Did Mr. Neeld know anything about your coming?" Mina demanded, with a sudden recollection.

"Nothing at all. Did he say anything to you?" For a moment the glass of old brown halted on its way to his lips, and he glanced at Mina sharply.

"No. But when I asked him if he had seen you he looked —well, just rather funny."

The old brown resumed its progress. Harry was content.

"There's no better meal than fresh sandwiches and old brown," he observed. "You'll come with us, won't you, and keep Cecily company at the little house till we fix it up?"

Mina looked from one to the other in new amazement, with all her old excited pleasure in the Tristram ways. They did a thing—and they did not spoil it by explanations.

"And Mr. Gainsborough?" she asked.

"We're going to leave a note for father," smiled Cecily.

"You're always doing that," objected Mina.

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"It seems rather an early train for Mr. Gainsborough," Harry suggested, laying down his napkin.

"Oh, why don't you tell me something about it?" cried Mina despairingly. "But it's true? The great thing's true anyhow, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you think I came down from town for?" inquired Harry.

"And why have we been so long in the Gallery, Mina?"

"You've given in then?" exclaimed the Imp, pointing a finger in triumph at Harry.

"Mina, how can you say a thing like that?"

"It looks as if it were true enough," admitted Harry. "Really I must go," he added. "I can't keep that fly all night. I shall see you in the morning, Madame Zabriska. Eight o'clock at Fillingford!"

"I'm really to go with you?" she gasped.

"Yes, yes, I thought all that was settled," said he, rather impatiently. "Bring a pretty frock. I want my wedding to be done handsomely—in a style that suits the wedding of—" He looked at Cecily—"of Lady Tristram of Blent."

"Cecily, it's not all a joke?"

"Yes!" cried Cecily. "All a delicious delicious joke But we're going to be married."

After a moment's hesitation Mina came across to Harry, holding out her hands. "I'm glad, I'm so glad," she murmured, with a little catch in her voice.

He took her hands and pressed them; he looked at her very kindly, though he smiled still.

"Yes, it undoes all the mistakes, doesn't it?" he said. "At least I hope it will," he added the next moment with a laugh.

"It's really the only way to be married," declared Cecily.

"Well, for you people—for you extraordinary Tristrams—I daresay it is," said Mina.

"You'll come?" Cecily implored.

"She couldn't keep away," mocked Harry. "She's got to see the end of us."

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"Yes, and our new beginning. Oh, what Blent's going to be, Mina! If you don't come with us now, we won't let you stay at Merrion."

"I'm coming," said Mina. Indeed she would not have stayed away. If she had needed further inducement the next moment supplied it.

"You're to be our only confidant," said Harry.

"Yes! Till it's all over, nobody's to know but you, Mina."

The Imp was hit on her weak spot. She was tremulously eager to go.

"Eight o'clock! Oh, can we be ready, Cecily?"

"Of course we shall be ready," said Cecily scornfully.

Harry had taken his hat from the table and came up to shake hands. He was imperturbably calm and business-like.

"Don't run it too fine," he said. "Good-night, Madame Zabriska."

She gave him her hand and he held it for a moment. He grew a little grave, but there was still a twinkle in his eye.

"You're a good friend," he said. "I shall come on you again, if I want you, you know." He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I don't know that I care much about anything except you two," stammered Mina.

He gripped her hand again. She seemed well paid. He held out his hand to Cecily. Mina understood.

"I shall be up a little while, Cecily. Come to me before you go to bed," she said; and she stood in the hall, watching them as they walked out together. There was joy in her heart —aye, and envy. The two brought tears to her eyes and struggled which should make the better claim to them. "But they do like me!" she said in a plaintive yet glad little cry, as she was left alone in the silent old hall.

So still was the night that a man might hear the voice of his heart and a girl the throb of hers. And they were alone; or only the friendly murmur of old Blent was with them,

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seeming to whisper congratulations on their joy. Her arm was through his, very white on his sleeve, and she leant on him heavily.

"After tempests, dear," said he.

"There shall be no more, no more, Harry."

"Oh, I don't know that. I shall like you in them perhaps. And there may be one more anyhow."

"You're laughing, Harry?"

"Why, yes, at anything just now."

"Yes, at anything," she murmured. "I could laugh—or cry—at anything just now."

They came to the little bridge and passed on to it.

"We talked here the first evening," said she. "And how you puzzled me! It began for me then, dear Harry."

"Yes, and for me a little sooner—by the Pool for me. I was keeping you out of your own then."

"Never mine unless it could be yours too."

Fallen into silence again, they reached the road and, moved by the same instinct, turned to look back at Blent. The grip of her hand tightened on his arm.

"There's nothing that would make you leave me?" she whispered.

"Not you yourself, I think," said he.

"It's very wonderful," she breathed. "Listen! There's no sound. Yes, after tempests, Harry!"

"I am glad of it all," he said suddenly and in a louder tone. "I've been made a man, and I've found you, the woman for me. It was hard at the time, but I am glad of it. It has come and it has gone, and I'm glad of it."

He had spoken unwarily in saying it was gone. But she thought he spoke of his struggle only and his hesitation, not of their cause.

"You gave when you might have kept it; it is always yours, Harry. Oh, and what is it all now? No, no, it's something still. It's in us—in us both, I think."

He stopped on the road.

"Come no further. The fly's only a little way on, and

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while I see you, I will see nobody else to-night. Till the morning, dearest—and you won't fail?"

"No, I won't fail. Should I fail to greet my first morning."

He pushed the hair a little back from her forehead and kissed her brow.

"God do so unto me and more also if my love ever fails you," said he. "Kiss me as I kissed you. And so good-night."

She obeyed and let him go. Once and twice he looked back at her as he took his way and she stood still on the road. She heard his voice speaking to the flyman, the flyman's exhortation to his horse, the sounds of the wheels receding along the road. Then slowly she went back.

"This is what they mean," she murmured to herself. "This is what they mean." It was the joy past expression, the contentment past understanding. And all in one evening they had sprung up for her out of a barren thirsty land. Blent had never been beautiful before nor the river sparkled as it ran; youth was not known before, and beauty had been thrown away. The world was changed; and it was very wonderful.

When Cecily went in to her the Imp was packing; with critical care she stowed her smartest frock in the trunk.

"I must be up early and see about the carriage," she remarked. "I daresay Mason— But you're not listening, Cecily!"

"No, I wasn't listening," said Cecily, scorning apology or excuse.

"You people in love are very silly. That's the plain English of it," observed Mina loftily.

Cecily looked at her a minute, then stretched her arms and sighed in luxurious weariness. "I daresay that's the plain English of it," she admitted. "But, oh, how different it sounds before translation, dear!"

(*To be concluded.*)

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